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IRRESISTIBLE TENDENCIES.

WHEN Shakespeare made Brutus say to Cassius,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries,"

he seems to have expressed in characteristically striking phrase a truth of general if not universal application.

Another way of expressing substantially the same great fact is embodied in the epigrammatic saying, "Tendencies are stronger than men." It is, I think, unquestionably true that in the affairs of society and in the affairs of nations, as well as in the affairs of individual persons, there are great movements, great tendencies, great drifts, or "tides," which cannot be resisted without leading to "shallows" and "miseries." To a few of these irresistible tendencies attention may not inappropriately be called at the present time.

And first of all we are confronted with that irresistible spirit of individualism which came into modern society about four hundred years ago, and which is probably not only the most interesting, but also the most fundamental and influential characteristic of modern times. Whatever we may think of the advantages of that spirit, or of its disadvantages, we shall all have to acknowledge its importance. It had its origin in the general movement of the Renaissance, and was strongly formulated in the creed and teachings of Luther; then, for the

first time, the individual man was so emphatically and so comprehensively set forth as the responsible unit of society as to attract universal attention, if not universal acceptance. The precipitation of that thought into society with so much energy and persistency must be regarded as the cause, directly or indirectly, of very much that has happened in modern society. It resulted in revolutionizing civil life more completely, perhaps, than it revolutionized religious life; for in civil life it soon made itself felt everywhere, whereas in religious life it was for a long time, at least, somewhat limited in its scope. Not only was this idea at the bottom of all the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but in the trend of political affairs, though its influence was not so obvious, it was none the less certain, and was even more comprehensive in its far-reaching effects. To understand the nature and significance of this great transformation, we have only to cast a moment's glance at a few of the most obvious conditions of social and political life before that time and after it.

As is well known, in ancient history the unit of civil society was, not the man, but the city; and for nearly a thousand years before the fifteenth century the unit was the feudal organization. Throughout the Middle Ages the peculiarity of this organization was an obligation of protection on the part of the lord, and of service on the part of the vassal. It was founded in the idea of mutual helpful-

ness, and all parts of the system were so interlaced and interlocked that individuality found practically no recognition. If we look into any of the wars of the Middle Ages, we shall not fail to see that there is very little voluntary will, but that all seems to consist of the united movements of the feudal lords and their subordinates acting as a whole. The spirit of chivalry, a late product of feudalism, was only a conspicuous exhibition of an impulse to break away from the spirit which bound all men together, — the first impulse toward individuality.

But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this impulse manifested itself everywhere. While it was most powerfully resisted, and consequently was least successful, in southern Germany and in France, it became dominant after terrible struggles in northern Germany and in England. What was the history of England from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of George III. but the history of the evolution of this individualism? And even since the civil and political rights of individual men were established and recognized, what has been the history of Great Britain but the application of these rights to the affairs of the empire? The flood of great reforms which have crowded the statute books of that realm for the present century is a convincing answer to the question. It was a long struggle, but it was irresistible.

Then turn to the history of France. In the first contests between individualism and centralized authority, centralized authority was overwhelmingly successful. The brilliant and popular indifference of Henry IV. turned everything in the direction of the government. The far-reaching statesmanship of Richelieu made possible the dominant magnificence of Louis XIV. The nation was dazzled into a century of acquiescence. But the fire was not extinguished; it was only smothered and kept out of sight. At length, when the whole atmosphere seemed to be nothing but noxious and

explosive gases, the spark came, and the desolating explosion of the Revolution ensued.

The results of this stupendous event were obscured by the erratic dominance of Napoleon; but even his masterful energy could not stem the irresistible current. The consequences did not come at once. History is never impatient or in haste. Even in England it was more than a hundred years after the death of Cromwell before the tree he had planted bore fruit; and it has already been more than a hundred years since the fundamental beliefs which exploded the political magazine of France were promulgated. It is perhaps needless to add that they have not even yet come to be completely embodied in the working political methods of the nation.

But, however infirm and unfortunate in other directions, there is one respect in which France has been superior to England. Her political literature has been far more powerful, far more persuasive, and far more influential. The writings of Hobbes and Locke and of the other exponents of English revolutionary ideas left very little impression on the popular imagination; but the winged words of Rousseau and Helvetius and Voltaire flew into every land, and lodged in every thinking mind. No student of the history of political ideas can fail to see that these writings were the great storehouse from which our own Jefferson supplied himself with the thoughts, and even to a considerable extent with the maxims, which he so deftly wove into the Declaration of Independence, and which afterward, notwithstanding his fickleness on a hundred other subjects, he retained to the very last as the basis of all his political beliefs. And that one tenacity constitutes his claim to permanent respect as a political leader and founder.

It was because of this persuasive influence on Jefferson and others that with the establishment of the United States

a new government was for the first time set up, whose corner stone, whose fundamental idea, was that individualism which for three centuries had been striving and fighting to get itself born and recognized.

Let us not suppose that the influence of this idea has been confined to the United States and Great Britain; on the contrary, let us grant that while it dominates in these nations as nowhere else, still in fairness it must be said that there is no nation this side of Asia that does not recognize in some measure, at least, the rights in political and civil affairs of the individual man. Notwithstanding all opposition, representation is irresistibly coming to be more and more common in Russia, in Spain, in Italy, in Austria; and this fact is but a tribute to the great and irresistible movement. Even in those governments which adhere with most tenacity to old ideas and old methods the new leaven is working, and the time is apparently not far off when it is to leaven the whole mass.

Now let us look at some of the effects of this irresistible movement. As soon as we admit that the individual is the primal entity or atom of society, we perceive for the first time that he has become a responsible force. For the first time he has a powerful incentive to strive primarily for himself, and he seeks all the advantages that come from such a condition. It implies the right to struggle alone, or, at will, to struggle with others. And this is the essential quality of human liberty.

It is the baldest commonplace to say that this is an inventive age; but attention has not very often been called to the fact that, with its fundamental philosophy, it could hardly be otherwise. It is only individuality that is inventive. Genius will never work in harness, and invention is the child of solitude and incentive. It is only, as we have seen, after centuries of struggle, and within the last hundred years, that the individual

has ceased to be primarily a part of a great whole, and has become primarily an individual unit. From the fifteenth century to near the end of the eighteenth he was ever struggling to become free, but never coming to the knowledge of freedom. In this century, however, every man, whatever his relations, is working primarily for himself, and secondarily for the society with which he is associated. To improve his pecuniary conditions, to increase his political power, to enlarge his social influence, to elevate and educate his family, — these are now his primary ambitions. This is the spirit which has made the present age an age of invention. When the philosophical basis of the movement is considered, it is not at all singular that in the nineteenth century the inventions and improvements of fundamental usefulness have been so many and so important as perhaps to justify the claim of Wallace that they have exceeded those of all the other centuries from the dawn of history.

This irresistible tendency to individuality has borne other fruits besides those of invention. In the first place, it is rapidly transforming the methods as well as the theories of education. Look for a moment at the early conditions of educational history. In founding the universities and other large schools in Europe, the motive everywhere was to educate men for the service either of the church or of the state. Educated men were the agents by whom the government and the church ruled, or, if the word is preferred, served the people. The four professions — theology, law, medicine, and philosophy — were the means by which the governments, civil and ecclesiastical, were to equip themselves to do their work. They were not established as the open and free opportunity for individual ambition and desire. Even in England the same impulses prevailed. Till far into this century there was in Great Britain no public school system; and not only Oxford

and Cambridge, but also such great schools as Eton and Rugby and Harrow and Westminster, were practically closed to the masses of the people. The fact that until within our generation the test of the Thirty-Nine Articles was insisted on at the universities reveals to us very perfectly the whole spirit of the situation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all the schools were founded and supported for the purpose of providing clergymen for the Established Church, and educated gentlemen of wealth and leisure for members of Parliament. This is only another way of saying that the great schools of the country were merely the means for supplying the church and state with trained agents for the exercise of their authority.

It was but natural that these fundamental ideas should come with the colonists to America. Before any provision had been made for common schools John Harvard founded the college at Cambridge, in a spirit not very different from that in which William of Wykeham had founded New College at Oxford; and the people of Massachusetts Bay Colony, already feeling the throb of sovereignty in their veins, provided management and support for the new school, as Parliament had done for the schools in England. A similar impulse founded William and Mary, and Yale. It was simply the English idea adapted to colonial conditions. But as the colonies came to be more and more self-reliant, they grew more and more to see that comprehensive provisions for education were indispensable. Either consciously or unconsciously, the people came to realize that with their new sovereignty they must take upon themselves the care of education, as other sovereigns had done.

Now, this spirit was brought together and embodied, as nowhere else, in that remarkable provision for education which constitutes the chapter on Education in that constitution of Massachusetts which was adopted in 1780. Not the

least interesting features of that chapter were the reasons given for the generous provisions that were to be binding on the Commonwealth. From these it will be seen that what has been called "the emancipation of Massachusetts" had as yet only partially taken place. The principal reasons were as follows: "Whereas in this university . . . many persons of great eminence have by the blessing of God been initiated in those arts and sciences which qualified them for public employments, both in church and state;" "and whereas the encouragement of arts and sciences and all good literature tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America;" and then, most important of all: "Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary to the preservation of their rights and liberties, and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country and among the different orders of the people; it shall be the duty of legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of this Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns."

Here, then, were three reasons why Harvard College and other institutions of learning should be fostered by the state. The first was that Harvard had successfully provided men for public employment in church and state; the second was that the public encouragement of learning would tend to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of the country; and the third was that wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, generally diffused, were necessary to the preservation of rights and liberties. The first

was what might be called an English or European reason, the second was neutral, while the third was distinctively American.

Now, every student of American history knows that this provision, duly modified, was introduced into the famous Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory. The famous declaration, "Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," was a mandate for all future time. But it was far more than that: it was the embodiment of the consciousness of the people that education was not now simply a means of fitting men for "public employment both in church and state," but a means for the general and individual welfare of all the people. The reasons for this mandate, given in Art. III. of the Ordinance, were, "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and *the happiness of mankind*," etc. In this final phrase was expressed a motive which had not hitherto appeared.

It is not necessary to suppose that the fathers, in adopting this provision, understood its full significance, or that they foresaw what was to occur in the advance of this irresistible tendency. Nor is it necessary to mark the various steps in the progress of educational evolution. It is enough to point out the fact that the movement has been the logical outcome of that irresistible tendency toward individualism which, as already stated, has been the most marked characteristic of all modern history. The development of state universities and the development of public libraries, the two most remarkable phenomena of modern educational advancement, are but the logical and natural and inevitable expression of this great evolutionary movement.

But the impulses of individuality have not been content with invention and education. In fact, it may be said that these have been only means for the attainment

of ends. Liberty always and everywhere insists on the use of all legitimate material at hand for the attainment of its purposes. Such materials are ability, education, foresight, invention, personal influence, and material resources. All these are naturally and inevitably tributary to individual success.

The most of these elements are so obviously the servants of personal advancement that they need no discussion; but the influence of the element of invention, certainly one of the most potent of all, may well receive a moment's notice.

If we consider carefully the part of the applications of steam and electricity to the social relations of mankind, we shall see that we are accustomed to think of them chiefly as agents for the development of wealth. But they have been equally potent in influencing the distribution of it. A man emerges from his laboratory with an invention. He is helpless without capital to put it into efficient use. The first locomotive was useless until cars had been constructed and a track had been laid. Here was a combination of forces which was as much the legitimate child of individualism and liberty as was the invention itself. So it will generally be found in the business combinations of modern time. Men form combinations, great or small, political, commercial, manufacturing, or what not, whenever they are satisfied that it is for their interest to do so; and the very essence of individualism and of liberty demands that such a course should be permitted and encouraged. This great fact has been so universally recognized that in every free country combinations have been the distinctive feature of modern industrial life. And they have been a result in no country but a free country. The tendency has been irresistible, because it has been the logical sequence and outgrowth of individualism and invention. For example, within a few years after the invention of the telegraph

there were a hundred companies, and a dispatch from the seaboard to the Mississippi had to pay tribute to a dozen different corporations. A law to prevent their combination would not only have done violence to the principles of individual liberty, but would also have continued to levy an unwarranted tax upon the community.

What took place in the consolidation of the telegraph lines has taken place in a thousand other spheres. The great railroad lines, the steamship corporations, the mining interests, the iron and steel industries, even the department stores, are the natural, the inevitable outgrowth of prevailing conditions. Here too the tendency is as irresistible as it is natural.

But there is obviously another very important aspect of the case. As every great privilege is subject to abuses, liberty in every form must be regulated and directed, or it degenerates sooner or later into license. This necessity is nowhere more apparent than in those industrial combinations which are so conspicuous a feature of the present time. It is the fashion in certain quarters to denounce the trust as intrinsically an evil. That the trust has recognized its opportunities, and has often abused its privileges, I fancy no rational and impartial person will deny. But it is unquestionable that the essential principle of the trust is inherent in human liberty. It would be impossible to claim that there is liberty if the men with a shovel and the men with a cart cannot agree to combine their interests and work together. Yet such a combination in its essential features would be a trust as much as any other. Is Congress to say that a hundred dollars may combine with half a dozen men, but a million dollars may not combine with a thousand?

Here as elsewhere, however, while liberty may not be overthrown, it must be regulated and restrained. As exercised by individual men it is restrained in a

hundred ways. There is no good reason why it should not be restrained when wrongfully exercised by a corporation or a trust. The worst of the evils complained of is the monstrous fact that there is often one capitalization for taxation, and another for dividends. Surely the prevention of such an evil, however difficult, is quite within the natural scope of legislation in a free country. The tendency to combination cannot be prevented, but it must be regulated. Society must not surrender to the difficulties of the case.

There has been another tendency that is the natural outgrowth of the same, or at least of similar conditions. I refer to the modern development of the larger nationalities and to modern international relations.

The earliest circumnavigation of the globe naturally led all enterprising peoples to reach out for new discoveries, for new avenues of trade, and for new possessions. This enterprise has been fruitful just in proportion to the recognition that has prevailed of the fundamental principles of political liberty and perpetuity. Wherever provincial or colonial governments have been organized and administered primarily in the interests of territorial avarice, they have failed; and if they have succeeded at all, their success has been in proportion to the principles of liberty and justice that have been established. Gross injustice has invariably led in the end to successful revolt, while the introduction of the methods of good government has sooner or later led to improvement and stability. The colonies and other dependencies of Spain and England will occur to every one as illustrations of this fact.

There is still another consideration that should not be overlooked; that is, the stupendous fact that civilization has uniformly advanced in the train of conquest. This has been shown whenever a less civilized people has been conquered by one more civilized. Mexico and South

America were discovered and conquered by the Spaniards and Portuguese. The rule of the conquerors was one of gross cruelty and rapacity. Few will deny that those countries, however slow their growth, have advanced more rapidly than they would have done had they never been conquered. Were it not for conquest, South America would now be much like Africa. And it would not be easy to name an instance where the result has been different. It was Lowell who so hated war that he said, "I call it simply murder on a gigantic scale;" and yet it was he who said also, "Civilization rides on a gun carriage."

But whatever may be our opinions in regard to the nature of the influence, or the extent of the influence, of conquest on the advance of civilization, we shall all be free to acknowledge that civilization has been constantly pressing into barbarism and taking possession of it. The conquest and the settlement of America by the British, the French, and the Spanish will occur to every one as the most noteworthy examples. The planting of the British flag in the West Indies, in Australasia, in India, is another illustration of the same irresistible movement. Holland and Portugal, in a similar spirit, planted their feet in the East Indies and in Africa.

It is not necessary to suppose that in all these movements the motives of the conquering races were purely, or even chiefly, benevolent or philanthropic. The motives which lead to great movements are seldom unmixed. The builders of our greatest enterprises and industries invariably keep an eye upon their own interests; but, nevertheless, their services to civilization are often unquestionable. Take as illustrations the Pacific railroads and our iron and steel manufactories. So it has been in the irresistible advances of civilized nationalities. The weaker, by reason of its incapacity, gives way before the advance of the stronger. Here, as else-

where, there seems to be a law of the survival of the fittest. We may deplore it as we will; we may denounce it as selfish and brutal; we yet cannot deny the fact that among nations, as among animal life, there is a tendency which appears to rise to a law, that the most worthy shall grow and extend its influence, while the less worthy shall diminish and finally perish. The energy—the selfish energy, if you please—which led Russia, Prussia, and Austria to take advantage of the anarchy of Poland was very nearly related to the selfish energy which led the United States into a war with Mexico that resulted in vast additions to our territorial domain. Of the eight several annexations to our territory since the forming of the government, not one was anticipated by the fathers or provided for in the Constitution; and this acquisitive spirit has been in exact harmony with the spirit of all the other great nations of the world. If others have not advanced so rapidly as we have, their greater slowness has been because the means and the opportunities have not been at hand. The motives have been similar, if not identical. Every great nation has lived in a glass house, and has had no justification for the hurling of stones at its neighbors. Does any one doubt that this movement, taken all in all, has been beneficent?

Now, this great current of effort, this unconscious community of method, this irresistible tendency toward aggrandizement, has flowed on into the century of invention, and has availed itself of all the opportunities which invention offers.

Need it be pointed out that the differences between civilization and barbarism have been enormously emphasized and multiplied by the inventions? The modern abolition of time and space and delay has all worked to the advantage of civilization in this great movement; and it has been largely in consequence of this fact that the movement has re-

cently become much more rapid than ever before. The government at St. Petersburg directs the daily affairs of the heart of Asia as well as of a large portion of Europe. Downing Street is hourly kept informed of military affairs on the Upper Nile as well as of the progress of all political movements in the islands of the Antarctic Ocean. Yesterday afternoon President McKinley gave directions to General Otis, and this morning at seven we read full details of the resulting movement in Manila carried on throughout the forenoon.

It should be added that barbarism has nothing whatever to offset these new influences and added powers. And can it be doubted that the effect of it all will be to emphasize and accelerate this irresistible movement? Does any one think that the wheels of human progress are to be, or can be, reversed, or even retarded?

Look at the international signs of the times. Since the Crimean war, Russia has added to her territory from the heart of Asia a domain nearly as large as the whole of the United States; Germany has acquired on the east coast of Africa as many square miles as we possess east of the Mississippi River; the dependencies of France in Africa are still greater; Holland, Portugal, and Belgium have their share; and Great Britain, firmly planted at the south and at the north, will soon connect the Cape and the Nile by rail, and ere long make the heart of Africa as accessible as is now the heart of America. In the far East the same tendencies are equally irresistible. The railroad from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea covers a hundred degrees of longitude, — twice the distance from New York to San Francisco. This irresistible spirit is knocking at the gates of China, and the everlasting doors, which from the dawn of history have successfully defied all intrusive efforts, are giving way and admitting the civilization of the Occident.

Now, the fundamental fact to which attention should be called is that the whole of this vast movement is an advance along lines similar to all the others that have been mentioned. It is the advance of civilization upon barbarism. It is the Eastern Question, which has ever agitated the world since the time of Xerxes and Alexander the Great, now at length approaching solution. It is the ever irresistible encroachment of the Occident upon the Orient, of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity. It is the substitution of the railroad train for the oxcart and the caravan. It is electricity driving out the rushlight. It is the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way.

Can any one doubt that this great movement is in the interests of a larger and a richer and a higher humanity?

There is another tendency that is worthy of thoughtful notice. Doubtless the most beneficent of the results of modern science is the ever increasing prevalence of sanitary ideas and methods, and the resulting prolongation of human life. Do we all realize the far-reaching meaning of the extraordinary reduction of the death rate throughout the civilized world? There is hardly a city in Christendom in which the annual death rate per thousand has not been reduced ten, or twenty, or fifty, or even a hundred per cent in the last twenty-five years. The plague, which for centuries kept down the population of Europe, is now unknown to civilization. The Asiatic cholera has lost its terrors. The various forms of fever, once so general and so deadly, can now be controlled and prevented; and even pulmonary diseases, the most to be dreaded of all human ailments, which are said to have swept away more than a tenth of the human race, seem on the point of yielding to sanitary and medical control. Look at the census tables even of Europe; the population is increasing by leaps and bounds.

What is to be the sure result upon the population of the globe of this triumphal march of science? Is not an embarrassing surplus population inevitable? If, in the fifty years just behind us, millions in Europe have been saved from starvation only by finding unoccupied lands in North America, in Australasia, and in South America, where are to be the rescuing lands of the future? And who are to control them?

The Great Powers are now talking of disarmament, and of the establishment of a system of arbitration by which the horrors of war may be reduced or prevented. Does any one fail to see that if any success comes from this movement it will tend in the same direction, by lessening the death rate and vastly increasing the number of the unemployed population?

Even now, in our own sparsely settled country, every vocation seems to have glutted the market. In Europe the matter is a hundred times worse. The standing armies reduce the pressure by taking the virility of the nation out of competition for a term of years; but there are enough of the needy left to overflow into America, into Africa, and into the farthest isles of the sea. What the result is to be when medical science has done its best to abolish sickness and postpone death is open only to conjecture; but certain it is that the prolongation of the average human life is to be counted upon as one of the potent factors in the irresistible tendencies of the times.

Do not all these facts point in the same direction? Is it not certain that civilization is to take possession of every nook and corner of the globe? Is it not inevitable that in the near future the doors that have always been shut will be thrown wide open?

It is hardly necessary to point out the bearings of these tendencies upon questions of national or international policy; it is perhaps enough to ask whether it is

not as true of nations as of men that it is the flood of the tide which leads to fortune.

But the bearings of the subject on questions of private life and private interest are far more important to us as individuals. How vastly more complicated and difficult have the activities of life been made by these tendencies! Upon how many hundreds and thousands of questions is the intelligent citizen now driven into the necessity of having an opinion! When the telegraph lays upon the breakfast table every morning a history of the whole world for twenty-four hours, we have forced upon our thoughts not simply those more immediate activities which monopolized all the intelligence of the fathers, but in addition all the most important affairs of the state, the nation, and in fact of the whole world. Thus intelligent and effective citizenship is made a hundredfold more exacting and a hundredfold more difficult. How vastly broader is the education demanded by the new conditions!

This demand, moreover, is emphasized by that crowding of the vocations of life to which reference has already been made. The growing stringency of competition teaches us that it is only the fittest that rise even above mediocrity. It is extraordinary aptitude, or extraordinary industry, or extraordinary training, that can achieve any considerable measure of success; and success in a large way can be accomplished only by a combination of all. Ignorance has far less chance than it had a generation ago.

What but a supreme measure of intelligence and wisdom will be adequate to the direction of our public affairs? As the opportunities for organized selfishness and wickedness multiply, so the demands for unselfish and enlightened statesmanship increase; and if these demands are not satisfied, the voyage of the state will surely be "bound in shallows and in miseries."

It is thus that the irresistible tendencies of modern civilization have flowed, and are flowing, into modern life. The seed of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has ripened into the harvest of the nineteenth. As the regulation of liberty by law was the principle of the fathers, it is much more necessary that it be the principle of the America of to-day.

The free state, the free church, the free school, have been called the "triple armor of American nationality, — of American security." But the state and the church and the school must not fail to rear men of such intelligence and character that they can see the irresistible tendencies of the times and apply to them the guiding hand of wisdom. If we do not educate men who can wisely and skillfully put the exuberant privileges of liberty under the just restraints of law, we shall sooner or later find that "the undirected will of the people," as George William Curtis once said, "is but a gale smiting a rudderless and sailless ship, and hurling it, a mass of

wrecks, upon the rocks." But the will of the same people, subject to the guidance of intelligently constructed law, is the same gale "filling the trim canvas of a ship that minds the helm, bearing it over yawning and awful abysses of ocean safely into port." It is for this reason that there is no room for despair. It is such intelligent guidance that is to protect the equal rights of the poorest and the richest, of the most ignorant and the most intelligent, and thus is to shield the nation from the mad assaults of violence, from the dry rot of fraud, and from the wild vagaries of ignorance. And as Fichte said with such vigor to the Germans at the beginning of the century, so we may say at its end, it is education — education by the press, education by the family, education by the church, education by the schools — that is called to this sublime task. It is by these institutions alone that the people are to be safely guided; for it is these alone that are the "ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom" that are able to light the pathway of progress.

Charles Kendall Adams.

THE SCOT OF FICTION.

Now that "schools" of novelists have become so numerous, we all get a great many of our ideas from the novels that deal with particular countries and races. Especially do we get our ideas from novels about places that we know nothing about, but we are likely also to accept the ideas put forth in novels even about our own land and people. There is no doubt that the novelists get into a rut of character-drawing, and Scotch or Irish or Yorkshire or Cornish or American character is produced to order, as a pudding is compounded from a recipe. Readers, then, come to believe that the accepted novelist's conventional presen-

tation is a true picture. For instance, to the untraveled Englishman there is but one type of New England character. This is always represented in the person of an austere old maid, heroic, epigrammatic, frugal, and sorrowful, who sits eternally sewing rag carpets (except when she is going to "meetin'"), and who expends her starved affections on starved cats. Having formed this distinct mental picture of the New England type, the British reader would feel quite wronged if, say, one of the virile heroes of Mr. Hamlin Garland's fancy were to stray to the soil of New England. "Nonsense!" he would exclaim. "You don't

belong here; no one lives in New England but blameless maiden ladies. Get to your own main traveled roads, and do not disturb the proprieties of this district."

Or if the situation were reversed, and some of Miss Wilkins's meek heroines were to appear in the West among the sombreroed, besashed gentlemen who swagger through the pages of Bret Harte's tales, the reader would again declare the case to be impossible. But is it? It is the recent insistence upon racial characteristics instead of individual character that forms popular conventions. If one writer describe cleverly the racial traits of any people, there remains no more to be said of these traits without repetition; to find fresh soil, we must pierce down deep below these outer similarities to the curiously individual mind of each man and woman. Of characteristics, on the contrary, it is very easy to speak with confidence, and this is the reason why the novel of racial characteristics is so often met with and finds such cheap acceptance with the public. We like to find written in books what we have observed for ourselves, and for one man who can read or appreciate character there are twenty who can recognize characteristics, — character being that which is peculiar, distinct, in every man, while characteristics are only what he shares with all his race.

The description of racial characteristics has been in the past, and still is, a great feature of Scotch novels. Some of our most delightful books owe their charm to such pictures, — notably the books of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Now, where one man excels there will always be found a crowd of imitators, and it is they who form the popular conceptions; for popular notions are formed by repetition. The critics have done something to foster an over-nationality in literature by their constant advice to authors to "write only of what they know," — a bit of advice which may be followed

too slavishly, and which would in time put an end to much imaginative work. I doubt if any conscientious student of local color will write as lovingly of his well-known district as Sir Walter wrote of Palestine after studying its local color in — Castle Street, was it not? Certainly far from the walls of Jerusalem.

Among the conventional types made popular in novels, none is more thoroughly established in the public imagination than the so-called "Scotch character;" and this not only in Scotland, but all over the world. I hear that the later productions of Scotch fiction are so much appreciated in the United States that Drumtochty teas and Thrums evenings are held, in honor of the authors who created these well-known villages. So, no doubt, any well-read American could now construct a Scotchman to order, and set him up for admiration, clothed upon with dialect as with a garment.

This phenomenal and fictitious Scot would of course begin life as a highly intelligent herdboy; then he must go to the village school, so that that awful stock figure, "the dominie," may "walk on." (I have counted eight dominies in Scotch fiction, of a curious similarity.) From the village school the herd, having now fallen in love with the laird's young daughter, migrates to London, in search of a wider sphere for his energies. His extraordinary career begins; the wool-sack looms ahead; he maintains meantime all the frugal habits learned at home, always grudging a sixpence for his own use, but habitually posting the greater part of his weekly earnings to his saintly mother. Struggles and parsimony are crowned with success, and, unrelated by his achievements, the Scot of fiction returns to his native village to marry the laird's daughter, to rescue the faithful dominie from despair and drink, and to fold his aged parents to his beating heart. Throughout his career the Scot of fiction keeps up church attendance in Babylon the great, and enters upon long dis-

cussions of predestination and election, in season and out of season.

This is the generally received idea of the typical Scotch career and character, which from the days of Galt downward has been repeated with many variations; the aspiring, miserly, dutiful, religious, argumentative hero has in fact become a convention. A difficulty in the matter also lies in this, that there is a foundation of truth in the story, and a plausibility in the characterization; but these similarities are the very things that should be avoided, and less hackneyed cases should be selected for presentation. In the classical Scotch novelists — Scott, Ferrier, and Stevenson — you never find stock figures of typical Scotchmen; each portrait is that of an individual; whereas the Scot of fiction, the generally received Scot, is something like a composite photograph, wherein the features of half a dozen men are jumbled together to form one face. Scott's most brilliant characters, such as Dominie Sampson (how far from the typical dominie!), Poor Peter Peebles, Cuddie Headrigg, and Dandie Dinmont, are such perfect portraits of men, not of racial types, that they might find their representatives in any country quite as well as in Scotland. Their qualities are common to the whole human species, and not only to the natives of North Britain. The same may be said of Miss Ferrier's irresistible caricatures; Lady MacLauchlan, Mrs. Major Wadell, and Miss Pratt have their counterparts in every land.

But Scott was followed by Galt, and Galt is a sinner above the common in the sin of over-nationality. Galt is very unfair to his countrymen. His vital characters — those that make his books — are singularly unlovely. Those that are meant to be good are very vulgar; those that are meant to be bad are not credited with a single redeeming quality. In fact, Galt has set himself unflinchingly to display all the racial faults. Greed, meanness, coarseness, are his constant themes.

The unpleasant characteristic of "nearness" he emphasizes to a quite unnecessary extent. His men and women are all misers: one would gather from these books that no Scotchman ever spent a penny ungrudgingly, or even a halfpenny; that he grasps by fair means or foul from his nearest and dearest, and goes down into the grave clutching the money bags still. This is an entirely untrue and exaggerated picture of Scotch character; yet there can be no doubt that Galt's novels have gone far to establish a popular belief in the miserliness of Scotchmen. The belief has deepened by this time into a convention with writers, till any one who should profess to write a "Scotch" story, and should make his hero generous or free-handed, would be jeered at as no true portrayer of Scotch character.

Now, I do not deny that our nation is fond of a bargain; but to accuse us of being a nation of misers is unreasonable. Moreover, the heroic side of our frugality might just as easily be turned to view as the unheroic side, and with far more justice and truth. For one miser in Scotland there are twenty men whose frugality is infinitely noble; and it is well to remember the historic pathos that underlies the racial frugality: poverty was our poor Scotland's burden for many a century, and if her men and women spend charily now, it is from an instinct inherited through generations of half-starved ancestors whose heroic struggles never kept the wolf at any great distance from the door. Even Kipling, who avoids the ready-made in character, cannot get over this convention of Scotch meanness: "O aye, the Scots are near," says MacAndrew!

The next convention which is firmly established in the popular imagination, and which the novelists also have to answer for, is the predestination and election jest. In "Scotch" novels few Scotchmen speak without bringing in some doctrinal allusion, such as, "Gin

ye had cuttit yersel' wi' yer ain razor, wad *effectual callin'*, think ye, be the first word i' yer mouth?" (Lilac Sunbonnet, page 68.) You may travel from one end of Scotland to another, and never hear predestination or effectual calling mentioned.

Not content with making us too bad, the novelists also make us not bad enough, and some of them even make us far too good. If some of the national failings have too great prominence, many of the national vices are almost entirely ignored. There is little or nothing said of the drunkenness in Scotch villages and of the unchastity of our agricultural districts, or of the dirt that disgusts every stranger who visits Scotland for the first time. These outstanding blemishes of our nation find small space among the newer story-tellers. The cottages are so trim and clean, the women wear such spotless mutches, the husbands sit in the ingle-neuk reading the Bible, the ploughmen chastely court the outfield workers with honorable marriage full in view.

The modern convention of "tenderness," too, may be justly called in question. It is true that a Scotchman will do his duty to the death, even for the most unworthy parents; but he will not exhibit much tenderness in the process. I scarcely like to quote from Barrie in a seeming spirit of derision, because his books are delightful; but to show the changed attitude of the modern writer on the filial relationship from that of Scott, note the following extracts.

Says Barrie: "Jamie's eyes were fixed on the elbow of the brae, where he would come into sight of his mother's window. Many, many a time, I know that lad had prayed God for still another sight of the window with his mother at it. So we came to the corner, . . . and before Jamie was the house of his childhood, and his mother's window, and the fond anxious face of his mother herself. My eyes are dull, and I did not see her, but suddenly Jamie cried out, '*My mother!*'

and Leebie and I were left behind. When I reached the kitchen Jess was crying, and *her son's arms were round her neck.*"

In Old Mortality we find the mother and son of the elder novelist's fancy: "As soon as Cuddie thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest. 'The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae,' he cried out to his mother, '*for a lang-tongued claverin wife*, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie here amang the blankets like a hurcheon instead o' gaun to the wappen-schaw like other folk. Od, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-hole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popinjay.'

"Oh, my bairn' . . . began Mause.

"Weel, mither,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, '*what need ye mak sae muckle din aboot it?*'"

Scott's is the true, and Barrie's the idealized, the possible but not the probable view of the subject.

Again, independence, which is always supposed to be at the root of the Scotch incivility, is a good thing, but it may be, and is, bought too dearly at the expense of the ordinary courtesies of life. I think that Miss Ferrier is the only Scotch novelist who has at all shown the boorishness of our nation; and she writes of a bygone time, and the roughness which she describes as existing then among the upper classes in Scotland is of course a thing entirely of the past. The modern writers are merciful in their depictions of Scotch manners among the working people: I fear that the unsuspecting traveler who crosses the Border for the first time, expecting to meet with the usual civilities described in Scotch fiction, will receive a shock.

But why all these suggestions for farther "Scotch" novels? I must ask the searching question, What part of Scot-

land are the new books to be about? For our country is already pretty well laid out, after the fashion of gold land, in "claims," to each of which the owner alone has rights. North of Inverness? Appropriated by William Black; it is too soon yet for a newcomer to step upon his claim. Argyle and the Isles? These are the exclusive property of Mr. Neil Munro and Miss Fiona MacLeod. Ayrshire? Galt holds undisputed sway here, and the claim of the departed is indeed more sacred than that of the living. Galloway? A brave man he would be who should set foot there, with the stalwart Crockett defending his claim by right of might! The Lothians? Shades of Scott and Stevenson! Forfar? Mr. Barrie is not contentious, I am sure, but still — Central Perthshire? Mr. Ian Maclaren must be consulted first. Aberdeen? Mr. William Alexander has long ago established his claim here. The novelists of the future — the Scotch future — will

have to confine their efforts within a very narrow radius. I think (but I may be mistaken) that the part of Scotland extending between Peebles and Galloway does not belong to any one in especial.

But the Scotch people remain: thousands of men and women, each as different from the others as black is from white, yet each Scotch born and bred, with all the vigor, the intellectuality, the nerve, of their race, and with its vices too; a strenuous people capable of anything. This should be an inspiring thought for the novelist. He need not limit his Scotchman's story to the probabilities of the case; there is that in the composition of the race which makes every man and woman of them capable of extraordinary possibilities, and even of impossibilities, — a sort of outward-going force not to be reckoned with or held in check, not to be contained either, be it said, in all the pages of all the novelists put together.

Jane Helen Findlater.

THE GENESIS OF THE GANG.

JACOB BERESHEIM was fifteen when he was charged with murder. It is now more than three years ago, but the touch of his hand is cold upon mine, with mortal fear, as I write. Every few minutes, during our long talk on the night of his arrest and confession, he would spring to his feet, and, clutching my arm as a drowning man catches at a rope, demand with shaking voice, "Will they give me the chair?" The assurance that boys were not executed quieted him only for the moment. Then the dread and the horror were upon him again.

Of his crime the less said the better. It was the climax of a career of depravity that differed from other such chiefly in the opportunities afforded by an environment which led up to and helped

shape it. My business is with that environment. The man is dead, the boy in jail. But unless I am to be my brother's jail keeper, merely, the iron bars do not square the account of Jacob with society. Society exists for the purpose of securing justice to its members, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. When it fails in this, the item is carried on the ledger with interest and compound interest toward a day of reckoning that comes surely with the paymaster. We have heard the chink of his coin on the counter, these days, in the unblushing revelations before the Mazet Committee of degraded citizenship, of the murder of the civic conscience, and in the applause that hailed them. And we have begun to understand that

these are the interest on Jacob's account, older, much older than himself. He is just an item carried on the ledger. But with that knowledge the account is at last in a way of getting squared. Let us see how it stands.

We shall take Jacob as a type of the street boy on the East Side, where he belonged. What does not apply to him in the review applies to his class. But there was very little of it indeed that he missed or that missed him.

He was born in a tenement in that section where the Tenement House Committee found 324,000 persons living out of sight and reach of a green spot of any kind, and where sometimes the buildings, front, middle, and rear, took up ninety-three per cent of all the space on the block. Such a home as he had was there, and of the things that belonged to it he was the heir. The sunlight was not among them. It "never entered" there. Darkness and discouragement did, and dirt. Later on, when he took to the dirt as his natural weapon in his battles with society, it was said of him that it was the only friend that stuck to him, and it was true. Very early the tenement gave him up to the street. The thing he took with him as the one legacy of home was the instinct for the crowd, which meant that the tenement had wrought its worst mischief upon him: it had smothered that in him around which character is built. The more readily did he fall in with the street and its ways. Character implies depth, a soil, and growth. The street is all surface: nothing grows there; it hides only a sewer.

It taught him gambling as its first lesson, and stealing as the next. The two are never far apart. From shooting craps behind the "cop's" back to filching from the grocer's stock or plundering a defenseless peddler is only a step. There is in both the spice of law-breaking that appeals to the shallow ambition of the street as heroic. Occasionally the

raids have a comic tinge. A German grocer wandered into police headquarters the other day, with an appeal for protection against the boys.

"Vat means dot 'cheese it'?" he asked, rubbing his bald head in helpless bewilderment. "Efery dime dey says 'cheese it' somedings vas gone."

To the lawlessness of the street the home opposes no obstacle, as we have seen. Until very recently the school did not. It might have more to offer even now. There are, at least, schools where there were none then, and so much is gained; also, they are getting better, but too many of them, in my unprofessional judgment, need yet to be made over, until they are fit to turn out whole, sound boys, instead of queer manikins stuffed with information for which they have no use, and which is none of their business anyhow. It seemed to me sometimes, when watching the process of cramming the school course with the sum of human knowledge and conceit, as if it all meant that we distrusted nature's way of growing a man from a boy, and had set out to show her a shorter cut. A common result was the kind of mental befogment that had Abraham Lincoln murdered by Ballington Booth, and a superficiality, a hopeless slurring of tasks, that hitched perfectly with the spirit of the street, and left nothing to be explained in the verdict of the reformatory, "No moral sense." There was no moral sense to be got out of the thing, for there was little sense of any kind in it. The boy was not given a chance to be honest with himself by thinking a thing through; he came naturally to accept as his mental horizon the headlines in his penny paper and the literature of the Dare-Devil-Dan-the-Death-Dealing-Monster-of-Dakota order, which comprise the ordinary æsthetic equipment of the slum. The mystery of his further development into the tough need not perplex anybody.

But Jacob Beresheim had not even

the benefit of such schooling as there was to be had. He did not go to school, and nobody cared. There was indeed a law directing that every child should go, and a corps of truant officers to catch him if he did not; but the law had been a dead letter for a quarter of a century. There was no census to tell what children ought to be in school, and no place but a jail to put those in who shirked. Jacob was allowed to drift. From the time he was twelve till he was fifteen, he told me, he might have gone to school three weeks, — no more.

Church and Sunday school missed him. I was going to say that they passed by on the other side, remembering the migration of the churches uptown, as the wealthy moved out of, and the poor into, the region south of Fourteenth Street. But that would hardly be fair. They moved after their congregations; but they left nothing behind. In the twenty years that followed the war, while enough to people a large city moved in downtown, the number of churches there was reduced from 141 to 127. Fourteen Protestant churches moved out. Only two Roman Catholic churches and a synagogue moved in. I am not aware that there has been any large increase of churches in the district since, but we have seen that the crowding has not slackened pace. Jacob had no trouble in escaping the Sunday school as he had escaped the public school. His tribe will have none until the responsibility incurred in the severance of church and state sits less lightly on a Christian community, and the church, from a mob, shall have become an army, with von Moltke's plan of campaign, "March apart, fight together." The Christian church is not alone in its failure. The Jew's boy is breaking away from safe moorings rather faster than his brother of the new dispensation. The church looks on, but it has no cause for congratulation. He is getting nothing in place of that which he lost, and

the result is bad. There is no occasion for profound theories about it. The facts are plain enough. The new freedom has something to do with it, but neglect to look after the young has quite as much. Apart from its religious aspect, seen from the angle of the community's interest wholly, the matter is of the gravest import.

What the boy's play has to do with building character in him Froebel has told us. Through it, he showed us, the child "first perceives moral relations," and he made that the basis of the kindergarten and all common-sense education. That prop was knocked out. New York never had a children's playground till within the last year. Truly it seemed, as Abram S. Hewitt said, as if in the early plan of our city the children had not been thought of at all. Such moral relations as Jacob was able to make out ran parallel with the gutter always, and counter to law and order as represented by the policeman and the landlord. The landlord had his windows to mind, and the policeman his lamps and the city ordinances which prohibit even kite-flying below Fourteenth Street where the crowds are. The ball had no chance at all. It is not two years since a boy was shot down by a policeman for the heinous offense of playing football in the street on Thanksgiving Day. But a boy who cannot kick a ball around has no chance of growing up a decent and orderly citizen. He must have his childhood, so that he may be fitted to give to the community his manhood. The average boy is just like a little steam engine with steam always up. The play is his safety valve. With the landlord in the yard and the policeman on the street sitting on his safety valve and holding it down, he is bound to explode. When he does, when he throws mud and stones and shows us the side of him which the gutter developed, we are shocked and marvel much what our boys are coming to, as if we had any right to expect bet-

ter treatment of them. I doubt if Jacob, in the whole course of his wizened little life, had ever a hand in an honest game that was not haunted by the dread of the avenging policeman. That he was not "doing anything" was no defense. The mere claim was proof that he was up to mischief of some sort. Besides, the policeman was usually right. Play in such a setting becomes a direct incentive to mischief in a healthy boy. Jacob was a healthy enough little animal.

Such fun as he had he got out of law-breaking in a small way. In this he was merely following the ruling fashion. Laws were apparently made for no other purpose that he could see. Such a view as he enjoyed of their makers and executors at election seasons inspired him with seasonable enthusiasm, but hardly with awe. A slogan, now, like that raised by Tammany's last candidate for district attorney, — "To hell with reform!" — was something he could grasp. Of what reform meant he had only the vaguest notion, but the thing had the right ring to it. Roosevelt preaching enforcement of law was from the first a "lobster" to him, not to be taken seriously. It is not among the least of the merits of the man that by his sturdy personality, as well as by his unyielding persistence, he won the boy over to the passive admission that there might be something in it. It had not been his experience.

There was the law which sternly commanded him to go to school, and which he laughed at every day. Then there was the law to prevent child labor. It cost twenty-five cents for a false age certificate to break that, and Jacob, if he thought of it at all, probably thought of perjury as rather an expensive thing. A quarter was a good deal to pay for the right to lock a child up in a factory, when he ought to have been at play. The excise law was everybody's game. The sign that hung in every saloon, saying that nothing was sold there to minors, never

yet barred out his "growler" when he had the price. There was another such sign in the tobacco shop, forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys of his age. Jacob calculated that when he had the money he smoked as many as fifteen in a day, and he laughed when he told me. He laughed, too, when he remembered how the boys of the East Side took to carrying balls of cord in their pockets, on the wave of the Lexow reform, on purpose to measure the distance from the school door to the nearest saloon. They had been told that it should be two hundred feet, according to law. There were schools that had as many as a dozen within the tabooed limits. It was in the papers how, when the highest courts said that the law was good, the saloon keepers attacked the schools as a nuisance and detrimental to property. In a general way Jacob sided with the saloon keeper; not because he had any opinion about it, but because it seemed natural. Such opinions as he ordinarily had he got from that quarter.

When, later on, he came to be tried, his counsel said to me, "He is an amazing liar." No, hardly amazing. It would have been amazing if he had been anything else. Lying and mockery were all around him, and he adjusted himself to the things that were. He lied in self-defense.

Jacob's story ends here, as far as he is personally concerned. The story of the gang begins. So trained for the responsibility of citizenship, robbed of home and of childhood, with every prop knocked from under him, all the elements that make for strength and character trodden out in the making of the boy, all the high ambition of youth caricatured by the slum and become base passions, — so equipped he comes to the business of life. As a "kid" he hunted with the pack in the street. As a young man he trains with the gang, because it furnishes the means of gratifying his inordinate vanity, that is the

slum's counterfeit of self-esteem. Upon the Jacobs of other days there was a last hold, — the father's authority. Changed conditions have loosened that also. There is a time in every young man's life when he knows more than his father. It is like the measles or the mumps, and he gets over it, with a little judicious firmness in the hand that guides. It is the misfortune of the slum boy of to-day that it is really so, and that he knows it. His father is an Italian or a Jew, and cannot even speak the language to which the boy is born. He has to depend on him in much, in the new order of things. The old man is "slow," he is "Dutch." He may be an Irishman with some advantages; he is still a "foreigner." He loses his grip on the boy. Ethical standards of which he has no conception clash. Watch the meeting of two currents in river or bay, and see the line of drift that tells of the struggle. So in the city's life strive the currents of the old and the new, and in the churning the boy goes adrift. The last hold upon him is gone. That is why the gang appears in the second generation, the first born upon the soil, — a fighting gang if the Irishman is there with his ready fist, a thievish gang if it is the East Side Jew, — and disappears in the third. The second boy's father is not "slow." He has had experience. He was clubbed into decency in his own day, and the night stick wore off the glamour of the thing. His grip on the boy is good, and it holds.

It depends now upon chance what is to become of the lad. But the slum has stacked the cards against him. There arises in the lawless crowd a leader, who rules with his stronger fists or his readier wit. Around him the gang crystallizes, and what he is it becomes. He may be a thief, like David Meyer, a report of whose doings I have before me. He was just a bully, and, being the biggest in his gang, made the others steal for him and surrender the "swag," or

take a licking. But that was unusual. Ordinarily the risk and the "swag" are distributed on more democratic principles. Or he may be of the temper of Mike of Poverty Gap, who was hanged for murder at nineteen. While he sat in his cell at police headquarters, he told with grim humor of the raids of his gang on Saturday nights when they stocked up at "the club." They used to "hook" a butcher's cart or other light wagon, wherever found, and drive like mad up and down the avenue, stopping at saloon or grocery to throw in what they wanted. His job was to sit at the tail of the cart with a six-shooter and pop at any chance pursuer. He chuckled at the recollection of how men fell over one another to get out of his way. "It was great to see them run," he said. Mike was a tough, but with a better chance he might have been a hero. The thought came to him, too, when it was all over and the end in sight. He put it all in one sober, retrospective sigh, that had in it no craven shirking of the responsibility that was properly his: "I never had no bringing up."

There was a meeting some time after his death to boom a scheme for "getting the boys off the street," and I happened to speak of Mike's case. In the audience was a gentleman of means and position, and his daughter, who manifested great interest and joined heartily in the proposed movement. A week later, I was thunderstruck at reading of the arrest of my sympathetic friend's son for train-wrecking up the state. The fellow was of the same age as Mike. It appeared that he was supposed to be attending school, but had been reading dime novels instead, until he arrived at the point where he "had to kill some one before the end of the month." To that end he organized a gang of admiring but less resourceful comrades. After all, the plane of fellowship of Poverty Gap and Madison Avenue lies nearer than we often suppose. I set the inci-

dent down in justice to the memory of my friend Mike. If this one went astray with so much to pull him the right way, and but the single strand broken, what then of the other?

Mike's was the day of Irish heroics. Since their scene was shifted from the East Side there has come over there an epidemic of child crime of meaner sort, but following the same principle of gang organization. It is difficult to ascertain the exact extent of it, because of the well-meant but, I am inclined to think, mistaken effort on the part of the children's societies to suppress the record of it for the sake of the boy. Enough testimony comes from the police and the courts, however, to make it clear that thieving is largely on the increase among the East Side boys. And it is amazing at what an early age it begins. When, in the fight for a truant school, I had occasion to gather statistics upon this subject, to meet the sneer of the educational authorities that the "crimes" of street boys compassed at worst the theft of a top or a marble, I found among 278 prisoners, of whom I had kept the run for ten months, two boys, of four and eight years respectively, arrested for breaking into a grocery, not to get candy or prunes, but to rob the till. The little one was useful to "crawl through a small hole." There were "burglars" of six and seven years, and five in a bunch, the whole gang apparently, at the age of eight. "Wild" boys began to appear in court at that age. At eleven, I had seven thieves, two of whom had a record on the police blotter, and an "habitual liar;" at twelve, I had four burglars, three ordinary thieves, two arrested for drunkenness, three for assault, and three incendiaries; at thirteen, five burglars, one with a "record," as many thieves, one "drunk," five charged with assault and one with forgery; at fourteen, eleven thieves and housebreakers, six highway robbers, — the gang on its unlucky day,

perhaps, — and ten arrested for fighting, not counting one who had assaulted a policeman, in a state of drunken frenzy. One of the gangs made a specialty of stealing baby carriages, when left untended in front of stores. They "drapped the kids in the hallway" and "sneaked" the carriages. And so on. The recital was not a pleasant one, but it was effective. We got our truant school, and one way that led to the jail was blocked.

It may be that the leader is neither thief nor thug, but ambitious. In that case the gang is headed for politics by the shortest route. Likewise, sometimes, when he is both. In either case it carries the situation by assault. When the gang wants a thing, the easiest way seems to it always to take it. There was an explosion in a Fifth Street tenement, one night last January, that threw twenty families into a wild panic, and injured two of the tenants badly. There was much mystery about it, until it came out that the housekeeper had had a "run in" with the gang in the block. It wanted club-room in the house, and she would not let it in. Beaten, it avenged itself in characteristic fashion by leaving a package of gunpowder on the stairs, where she would be sure to find it when she went the rounds with her candle to close up. That was a gang of that kind, headed straight for Albany. And what is more, it will get there, unless things change greatly. The gunpowder was just a "bluff" to frighten the housekeeper, an installment of the kind of politics it meant to play when it got its chance. There was "nothing against this gang" except a probable row with the saloon keeper, since it applied elsewhere for house-room. Not every gang has a police record of theft and "slugging" beyond the early encounters of the street. "Our honored leader" is not always the captain of a band of cut-throats. He is the honorary president of the "social club" that bears his name, and he counts for something in the ward.

But the ethical standards do not differ. "Do others, or they will do you," felicitously adapted from Holy Writ for the use of the slum, and the classic war-cry, "To the victors the spoils," made over locally to read, "I am not in politics for my health," still interpret the creed of the political as of the "slugging" gang. They drew their inspiration from the same source. Of what gang politics means every large city in our country has had its experience. New York is no exception. History on the subject is being made yet, in the sight of us all.

Our business with the gang, however, is in the making of it. Take now the showing of the reformatory,¹ to which I have before made reference, and see what light it throws upon the matter: 71 per cent of prisoners with no moral sense, or next to none, yet more than that proportion possessed of "natural mental capacity," which is to say that they had the means of absorbing it from their environment, if there had been any to absorb. Bad homes sent half of all prisoners there; bad company 92 per cent. The reformatory repeats the prison chaplain's verdict, "weakness, not wickedness," in its own way: "Malevolence does not characterize the criminal, but aversion to continuous labor." If "the street" had been written across it in capital letters, it could not have been made plainer. Twelve per cent only of the prisoners came from good homes, and one in a hundred had kept good company; evidently he was not of the mentally capable. They will tell you at the prison that, under its discipline, 83 per cent are set upon their feet and make a fresh start. With due allowance for a friendly critic, there is still room for the three fourths labeled normal. The Children's Aid Society will

give you even better news of the boys rescued from the slum before it had branded them for its own. Scarce five per cent are lost, though they leave such a black mark that they make trouble for all the good boys that are sent out from New York. Better than these was the kindergarten record in San Francisco. New York has no monopoly of the slum. Of nine thousand children from the slummiest quarters of that city who had gone through the Golden Gate Association's kindergartens, just one was said to have got into jail. The merchants who looked coldly on the experiment before brought their gold to pay for keeping it up. They were hard-headed men of business, and the demonstration that schools were better than jails any day appealed to them as eminently sane and practical.

And well it might. The gang is a distemper of the slum that writes upon the generation it plagues the recipe for its own corrective. It is not the night stick, though in the acute stage that is not to be dispensed with. Neither is it the jail. To put the gang behind iron bars affords passing relief, but it is like treating a symptom without getting at the root of the disease. Prophylactic treatment is clearly indicated. The boy who flings mud and stones is entering his protest in his own way against the purblind policy that gave him jails for schools and the gutter for a playground, that gave him dummies for laws and the tenement for a home. He is demanding his rights, of which he has been cheated, — the right to his childhood, the right to know the true dignity of labor that makes a self-respecting manhood. The gang, rightly understood, is our ally, not our enemy. Like any ailment of the body, it is a friend come to tell us of something that has gone amiss.

¹ Year-Book of Elmira State Reformatory, 1897. The statistics deal with 8319 prisoners received there in twenty-three years. The social stratum whence they came is sufficiently indicated by the statement that 18.3 per cent

were illiterates, and 43.3 per cent were able to read and write with difficulty; 35.2 per cent had an ordinary common school education; 3.2 per cent came out of high schools or colleges.

The thing for us to do is to find out what it is, and set it right.

That is the story of the gang. That we have read and grasped its lesson at last, an item in my morning paper, which I read at the breakfast table to-day, bears witness. It tells that the League for Political Education has set about providing a playground for the children up on the West Side, near the model tenements which I described. Just so! With a decent home and a chance for the boy to grow into a healthy man, his political education can proceed without much further hindrance. Now let the League for Political Education trade off the policeman's club for a boys' club, and it may consider its course fairly organized.

I spoke of the instinct for the crowd in the tenement house boy as evidence that the slum had got its grip on him. And it is true of him. The experience that the helpless poor will not leave their slum when a chance of better things is offered is wearily familiar to most of us. I recall the indignant amazement of my good friend, the president of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, when, of a hundred of the neediest families chosen to be the pioneers in the experiment of transplanting the crowds of the Ghetto to the country, where homes and work were waiting for them, only seven wanted to go. They preferred the excitement of the street. One has to have resources to face the loneliness of the woods and the fields. We have seen what resources the slum has at its command. In the boy it laid hold of the instinct for organization, the desire to fall in and march in line that belongs to all boys, and is not here, as abroad, cloyed with military service in the young years, — and anyhow is stronger in the American boy than in his European brother, — and perverted it to its own use. That is the simple secret of the success of the club, the brigade, in winning back the boy. It is fighting the street with its own weapon. The gang is the club run wild.

How readily it owns the kinship was never better shown than by the experience of the College Settlement girls, when they first went to make friends in the East Side tenements. I have told it before, but it will bear telling again, for it holds the key to the whole business. They gathered in the drift, all the little embryo gangs that were tuning up in the district, and made them into clubs, — Young Heroes, Knights of the Round Table, and such like; all except one, the oldest, that had begun to make a name for itself with the police. That one held aloof, observing coldly what went on, to make sure it was "straight." They let it be, keeping the while an anxious eye upon it; until one day there came a delegation with the proposition, "If you will let us in, we will change and have your kind of a gang." Needless to say it was let in. And within a year, when, through a false rumor that the concern was moving away, there was a run on the Settlement's penny provident bank, the converted gang proved itself its stanchest friend by doing actually what John Halifax did, in Miss Mulock's story: it brought all the pennies it could raise in the neighborhood by hook or by crook and deposited them as fast as the regular patrons — the gang had not yet risen to the dignity of a bank account — drew them out, until the run ceased.

The cry "Get the boys off the street" that has been raised in our cities, as the real gravity of the situation has been made clear, has led to the adoption of curfew ordinances in many places. Any attempt to fit such a scheme to metropolitan life would probably result simply in adding one more dead-letter law, more dangerous than all the rest, to those we have. Besides, the curfew rings at nine o'clock. The dangerous hours, when the gang is made, are from seven to nine, between supper and bedtime. This is the gap the club fills out. The boys take to the street because the home has nothing to keep them there. To lock them up in

the house would only make them hate it more. The club follows the line of least resistance. It has only to keep also on the line of common sense. It must be a real club, not a reformatory. Its proper function is to head off the jail. The gang must not run it. But rather than have it help train up a band of wretched young cads. The signs are not hard to make out. When a boy has had his head swelled by his importance as a member of the Junior Street-Cleaning Band to the point of reproving his mother for throwing a banana peel in the street, the thing to be done is to take him out and spank him, if it is reverting to "the savagery" of the street. Better a savage than a cad. The boys have the making of both in them. Their vanity furnishes abundant material for the cad, but only when unduly pampered. Left to itself, the gang can be trusted not to develop that kink.

It comes down in the end to the personal influence that is always most potent in dealing with these problems. We had a gang start up once when my boys were of that age, out in the village on Long Island where we lived. It had its headquarters in our barn, where it planned diverse raids that aimed at killing the cat and other like outrages; the central fact being that the boys had an air rifle, with which it was necessary to murder something. My wife discovered the conspiracy, and, with woman's wit, defeated it by joining the gang. She "gave in wood" to the election bonfires, and pulled the safety valve upon all the other plots by entering into the true spirit of them, — which was adventure rather than mischief, — and so keeping them within safe lines. She was elected an honorary member, and became the counselor of the gang in all their little scrapes. I can yet see her dear brow wrinkled in the study of some knotty gang problem, which we discussed when the boys had been long asleep. They did not dream of it, and the village never

knew what small tragedies it escaped, nor who it was that so skillfully averted them.

It is always the women who do those things. They are the law and the gospel to the boy, both in one. It is the mother heart, I suppose, and there is nothing better in all the world. I am reminded of the conversion of "the Kid" by one who was in a very real sense the mother of a social settlement uptown, in the latitude of Battle Row. The Kid was driftwood. He had been cast off by a drunken father and mother, and was living on what he could scrape out of ash barrels, and an occasional dime for kindling-wood which he sold from a wheelbarrow, when the gang found and adopted him. My friend adopted the gang in her turn, and civilized it by slow stages. Easter Sunday came, when she was to redeem her promise to take the boys to witness the services in a neighboring church, where the liturgy was especially impressive. It found the bigger part of the gang at her door, — a minority, it was announced, were out stealing potatoes, hence were excusable, — in a state of high indignation.

"The Kid's been cussin' awful," explained the leader. The Kid showed in the turbulent distance, red-eyed and raging.

"But why?" asked my friend, in amazement.

"'Cause he can't go to church!"

It appeared that the gang had shut him out, with a sense of what was due to the occasion, because of his rags. Restored to grace, and choking down reminiscent sobs, the Kid sat through the Easter service, surrounded by the twenty-seven "proper" members of the gang. Civilization had achieved a victory, and no doubt my friend remembered it in her prayers with thanksgiving. The manner was of less account. Battle Row has its own ways, even in its acceptance of means of grace.

I walked home from the office to-night. The street wore its normal aspect of mingled dullness and the kind of expectancy that is always waiting to turn any excitement, from a fallen horse to a fire, to instant account. The early June heat had driven the multitudes from the tenements into the street for a breath of air. The boys of the block were holding a meeting at the hydrant. In some way they had turned the water on, and were splashing in it with bare feet, reveling in the sense that they were doing something that "went against" their enemy, the policeman. Upon the quiet of the evening broke a bugle note and the tramp of many feet keeping time. A military band came around the corner, stepping briskly to the tune of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Their white duck trousers glimmered in the twilight, as the

hundred legs moved as one. Stoops and hydrant were deserted with a rush. The gang fell in with joyous shouts. The young fellow linked arms with his sweetheart and fell in too. The tired mother hurried with the baby carriage to catch up. The butcher came, hot and wiping his hands on his apron, to the door to see them pass.

"Yes," said my companion, guessing my thoughts,—we had been speaking of the boys,—“but look at the other side. There is the military spirit. Do you not fear danger from it in this country?”

No, my anxious friend, I do not. Let them march; and if with a gun, better still. Often enough it is the choice of the gun on the shoulder, or, by and by, the stripes on the back in the lockstep gang.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE BOOK REVIEW, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHAT is the value of a book review? The phrase “book review” seems pleonastic; but as there are now many classes of critics in addition to those who are literary, some newspapers awarding the name even to reporters of baseball and kindred matters, it is necessary to be specific in order to be understood. What then is the value of a book review? Measured by the animosities of authors and critics, no doubt, this value is appreciable at a very high rate. The estimate put upon a book review was noteworthy when Brougham cut to pieces the juvenile poetry of Lord Byron, and when the legend arose that the life of Keats had been put out by the malice of Gifford and Croker. Croker had no doubts on the subject when he was hammered flat by Thor-Macaulay. Gifford imagined in his earlier days that reviewers were a breed of venom-spitting

toads, and some said that he lived to exemplify his own theory in the Quarterly. We all know what Izaak Walton's opinion was of worms; we should like to know what the worms thought of Izaak Walton. So we know what author Gifford thought of critics, and what critic Gifford thought of authors. Now, if we only knew what the man Gifford thought, between his two militant attitudes, of himself, we might gain some scientific data for our theme. Hated he may have been; he was not despised. Nor was criticism despised when Scioppius obliged Henry of Navarre to stop the sale of Thuanus' history, nor when John Dennis irritated Pope and the playwrights, nor when J. B. Mencke in Charlataneria strewed half Europe with the literary remains of his contemporaries, nor when Dryden seconded his verse with profuse and

facile critical prose, nor when Addison established the fame of Milton, and Voltaire showed how the methods of criticism could be applied to every conceivable topic. The very earliest of journalistic book reviews, the brief comment with which the *Journal des Savans* started, on an edition of the works of certain African bishops, instead of being condemned for aridity was hailed as the beginning of a new era in letters. It did not matter whether the critic was dishonest and malignant like Scioppius, satirical like Mencke or de Sallo, or genuinely scientific like Addison; the significance of his writing was high enough if measured by the resentment of his victims or the pleasure of less prejudiced readers.

It is useless to look in the past for a golden age when Lamb the author and Lion the critic dwelt together in peace and harmony. Such a time seems possible in the future, for reasons which ought to be obvious to every one who is observant of literary conditions. Certainly the earlier years of the current century, when periodical criticism reached a height in popular esteem which it never attained before, and from which it has sadly fallen since, belonged to no era of good will. One who in his time was on both sides of the battle, like Gifford, but whose last words were those of an author, thought nothing could be more devoid of conscience than the book-reviewing of the twenties. He wrote: "It has been said that criticism has been at all times corrupt or prejudiced. It is possible that these epithets may have been occasionally applicable with justice to that of all times; but at no other periods were such faults systematic. Individual critics might indulge their passions; now all is carried on by conspiracy. Formerly there was at least some approach to candor and integrity; now the very thought of these regards is abandoned. An examination of the literary journals which came into com-

mon use at the end of the seventeenth century, such as the *Journal des Savans*, and the critical publications of Le Clerc, Bayle, etc., will exemplify these assertions. Impartial posterity has in general ratified the judgments which were then pronounced." Of course, this writer neglected the fact, which he was well aware of, that authors in the seventeenth century were as little pleased with criticism in their day as he was in his. Southey was not more resentful toward Jeffrey than Guy Patin was toward de Sallo. In two generations so much of the heat has departed from the essays of Jeffrey and Gifford that their judgments also have become classic, and are partly or wholly approved by posterity without prejudice to the books concerned. "The Lyrical Ballads are not liked at all by any," wrote Mrs. Coleridge to her husband and the Wordsworths in 1798; and it is doubtful if all those poems would escape now, were the question brought to a test among reading people. One sometimes hears the critics who censured Carlyle anathematized. Carlyle's literary method is justified by its success; but the critics also have their justification in the fact that when this author is impartially estimated now, much of what they said is repeated. Sartor Resartus is as much of a classic as *Religio Medici* or the *Tale of a Tub*; but who can read it and not feel with a detractor of sixty years ago that "it is capital sport to know all the while, fever-dream-like that actually not bending is one his optical convexities, cat-like-over-mouse, on High Dutch"? In short, financial success is no answer to legitimate criticism, nor does failure to please the public, after the critics have expressed their approval, show that the book is bad and that the critics were wrong.

It is here, certainly, that the doubt lies as to the value of the book review. From how many modern periodicals this sort of literary comment has been excluded altogether, in how many more

it has become a mere vermiform appendix, an almost atrophied part of the organism, it would be useless to inquire. But evidently the tendency is toward the status which Hallam anticipated, when it will be possible to compare the last book review with the first; the first being the above-mentioned discussion of certain ecclesiastical writings, and the last, in all likelihood, pertaining neither to theology nor to any other science, nor even to good literature. One need not assume that literature has declined because criticism lacks the popularity which it once had. It may be that the world is only illustrating anew the old saying, "Mundus vult decipi," Englished by Barnum in the phrase, "The public loves a humbug." So imperative is the necessity for mere advertising that authors who are privately rational and quiet take in public an air of the highest assumption. They would not think of display except in print. If one had never seen them, one might think that they were of the same kidney with the renowned Johannes Seger, poet laureate of Wittenberg, who, it was said, had a tablet of brass engraved with Christ on the cross, and he himself, robed and laureated, standing below imperiously asking, "Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" The suffering Saviour was not so much engrossed in his own affairs but that he could reply, with consummate courtesy, "Most renowned, most estimable, and most learned Herr Meister Seger, imperial poet laureate and most worthy rector of the school in Wittenberg, I do love thee." It would be an ungrateful task to specify cases in the last five years in which Seger's effrontery, though not his impiety, has been fairly matched.

Naturally in such a state of literature the critic, whatever he may have been in the past, no longer has a serious auditory. The question What is the value of the book review? becomes academic, a problem for solution at the Greek calends. Nevertheless it is dis-

cussed with some heat, particularly by those who insist that it is not worth discussing at all. A letter from one who is certainly expert in all literary affairs contains these lines: "The book reviewer (whereby I mean the critic of new books) is not worthy of the slightest consideration. I do not believe that any single piece of contemporary criticism was ever worth the paper it was written on. There is such a thing as reporting a book's contents, which will be a guide to a man trying to decide whether he wants the book or not; but as for criticism of a new book, — that this can be of any value is one of the persistent superstitions of a vain and barren and analytic rather than constructive era." The inference is that there is some kind of a review, a report of a book's contents, which is useful, and so of value corresponding to its utility. But a certain acute bookseller canceled this lonely concession to the contemporary literary critic. "No review ever sells a book" was his dictum, and he substantiated it by citing a long list of books within his own observation which had fallen unnoticed, or barely mentioned, from the critics' hands, and shortly afterward had been taken up by an enthusiastic public and carried forward to abnormal success. A particular instance which he cited was the now famous novel *Ben-Hur*, which, he insisted, won its way with almost no help from the critics, and not only won its own way, but retrieved the fortunes of its brother, *The Fair God*. Hardly any one capable of a solid judgment will say that of these *Ben-Hur* is the better book in an artistic sense. The clever management of a religious motive (which must, however, always be Christian) has been noted for several hundred years as an element of popularity in an English book. Warton alludes to the fact, and the latest passing triumph of the kind illustrates it. How different the *Quo Vadis*? that we know from the book of the same title which,

some centuries ago, was one of the minor ornaments of English literature!

Then our bookseller cited other works, a mournful catalogue of good books which the critics approved and analyzed and reported, and in fact treated to every kind of commendatory writing known to a literary page; and all these gathered the dust of neglect on his shelves, save that now and then some bookworm, with the penetration of his kind, picked out a volume and carried it away. Now the genuine bookworm, as a rule, — and this is well known, — cares little for reviews. He likes an article to have some of the qualities of the books he buys, — to have a modicum of learning, for example, — and he rarely finds these qualities in fugitive essays which he suspects — wrongly, we are bound to say — of being written more like advertisements than otherwise. Perhaps he has read such stories as that which Derby tells in his reminiscences, of the effort to injure a book by a professional reader who had rejected it, or the more recent anecdote of an author who is the victim of a conspiracy on the part of certain literary editors against all writers from the section of the country to which he belongs. If the bookworm noticed such tales, he would be just perverse enough to interpret them backward. What he does in practice is to scan footnotes and accidental allusions, and from these to make up his mind whether the work he is in doubt about is worthy of a place in the same room with the pigskins and seventeenth-century folios which are his proper standards of literary value.

According to this epigrammatic bookseller, who was also a publisher of experience, there are two kinds of criticism which contribute to the sale of books. One of these is the statement of the publisher, accepted, of course, as the opinion also of his professional readers, upon the merits of a given book. That statement is based upon wide practical experience, and is restricted to just the

points which should make the book attractive to the class of readers to whom the appeal in its behalf must be made. Obviously the reputation of the publisher for solidity of judgment and candor must affect the question here, but this has to be read between the lines. A statement of the kind alluded to is usually very brief, — as brief as the ordinary paragraph bestowed by the newspaper critic on books which he views with indifference or finds himself incapable of handling; but it is nevertheless the product of mature consideration. Secondary to this printed notice from the publisher's hands are the oral explanations of the travelers for publishing houses. These men can be divided into two classes, — the one consisting of those whose predictions as to the selling qualities of a new book can be trusted, the other of those who lack this accuracy. The difference between the two is not necessarily nor usually a matter of personality. It is really a line of discrimination among publishers themselves. Not long ago, in the case of a popular but rather costly biography of a man of great distinction, the traveler who had the book in hand, and knew the region in which he worked, gave his local patrons an estimate of the number of copies they would require. It was a sort of trial of skill, and it turned out that he hit the demand more closely than did the men who thought they knew their own trade best. They had to supplement their first order with a second, losing a little money by the operation in accordance with the fitness of things. It was, perhaps, an easy task to estimate possibilities with that book. But similar prevision in less favorable circumstances shows that calculations were not made on a purely experimental basis. The local bookseller knows well enough when he faces a mere experiment. "You need not show me any books of poetry from X or Y," said one. "I know that they have not been read

by any one competent to pass judgment upon them; it will be a mere chance if they are not all rubbish."

The other kind of profitable criticism — looking always, of course, from the mercantile point of view — is that of the social dinner and the club. Here, precisely, is where the historic change has occurred in the popular estimate of criticism. Time was when the book review certainly guided social literary opinions. That somewhat dyspeptic writer of the twenties, whom we have already had occasion to quote, grudgingly confesses the fact. "In no age," says he, "did the mass of mankind make much attempt to judge for themselves. In the present age they do not affect to conceal that they are entirely guided by the decision of one of the fashionable reviews. In what way these reviews are manufactured; how far the critics are qualified to pronounce judgment, and by what motives they are actuated in the opinions they express, this is not the place and opportunity to discuss at length. If the mask could be withdrawn from the face of each respective critic, the decision would in most cases lose all its authority." The mask never was an effectual disguise, and now it is either removed altogether or retained only as a matter of form. Criticism has grown milder. It even calculates, in making an estimate of a book, the following that the author may have. Yet that it has grown stronger or more popular would be rash to assert. On the contrary, the influence which this writer attributes to the great reviews three generations ago seems a mere reminiscence now. Is this because everybody has caught the trick of putting an opinion about a book? That seems a plausible theory for a time in which, it is said, nobody wants to read a book; what everybody wants to do is to write a book. But a better answer may be that literature, such as it is, has shifted its ground, so that in great part it is no longer amenable to

formal criticism, whether this be laudatory or the reverse. In the twenties poets still existed, and style even in prose fiction was removed from the expression of ordinary life. Now verse approximates to every-day speech, and the novel, unless it deals with a past age, — and often in that case as well, — becomes a transcript of what men and women say to one another in the very words and parts of words, dialect included, which they habitually use. The literary critic figures as little among these stenographic reports of life as the art critic in a gallery of photographs. It is a waste of time to pick flaws, for the artist replies at once that the sun must be to blame. The novelist can be accused of putting up automaton for men and women, but the words are there to show that his lay figures talk just like people. Often he can be detected outlining his own features, but the voice of Esau is no longer peculiar, and this Jacob is as easy about showing his hand as his prototype was. Occasionally moral comment is deemed necessary; but there is nothing worse than morality in literary criticism, except immorality.

Whatever the reason may be, it seems a fact that criticism which is of financial value to the bookseller has shifted from the printed periodical to the social dinner and the club. Somebody happens to say in conversation that a book is worth looking at, and a few days later the dealers observe that it has come into demand. Years ago the conversational remark would have been that in such or such quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily the book was said to be good. But those days of unsophistication, when one gave an authority for a literary opinion, are past. In the conversation at the dinner table, this lapse from the conscientious pedantry of earlier days is venial. But the formal critic can safely be guilty of analogous pilferings without confession only when he has recourse to writings which his readers know nothing about.

To borrow opinions from a contemporary, however remote, to translate convenient paragraphs from Sainte-Beuve, to paraphrase well-known books like Stedman on the Victorian poets, or to copy whole pages from Macaulay's essays, is to try conclusions, like Shakespeare's ape, at the risk of a similar catastrophe.

It will be observed that in all this informal treatment of books we have precisely the kind of comment which makes any business successful. People who buy usually put faith in the words of those with whom they are acquainted, and especially in the suggestions of an experienced man of business. They carry this confiding spirit to the length of buying books of that learned connoisseur who also sells them their dry goods. It may sound harsh, but it is merely the prosaic statement of a fact, to say that to this conclusion descends all criticism in the interest of the publisher made at his real or supposed dictation. The method may be successful financially, but it is nevertheless a step downward intellectually. Let him who demands an illustration compare the literary gossip of a past age with the notes scattered, supposedly by the syndicates, to the minor newspapers of the country. These notes, as a rule, are worth the regular rates per line, and that is all they are worth. But, according to the law of literary evolution, the spread of this degenerate species of writing is sure to starve out all better kinds. Another result must be the rigid limitation of books to certain classes known to be profitable; the exclusion of all that might subvert the literary fashions and upset the calculations of the trade. Then will come the effort to shift the responsibility for the decay of literature to shoulders where it does not belong. In fact, the responsibility rests on the same commonplace traits of human nature upon which it has always fallen under similar conditions. The publisher aims quite properly at books that pay, and the world, when it can

do without great writers, is invariably obliged to do so. History is crowded with illustrations of the way the thing works. Virgil and Dante would have starved on their literary achievements alone. The parasitic Martial had his epigrams on sale in every Roman camp from the Tigris to the Thames, made a fairly profitable trade of verse-writing, and in old age retired to Spain on money which Pliny gave him confessedly for praises past. Martial has since been read only as a curiosity; possibly the only generous buyer of his works in modern times was Andreas Naugerius, and Naugerius bought them to burn. In Virgil's time there was hardly a bookseller in Rome, but men of genius were numerous. In the time of Gellius booksellers were plenty, and men who wrote books were not few, but genius was found only in works that were already ancient. The Virgil who might have starved in his own day but for the one friend who introduced him to the Emperor was the most profitable author the later booksellers had. "Ronsard is forgotten," remarked Gouget in the *Bibliothèque Française*, "he who formed so many disciples and had so many bad imitators. This writer, so famous at one time, whose whole life was a triumph, who was loved by his king, cherished by the court, admired by all savants, overwhelmed with the most pompous eulogies, whose funeral oration was pronounced by the celebrated *dû Perron*, — this poet, who had no hesitation in calling himself the Prince of Poets and the dearest favorite of the Muses, is read no more; he is not even named except with contempt." Gouget could not anticipate that Ronsard would be restored to public favor for a time. What he impresses on us is that there is no permanence in a literary reputation artificially built up. "How many works of the last twenty years," remarks the discontented author already quoted, "which were of temporary demand have become waste paper!" On the other

hand, every publisher will say, probably, that he finds the ideas of authors, when allowed free range, rather impracticable.

By looking over the whole field of literature, it will be found that the various kinds of social and across-the-counter criticism are of imperative significance only with those growths in which a fair equipoise can be preserved between the practical and the impracticable. Neither the publisher's reader, nor the literary diner-out, nor the distinguished specialist in criticism who counts the year lost in which he fails to exploit three or four brand new warranted real poets and a novelist or two in whom burns the smoldering fire of genius, has much influence over the fate of books that cost a lifetime of hard labor. We imagine that there was but one man in the United States who could have put Herbert Spencer's series of philosophical volumes on a line where they were certain to catch the public eye. Most solid books lack this intelligent support. They cannot be made as cheaply — or at least they are not made as cheaply — as the lighter productions of the press. Unfortunately, the writer in the one case needs notoriety as much as in the other. It was remarked long ago that "what is true in the course of the general affairs of human life is not less true of literature. The same means of success and the same causes of defeat are in full force. An author cannot emerge into fame and obtain the rewards accompanying it by mere merit. The addition of a vast deal of manœuvre and obtrusiveness, and perhaps, it may be added, accidental opportunity and good fortune, is necessary." Outside of the libraries, more or less public in their character, the most skillful manœuvre adds comparatively few to the number of buyers of a weighty book. Few books were better exploited beforehand than *The Origin of Species*; few books of value were ever more successful. Yet it may be that a novel could be named, written in one season, read in

the next, and almost forgotten by the end of the year, which surpassed *The Origin of Species* as a wage-earner by thousands of dollars. It took a quarter of a century to write the one, and a quarter of a year to write the other. Evidently the ordinary methods of business are at fault here. It is certain that the comparatively few buyers of books that signify are persons not to be caught by the usual methods of advertising. They are apt to be persons who think for themselves, and possibly they are to be the final refuge of the critic before that last review presaged by Hallam has to be written. The people who know good books when they see them soon find out how far a reviewer, whose work they like otherwise, can be trusted. Human limitations are manifold, and even the man who has the reminiscence of a library in his head knows that he can write with but meagre authority on most topics. If the well-read book reviewer did not know, also, how few of the books that pass under his eye are through and through work at first hand, he might well despair when he has to pass a judgment or complete an analysis without access to original sources. It is here, between the book before him and the origins which he looks for, that the reviewer discovers a curious fact. One of the last men to understand a really thoughtful book is the author himself. The cause of this is that the author has worked from within, and knows only the inner aspect of the structure which he has raised. Its outer aspect startles him when revealed in the words of some reviewer, even if those words are words of commendation. He understands the kind of book review which is a cento from his own writing, more or less carefully patched together. He has already mourned over the obvious defects of pen or type which some critics laboriously heap up against him. But the restatement of his thought in new phrases by another mind comes to him like some-

thing out of a foreign language. In fact, he has seen the outside of his house, be it molehill or palace, for the first time.

Let us concede that the book review has nothing to do with the sale of books. The inference must be that it is time wasted to bestow criticism upon books which need no aid except what will facilitate their sale. This would forthwith exclude the novel of the present day from the reviewer's table, and would save him from a task which grows annually more irksome, as the novel, in the light of artistic requirements, declines toward inevitable extinction. No other work of the pen is so purely a bid for money as the novel. A book of learning, of science, of philosophy, usually requires too many years of labor to have its value measured in coin. Worse still, the relation of such a book to ordinary life is so intricate and obscure that its value is not even measured in the good will of mankind. People who enjoy the public life of the United States hardly waste a thought upon the men who extricated the problem of the state from mediæval anarchy and the spirit of caste, and formulated it for solution. We laugh at Duns Scotus and think of Hudibras. But no Duns Scotus, — then, no Wicliffe, no Luther, no Grotius, no Locke, no Federalist. If this ancient thinker has not yet come in touch with the popular mind, after all the centuries since his time, how can the contemporary thinker expect honor except for something quite remote from what he considers his real achievement? So the philosopher has to carry his reward with him, and he is usually able to do this without breaking his back. While he complains, as Mr. Spencer does, that he is hardly understood by those who have read him, there are those who speak of the influence of novels, morally, socially, intellectually. It can be said with confidence that, outside of the imagination of persons who think that they could write a novel if they tried, this boasted influence does not exist. The

reason is plain. A novel never creates the moral, social, or intellectual movement which it reveals to its readers. It is an echo of what is passing, and the chances are that the movement which caused it has already run its course and merged in some new commotion before the novel is written. Exceptions may be noted, but we believe most of them to be more apparent than real. The question is open to practical test by way of answer. Send the case of novels which you have read in the last five years to a dealer, and observe the result. The specimens which you regret having had in your possession will head your bookseller's list, and the books which were supposed to influence the world in some way or other he will hardly take as a gift. Your bookseller cares no more for the ulterior purpose of a book than your thermometer cares for the temperature. He simply records a fact, namely, that the reading public has not absorbed a drop of additional wisdom from the books which his experience rejects. It follows that the reviews of such books must have failed, like the books themselves, to impress the public. As the total result is nil, aside from the money made or lost in the operation, with which, *per hypothesim*, the reviewer had nothing to do, the only correct procedure is to give up that field of reviewing entirely to the advertiser. An additional reason for doing this is found in the nature of the comment to which novels are subjected. It is an unwritten law that plot and characterization must not be reported. The reviewer falls back upon what he is pleased to call his originality as a critic, eked out frequently by the earlier originality of another. This leads him in a curve which ultimately closes, and he is thereafter constantly engaged in repeating, with verbal changes, the group of opinions which he had at the outset. Add to these considerations a third, that a large number of the prominent novels of the year have already

been subjected piecemeal in magazines and newspaper syndicates to the judgment of readers, and it must be obvious that to this branch of criticism, if to any, applies in full force the Roman proverb about carrying fagots to the forest.

The case is similar, with a class of more or less striking books which are usually heralded, orally and in print, as each "The book of the year," long before they fall from the press. They often come to the reviewer in sheets for prompt attention, and yet everything which he is likely to say about them in haste has been forestalled. His work is perfunctory to the last degree. He scribbles some commonplace connecting links, whets a pair of scissors on the attractive passages which have been put under his hand, throws the whole mass together, and calls it by courtesy a review. The public, which was bound to buy that particular book in any case, does not trouble itself about the reviewer further than to observe that he has filled the requisite and conventional amount of space. In some cases the book treated thus is really treated as it deserves. In many cases a grievous wrong is done, and, speaking generally, the custom which dictates this kind of reviewing is a mistaken one. The early sale of the book has been provided for. If, instead of being expected to give a hasty notice, the reviewer were left to come in at the lull after the first rush, he would not only do himself justice as a man of brains and acumen, but he would perform a service, judged by the lowest standard, different from all other kinds of advertising. He is useful, if he is ever so financially, to the publisher, at a moment when indifference or reaction sets in; when readers have forgotten the book, and have begun to think about something else. A book is not a perishable product. If it be good, the demand for it is likely to last long, and a notice of it is not likely to be amiss because it happens to be later than the day of publication.

The great mass of books worthy of a reviewer's attention are, however, such as really need the help which he can give. Not only do the books need it, but the public needs it as well. The complaint of the Biblical writer about the endless multiplication of books was echoed with emphatic variations more than two centuries ago, when it was said that merely to enumerate the books in existence, without passing judgment on the authors, would require the long life of a Nestor. And even then the task would not be accomplished because of the vast addition to the number printed daily. It would be a mistake to suppose that no effort was made in those early days to keep pace in the periodicals with the increase of books. Before 1737 there were fully seven hundred journals in Western Europe to record the advance in science and literature, and these were on the whole more uniformly devoted to reviewing of one kind or another, direct or indirect, than the thousands of papers published at the present day. And wherever the work was attempted it was apt to be well done. What the great English critics were capable of is known, but the average compares favorably with that of the present day, though much of the writing, especially on the Continent, was in the scholastic Latin of the period, accurate, but incapable of delicate observation. In the very merit of this early work in the *Journal des Savans*, *Acta Eruditorum*, and other publications of that day lies a most discouraging fact. How can criticism expect to maintain its hold, when it reached perfection so early, and is now only observing and enforcing the maxims which were long ago proved and copiously illustrated? It seems as if there were but one general line of procedure left to it. In the majority of cases, a well-read man, taking up a book of serious purpose and information in philosophy, history, science, belles-lettres, archaeology, criticism of past literature, and so on, can add some-

thing of value which the author leaves unsaid, besides giving a fair abstract of the book's contents without pretending to a slavish fidelity. He can turn the subject about and display it in a novel aspect, thus really contributing something of original value to the discussion. He can direct attention to the topic in general, and thus waken a curiosity which is usually not satisfied with one book alone. In this way he can box the whole compass of learning, and lead his readers to that universality of outlook which is indispensable in this age of many sciences. Without the pretense of polymathy in his own person, he may help others to be, according to the measure of their abilities, specialists in the general truths of all knowledge, such as Comte desider-

ated. If he gets them to taking the universal and critical view, to looking for the universal induction, as Renan called it, he will have done them a real favor. And anything will be better than the existing hopeless feeling in the presence of the chaos of learning and literature which the next generation must reduce to the semblance of an orderly creation. It will be better to encourage the ephemeral summary of the intellectual activity of the age than to wait for another Isidore to abolish science and civilization together, while pretending to preserve them in miniature. Remember this: when civilization goes to seed the next time, it will be the last; for no barbarians will be left to plough it under and start humanity afresh.

J. S. Tunison.

SUPREME MOMENTS.

THE RECLUSE.

REFLECTING glories of the golden day
 In faces sunned by cloudless human love,
 Two passed a "sister" on her sacred way,
 Her eyes cast down, to keep her soul above.
 Life on that morning had been gall to her,
 While brimmed with honey for the passing twain;
 One tender word she hears: it sets astir
 The human current in each cloistered vein.

THE WORLDLING.

Into the beating storm the plighted go,
 Out of the blinding light of revelry;
 Silent with awfulness of life they grow,
 As a death-pageant in their path they see.
 "What, then, are mirth and love and friends?" they thought;
 And, thinking thus, the black-stoled nun they spied:
 Just for that moment, all the world seemed naught
 To the great peace of this world crucified.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE MAN AT THE EDGE OF THINGS.

I.

THE Commencement exercises were over. Nothing remained — except everything. In that bewildered frame of mind which accompanies the passing away of college days, and the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth, Dilling Brown had shown his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Brown, — his aunt who was also his guardian, — over the historic halls and around the campus, had introduced her to professors and told her yarns till she protested.

"You're just like one of those tiresome books of short stories, Dilling," she said. "Can't you be a little more consecutive? You chop up my emotions so!"

Dilling shook back his too abundant hair, — it was a perfect hay color, — and laughed with huge appreciation. Then he took his aunt over to drink tea with some friends while he went to look up a man.

The man, known to his associates as Tommy Letlow, was up in his room packing his best silk hat.

"You darned dude!" cried Brown.

"La la la la la," was Letlow's lyric greeting. He spun round on one nimble heel and sparred at Brown.

"Shut up!" said Brown, reaching under his guard. "Where are you going, you sweep, when you leave these haca-demic 'alls?"

Letlow looked glum. "I don't know," he admitted. "At least, my ticket reads to New York. Any one can go to New York."

Brown forced his little companion back into a chair.

"But I want to rest easy nights."

"Rest in peace, son."

"I can't, unless you tell me more. How are you going to stay in New York

after you get there? Who've you got to look to — or after?"

"Just my bloomin' self."

"And you have n't a million left out of your patrimony, eh?"

"Patrimony! What a pretty word, Dil! Mighty pretty word, that. Begins with a *p* and sounds so pleasant. No, there are n't millions. But there was enough to buy a ticket to New York."

"Going to try a newspaper?"

"All fools walk the same road." Letlow got at his packing and his singing again.

"But my aunt says," broke in Brown, "that she wants you to come up home with us for a time. She wants you to help eat the fatted capon. We go up to New York, too, and take a two-hour run down Long Island, you know. Aunt lives in a rotten little town there, and raises boxwood. At least, that is the impression to be gathered from a casual glance at her front yard. Her object in life is to keep Nettie from breaking the china which my grandfather brought from Canton fifty years ago, when he was in the trade. Nettie is a careless young thing who has been in the family forty-three years. Come along and see Nettie and the china and the cat and the boxwood; it would give me more pleasure than anything I could think of. Aunt Betty's a brick, — you won't find many like her. She has only one weakness — and that's me. But we're the last of our kind, and very rare and precious, so we attach a good deal of importance to each other. Come on, Tommy. Do it, eh?"

"Of course I will, you beggar! Going to-night? Five sharp? I'll be there. Ladies' waiting room! All right, Dil, my duck. And please, Dil, give my compliments to your aunt."

So the three settled down in the old

house beyond the boxwood, and the young men put in a good deal of time laughing about nothing in particular, and got themselves up in white flannel and played tennis afternoons with Anice Comstock and Dorcas Pilsbury, nice girls, whom Dilling had known since he knew anything. Aunt Betty sat in the shade of the elms with Mrs. Pilsbury, and there were lemonade and seed cakes served — and nothing else happened. No one made love to any one else. No one did anything remarkable. The girls were quiet girls, who did not play tennis any too well, and who made their own frocks. They both thought the young men laughed too much, and wondered what they meant by their frivolous view of things. Miss Dorcas asked Tommy Letlow, one evening, if he had any religious convictions. Poor Tommy, who was very fair, with soft black curls on the top of his head and innocent deep blue eyes, looked like a little boy who has been scolded and is going to cry. But Miss Dorcas kept her eyes fixed on him, and he had to answer.

"Upon my soul, Miss Dorcas, I — really, Miss Dorcas, I can't say. I'd stick out the day's work, whatever it was, and keep alongside anybody who expected me to, you know, and I would n't be surprised at anything that might happen on — on either side of the grave, you know, Miss Dorcas. What I have seen of the world already has been so surprising and so — so incomprehensible, that there are no — no miracles, you understand, Miss Dorcas, in my estimation. Everything is a miracle, you see. Only it was some one else who said that, was n't it?"

"It was Walt Whitman," said Miss Dorcas quite severely.

"Was it, Miss Dorcas? I'm glad to have quoted him, even if I did n't know I was doing it. It is n't my fault, you know, that I have n't been better taught than I have about — what you were speaking of, you know, a minute ago.

If my mother had lived, I suppose I should have been different. But everybody is dead who took any interest in me, except Dil over there."

He looked quite wistful, and the girl rubbed the toe of her tennis shoe back and forth in the dust, with an air of wishing to say something comforting, but she only remarked: "Mr. Brown is a very pleasant young man," looking over to where Dilling and Miss Anice were tossing balls languidly about the tennis court, "but he seems to lack earnestness."

Tommy went for lemonade just then, — the maid was bringing it out to the table under the elms, — and so he attempted no answer. He wondered so much over the meaning of Miss Dorcas's complaint about the lack of earnestness in Dil and himself that he spilt half a dozen drops of the lemonade on that young lady's lilac-sprigged gown, with instant obliteration of the lilac sprigs. That evening he had a temporary hope that Dil, at least, had some latent earnestness in him, by which he might be justified to his gentle critics, for he heard him saying: —

"Well, aunt Betty, dear, I must get out of this. Tommy and I are going to seek our fortunes. We are going to walk down the road till we meet a man, and we are going to say, 'Please, good man, give us some straw, that we may build us a house.' And the good man" —

"Dil, what nonsense! Sit up, sir." Dil got off the sofa and placed himself with undue solemnity in one of his aunt's gothic-backed chairs. Tommy had fears that this earnestness was not yet of the quality to recommend itself to the young lady with the sprigged lawn. Miss Elizabeth Brown continued to address her nephew: "I want to say to you, Dilling, what I have not said before, — that I was mightily pleased with you Commencement Day. I was pleased with what you said, and with the way you bore yourself, and with the reports I got of you."

"Oh come, aunt Betty, dear, this is too bad! What have I done to deserve this at your hands?"

"Don't laugh, Dil. If your father could have lived to hear and see you, my satisfaction would have been complete. Of course I am not going around crowing over you. This is all between ourselves and Mr. Letlow. Did n't you notice how offhand and deprecating I was, the other day? But in fact, Dil, and quite seriously, I was and am so pleased that it gives me grace to make a great sacrifice."

"You have never done anything else but make sacrifices."

"Many of the things you may have called by that name were refined forms of self-indulgence, my dear."

"Oh ho!" he laughed, with flattering irony.

"But now I *am* going to make a sacrifice. I'm going to give you what's coming to you out of the property, Dilling, and let you choose for yourself what you will do with it. I've got a little annuity fixed up for myself, and with the old home and the garden and all, I shall live like a queen, — a queen with economical tendencies. The over and above goes to you, and I have decided that it would better be yours now instead of several years from now. It's all arranged for, and Mr. Effingwell — our solicitor, Mr. Letlow — is coming in the morning. Mr. Letlow's presence in the library at ten o'clock would be a favor. There's the house and the plate and the mahogany and my laces to settle about. They may not mean much to you, Dilling, but some day you may have a wife who will appreciate them. Now, the worst of it is that the sum I can offer you is not sufficient to permit you to settle down among old friends in this part of the country and make any showing, but it is enough to take you away to some new — and probably disagreeable — part of the world, to accumulate experience and, I hope, property."

The young man murmured something inarticulate. His bold eyes were a trifle moist and his lips looked unnatural, as though he were trying to be superior to human emotion with very poor success. He was a strapping fellow, with shoulders a degree too high, a large head, a thick neck, and an obstinate chin; but his brow showed ideality and imagination, and his smile would have won a hangman to friendliness. His aunt went on: —

"I'm gratified, too, to see that you do not become sentimental over every girl you meet." Letlow, who sat apart, feeling rather remote from his kind, grinned at this. "It gives me confidence in you. Incidentally, it reminds me of certain air castles which I have been building in weak moments. I could not deny myself the pleasure of picturing a summer vacation with you down at Martha's Vineyard, or some place where we were sure to meet a lot of people we knew. I indulged in fancies of the pretty triumphs you would have, of a nature which it is not now necessary to enlarge upon, and how I should rejoice in the light of reflected popularity. I tried to persuade myself that this would be the best thing for you, and that I should be almost certain to run across some old friend who would help me to place you just right, — something in the wholesale line, you know, or something journalistic or scientific."

Letlow choked on some unknown substance, and the muscles of Dilling's face worked slightly. There was a break in the lady's voice as she continued: —

"But I know all that was cowardly, Dil, and that you'd want to face the issue — I mean the — the exigency. You're just like your father about that. He always felt moved to face a situation, particularly if it was very disagreeable. Now, you think the matter over, decide what you want to do, and go and do it." The tone became quite brisk and businesslike at this point.

"You'll go out and make discoveries, — countries and men and women, or a woman — and Heaven knows what of sorrow and joy. But as for me, there are no discoveries that I care to make in this world. I never did attach so much importance to knowledge as some do. There's only time to acquire an infinitesimal bit at the best, and it does n't answer the questions a woman is really interested in, when you get it. No one is wise enough to answer the important questions. One must take everything that is really important on faith. I'm sending you away in faith, Dilling. I expect good things of you; not necessarily great things. Great things are disturbing and very pronounced, Dil. I don't care for you to be pronounced."

The young man laughed through a lump in his throat, lifted the slender old hand to his lips, and left the room. Letlow, who remained behind, wondered why he had not been fortunate enough to have some one incoherent over *him*. He arose, with his hands in his pockets, and walked up and down the floor once or twice. Then he stopped beside Miss Betty. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. He stood a moment regarding them, then stooped very tenderly and wiped them away. Miss Betty glanced up, and perceived the look in his face.

"My dear son!" she exclaimed, instinctively using the word he needed. He sank almost unconsciously on his knees. "God bless you and keep you in the ways of righteousness," she said, her hands on his head. Then he too went out of the room.

Miss Betty sat for several minutes, letting the tears fall without checking them. Then she arose and looked about the room as if she had never seen it before. She observed its quaint orderliness, its odd, beautiful old furnishings, its non-committal tones. She looked at herself, undersized, quaint and plain too, like her environment, as she was reflected in the gilt-framed mirror be-

tween the windows. She noted the thinness of her hair about the temples, saw the loose yellow folds of flesh about the neck, smiled at the inconsistency of the pearls upon her hand, — they had been given her long ago by a man who went to India, and who, going once with a promise on his lips, never returned because of a tidal wave on some forgotten shore, — and then she wound the old clock, standing on a stool to do it, closed the windows, closed the door, lighted a candle, and blew out the lamps.

"I shall be more lonely than I have ever been before," she said to the clock.

She climbed the stairs slowly, very slowly, and halfway up she stopped. "It must be," she murmured, "that I have forgotten something, — the windows or the clock." So she went back, picking her way on the polished stairs. But she had neglected nothing, and she crept up the stairs again, scolding herself with impatient "tut tut tuts."

An hour later she lay in bed, still with wide-open eyes. The door of her room was pushed back softly, and she saw Dilling creeping in. She made a feint of sleeping. In another moment he was gone, and a soft perfume saluted her. She put out her hand, and there was a bunch of mignonette on her pillow.

"He has great perception," she commented to herself. "He understands women. When he makes up his mind to win a woman, he will win her. But I'm glad he does n't fall in love with every foolish child he meets."

Up in Letlow's room the young men were debating the affairs of life gravely, and canvassing various occupations and chances for investment.

"Well, anyhow," said Dilling in conclusion, — a conclusion at which no conclusions had been reached, — "I'm glad I let dear aunt Bet take the lead. I've been fuming to be in the harness ever since we got home, and a good while before, for the matter of that. But I bethought me that the least I could do

was to let aunt Betty enjoy the idea of having set me in motion. She likes authority, and I didn't want to deprive her of the exercise of the least particle of it, you see."

"I see, Dil. I see you're a shade too adroit. Now I should never think of that, — not in ten thousand years. If you ever start out to win a woman, Dil, you will win her all right enough." Which inference, it will be remembered, had once before been drawn under that roof, that evening.

"I hope so — devoutly! If I ever do see a woman I want, Tommy, Heaven have mercy on her. But why speak of women? You are better than many women, Tommy."

II.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Dilling Brown sent out the long, wavering sheep call in unaccustomed tones. He had ridden five days beside the sheep, and slept four nights in the midst of them. With him were two blond men, long-haired, blue-eyed, dressed in khaki ponchos, corduroy trousers, buff leather leggins, sombreros, and spurs, — above all, spurs. Each carried two pistols in his belt and a rifle slung across his saddle. Also there followed twelve good dogs and true, — shepherds every one. Finally came one sallow heathen, Li Lung, commissariat, driving the mules of the supply wagon.

They were bound for the Edge of Things where the free grass grew — past the ranches in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, past the leased land of the big sheep ranges, out to the "common" thoughtfully provided by the legislature of California.

"And now," asked the government, "what earthly objection can there be to free wool? Is n't it time we got over being provincial, we provincials? See, we give you a chance for clear profit. Go, my sons, and become very rich."

Dilling Brown was pleased at the suggestion, and adopted it. That was why he was driving with Big Hank — otherwise Henry Nettle — and Cross-Eyed Kit — otherwise Christopher Huggins — along the trackless waste of the Californian desert. He had entered upon his venture with intelligence, so he congratulated himself. He might have picked his sheep on the western slopes of the Sierras, but, hearing of a lot across the range, he preferred to take his chances with them, rather than run the risks attendant upon crossing the pass. The sheep were a good lot, all Cotswolds; a little thin and jaded from removal, but capable of being put in prime condition. So Cross-Eyed Kit opined; and when it came to a pronunciamiento upon sheep from Cross-Eyed Kit, there were none to gainsay.

At the last ranch Brown was urged to stay overnight, and he consented.

"I'm eager to see what's before me," he said, "but not so eager that I'll not be glad to accept your hospitality."

Papin, the overseer at the Esmeralda ranch, — you can tell the Esmeralda sheep by two notches in the left ear, — smiled enigmatically, and looked Brown straight in the eyes.

"There's plenty of time," protested he.

"Time!" cried Brown, with the smile that won men's hearts. "There's nothing but time and sheep. That's all they have out in this country, is n't it?"

"And these." Papin passed the cigars. Brown fingered one and sniffed it. "Ah!" said he. "It is difficult to escape civilization."

"I'm glad you like the brand. We manage to make ourselves rather comfortable here. This ranch belongs to Leonard and Filbin of San Francisco. They're in everything pretty much, — mines and mills and sheep and what not. I've been managing for them for three years now, and we've eight thousand merinos out at grass, and a force of fifty men, first and last."

Dilling smoked and looked about him. The house was adobe, and it rambled over an unconscionable amount of ground. An array of fantastic cacti writhed and twisted about the little compound in front, and as they showed symmetry in their arrangement, it was safe to infer that this was some one's idea of a flower garden.

"It's the sort of a flower garden I should expect the devil to have," thought Dilling.

The overseer had his rooms on one side of the house, the office in the centre, and beyond the quarters for the men, between whom and the overseer, as the newcomer already fully appreciated, discipline and custom fixed a deep gulf. This amused him. That the wilderness should have an aristocracy and an etiquette he considered to be "worth the price of admission," as he had confided to one man. But the man had not laughed, and then Brown came to a realizing sense that it does not do to be amused at a country till you are out of it.

His present host was a tall, firmly knit American, with a hint of something French about him. Dilling admired the type, remembering what the men who belonged to it had done in America. It stood for much daring and adventure. The man had perception, too, — enough to persuade him to silence while his guest took cognizance of things about him. After a time a Chinaman appeared at the door, and with a single blow on a tiny tom-tom announced supper.

"Wait ten minutes longer, Sam," said Papin. "I hear the men coming, and I want this gentleman to see them."

The Chinaman grinned, and held up the tom-tom knowingly for silence. Brown had been conscious for several seconds that something unusual was happening to his eardrum. Now he discovered that this persistent concussion was the even and rhythmical hammering of the plain by a body of advancing horse. The east was golden, catching its splendor from the burnished west, and out of

the lesser glory rode the herders, four abreast on their broncos, without swerve.

"By Jove!" cried Brown, standing up, "that's fine!"

As the men came nearer the spectacle grew more imposing. The little beasts under the men flung their legs with a strange outreaching motion, and every animal went without a check, his nose groundward. The men were a trifle above the average height, and their hair, long and much cared for, floated in the breeze made by their riding. They looked very handsome, helped out as they were by the background of illumined space.

"Good boys! Good boys!" said Papin proudly. "They're quite a body of men, Mr. Brown, and easy to manage, though they have their peculiarities like the rest of us. A small guard of men does with the sheep at night, and most of the dogs stay with the herd, though some of them come home each night. And they're as anxious as the men to get their turn off."

The herders were running their horses into the corral, and Louis Papin took his guest out to the dining room. There was a good meal, well served, — a meal with salad and wine, — and under its influence the ranchman became sympathetic.

"It is n't just what I would choose for a young man," he said, speaking of Brown's venture, "but of course, now you're in for a spell of ranching, the only thing you can do is to get all you can out of the experience."

"What's the seamy side?"

"Oh, what you might expect: loneliness, and no women, and no news, and no coming and going of your kind. The sheep wear on you, after a time. They're not like cattle, — have n't got the movement nor the brains. You've seen the Sargasso Sea? No? Well, you've seen moving masses of seaweed. The sheep remind me of them at times, — a writhing, restless, half-alive, wholly

unintelligent body. I don't know as the men feel that way about it. Besides, it's not so hard on them, — this life. They have good times together. It's different when a man's placed as I am. Some of the owners settle on their ranches and bring their families out. There's Venner, impresario for Stebbins of Los Angeles, who has his family with him. But I've no family to bring, so I make up my accounts, and look after the men, and ride about among the sheep, and attend to a thousand and one details. Sometimes the men get sick and have to be taken care of. Once in a while an epidemic of homesickness breaks out, and that's harder to deal with than the fever. Now and then they quarrel, but I keep out of their fights. And, on the whole, they regulate themselves very well."

So he rambled on cheerfully, giving Brown an idea of the life. Dilling ventured some confidences on his own account, and the older man received them almost in silence, regarding his guest with a look which, had he been in any sort of hard luck, Dilling would have interpreted as pitying. They went out to the quarters, later, passing down the long room where the men bunked, to the eating room. They were all smoking there together, and two Chinamen were clearing away the remains of the meal. Dilling stopped on the threshold, and looked about him with unfeigned enjoyment of a new scene.

The long low room, crowded with muscular fellows, blond almost to the last man of them, with streaming, delicate hair, faces the color of their saddles, and a manner born of breaking their horses, managing their sheep, and fearlessly looking the wilderness in the face, was a thing to see and to remember. The smile with which Dilling made visible record of his interest won, as it invariably did, friends for him at the minute. The men smiled back, and they frankly took cognizance of him, and liked the way he was "put up" and the

bold and amiable eyes with which he returned their glances.

"Well," said Papin in a patriarchal tone, "I've quite a family, Mr. Brown."

Brown let out his characteristic roar of laughter at this, and the men found it infectious. So there was good feeling established.

"They are always pleased when my visitors talk with them," murmured Louis Papin under his breath to his guest. "It's a dull life they lead, poor boys, and a new story pleases them to the core."

Brown nodded, still keeping his eyes on the men.

"So these are what you call shepherds!" he cried gayly. "I thought shepherds dressed in pink and white china, and always went with little blue and white shepherdesses, and played on reeds, like this," and he made a mimic piping with his lips, — a trick he had learned from an English boy.

"Go on!" shouted the men. "Go on! Give us some more music. *You* don't need no cornet. Keep 'er up."

"Not till I have seen the shepherdesses!" persisted Brown. "Where are the shepherdesses?"

The men chuckled, pleased as school-boys.

"Now, how t' dickens did the fellow know they were like children?" Papin was wondering to himself. "He's adroit — but I saw that from the first. He could manage anybody. He ought to be somewhere else, — not down here among the cactus. Poor cuss, it's a sorry fate for him. What a waste the girls must think it, — him among the cactus!" When he emerged from his reflections, Brown was singing Little Bo Peep according to a college version.

"That's positively the only song I know which refers to your — your profession," he bowed as the men applauded him.

"Goin' t' try ranchin' it, sir?" asked one of the men, respectful but curious.

Brown seated himself on the edge of

the table, the better to look over his audience.

"I'll explain myself," he said frankly. "I'm just out of college, and in the soup. That's why I came here to raise sheep."

"That's right! Here's the place to be, under them circumstances."

"And if you're wanting some stories" —

"Put it thar, pard!"

"—why, the only sort of yarns I know are college yarns. And I can sing college songs. If you want those" — But there was wild encouragement with whistlings and caterwauls, and it was almost midnight when he left.

"You've made yourself solid," declared Papin, as he shook hands with his guest at the chamber door that night. "If you ever get in trouble, let my men know it, and they'll be with you."

As the men rolled in their bunks that night, laughing and repeating snatches of the ringing nonsensical songs that Brown had given them, they remarked with freedom, and sometimes with unnecessary emphasis: "That there coot's a gentleman. No up-in-the-balloon-boys about him. He's right on your own level, he is. He's the real thing!" All of which was an involved way of saying that Brown's manners were what they ought to be.

Breakfast was served at dawn at the Esmeralda, and the east was "blossomed in purple and red" when Brown stood before the door with his host, watching the men get up their ponies.

"How far do you intend to ride beyond this?" asked the manager.

"God knows," said Brown. "I ride till I come to grass which is no other man's, but mine by the courtesy of the state of California."

Papin called up a genial-looking fellow with saddle-bowed legs.

"Where's that empty adobe you were telling me of, the other day, Bob? The one young Cusack and his sister had."

"Going with the sheep, sir, it would be a day's ride east," responded the man, touching the edge of his sombrero, "and half a day's ride south. It can't be missed, for to reach it you turn at the chaparral beyond the Salita arroyo, and follow that due south."

"Can you remember that, Mr. Brown?" asked Papin, with a smile.

"Of course. It's a house that I might feel at liberty to occupy? It would save me a good deal of bother if I could."

"It's yours when you hang up your hat. Fred Cusack and his sister were there for a time."

"What made them leave?"

The herder started to speak, but Papin frowned and shook his head at him.

"Cusack lost his health," he said shortly. "That will do, Bob. Tell the boys to mount. I want Mr. Brown to see you ride off."

A minute later there was a sound that made the blood rush to Brown's face, — a long, wavering, fierce cry, the war cry of the Apaches. But it was not the Apaches who made it. It was forty long-locked men, riding four abreast into the incarnadined east; and they went madly, fast as equine legs could take them over the dusty plain, and as they went they yelled. Brown stood fascinated till the dust hid the men; and even then the wild, wavering cry came back.

"My powers!" said he, dropping into a chair and taking a cup of coffee from the smiling Chinaman, "it's good to be alive and to have seen that!"

Louis Papin looked at the boy and flushed a little. Then he glanced down half humorously at his own beard, and carefully drawing out a white hair from the midst of it, he laid it on the palm of his hand and regarded it sentimentally.

"It certainly is good to be young — as you are, Mr. Brown."

"Why, as you are, too, Mr. Papin! What can you mean, sir, by thinking

yourself anything else but young?" He looked in unfeigned astonishment at the strong, firm, keen man before him.

"I have a malady," confessed Papin, "and it has aged me."

"Ah!"

"Shall I tell you the name of it?"

"Why, if you please, Mr. Papin."

"It is a fatal thing. Eventually it causes ossification of the — of the heart."

"Eh?"

"Yes, there is such a thing. Or it causes softening of the brain. It is an inextinguishable ennui."

He spoke with such solemnity that Brown was forced to look sympathetic, though when he heard the nature of Papin's alleged disorder, he could with difficulty keep from smiling.

"But why have you not married, sir, and surrounded yourself with a family? Or brought some man out here to rough it with you? There are young fellows who would thank their stars for a chance to be with a man like you, and to get blooded to this life."

Papin smiled sadly. "I'm not so egotistical," he said, "as to suppose that I could console any one — any one — no matter what our relations might be, for the loss of the whole world."

His head dropped a little, and he and Brown sat in silence, drinking their coffee and smoking.

"It must be that he has had some confounded tragedy," thought Brown pityingly. "A woman, no doubt. Jove, but some men do get awfully cut up! May my day be long a-coming!"

An hour later, with his sheep, his men, and his dogs, he rode into the east. It was all a mist of dull golden dustiness, and the sky above was a pale and half-obscured blue. It was the air and the sky of the Californian desert in the dry season. Brown was to become very well acquainted with it.

"A day east to the chaparral," called Papin, "then half a day south to the adobe house, going at the pace the sheep

set. Good-by, Brown, good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir. I'll not forget the savor of your bread and salt."

As he went out, riding slowly beside the trotting sheep, one of the dogs came up and leaped about him, barking.

"What is it, girl?" he said absently.

"What do you want?" The dog had a benevolent face, with a pleasing breadth between the eyes, a delicate tapering of the nose, a well-rounded brow, and an arrow-shaped spot of white at the base of the brain. Her feet and belly were a bright tan. Brown scrutinized her for several seconds.

"Your face reminds me of aunt Betty's," he said aloud, and his soliloquy was the first token that he was amid the solitudes of earth and that his sub-consciousness appreciated it, — "though I don't know whether or not the dear old lady would feel complimented to hear me say so. But I'm going to name you Bet. Hear that? Bet! Bet! Yes, that's you, girl. Why, you're a pleasant creature. What is it that you want, anyway? You flirt, I believe you're trying to make up to me. You want to be my dog, eh? My favorite? Well, well, that's a good doggie. That's all right. So, so, Bet. That's what you want, is it?"

He had brought his pony to a stop to rub the dog's head; but when she had submitted to the caressing for a moment, she ran on to inform her friends, vociferously, of the event. Some of the dogs looked back curiously, but others went haughtily on, as if they would have nothing to do with toadies. Then Bet snapped at a ram, who, with his long fleece hanging about him, looked as benevolent as a patriarch; meaning to show by this exhibition of authority that she was the special dog of the master.

"This seems to be pretty good society that I'm moving in," thought Brown.

"Here, Bet, come here!"

Bet fairly leaped with pride at this

imperative summons, and came back to run along by his side.

Then the sheep got to wandering, and Bet's sharp bark aroused Brown once more to a sense of his duties. He flanked the restless body of animals, and, putting his hand to his mouth, recalled the stragglers.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

III.

Within a week Dilling Brown was settled in his new home. At least, he had settled all save one room in it. The house was of adobe, built on three sides of a square. The open side of the square stood toward the west, and within the court was one stunted and dusty gum tree. A quarter of a mile to the east ran a belt of chaparral, composed of pine scrub, and most fatally a trap for the Cotswolds, whose long hair became easily entangled. To keep the sheep out of this snare was the task of dogs and men; and as the sheep could never learn a lesson, though they lived to be older than any crocodile of the Ganges, their shepherds had a hard time of it. Brown had too small a force, as a matter of fact, considering his twelve hundred sheep, but it was all he could afford, and he did a common herder's work himself to help make up the deficiency. The dogs proved to be as fine a pack as man could wish. Brown could stand upon a hillock and whistle, and in two seconds every soft canine eye would be turned in his direction. Then he had only to indicate by a gesture to the right or the left what sheep needed recalling, and they were recalled. If any dog was lax in his duty, Bet saw to his instant punishment.

It was evident that the house which Brown had taken possession of had been vacated suddenly. The furniture still stood in the rooms, though indeed it was such poor stuff that it would have been

worth the while of no one to cart it back to civilization. But many personal effects remained which would certainly have been taken away, had not the occupants departed in haste and confusion which rendered them indifferent to their belongings.

The room which Dilling had left undisturbed, and into which he had put nothing of his own, was at the northwest corner of the house, and it was a bedroom. One window, sunk deep in the adobe wall, looked toward the north over miles upon miles of undulating, broad-leaved grass. On the window ledge was a dusty wicker workbasket, and in it thread and other accessories of such a convenience, including a thimble. It was a common little thimble of celluloid, worth, in the coin of the commonwealth, about three cents. Dilling tried it on his smallest finger, and it would not cap it. The narrow iron bed was thick with dust, and the young man stood before it several seconds trying to realize that it had once been dainty and fresh. There was a dressing table made of a packing box, draped, like the bed, with sheer white stuff; but the articles which once designated its use were gone, save a folding mirror which hung above it, suspended by a blue ribbon. A low chair stood before the table, and by the window was a rocker. Some rude but graceful jugs were on a shelf above the small fireplace, and it was evident that the former occupant of the room had experimented in elemental ceramics. There were no pictures. Two things more remained to suggest the personality of her who had used the room. One was a little riding glove which lay forlornly under the bed, and which Brown rescued from its plight, placing it on the dusty dressing table. The other was an inscription in rambling letters upon the wall above the fireplace. It was well done, — the lettering, — with a bold hand: —

"He, watching over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps."

"A curious thing for a young girl to write," mused Brown, regarding it; "but perhaps she needed to be reminded of that fact, out here. It might be easy to forget most things, I should think, — even the religion of one's fathers. I suppose she put it there for a sort of stationary sermon."

He sat down in the rocker, and looked across space — dusty green beneath, dusty blue above — to the place where the blue came down and touched the green all in a blur of dustiness.

"But I wonder," he reflected at the end of ten minutes, "if she *was* a young girl. And I wonder if it is possible that Papin could tell me."

The fourth day of his residence in his new home, Brown fastened the rear door of this room, so that no one could enter it. The other doorway led into the room which had obviously been used for a sitting room, and which Brown employed for the same purpose. There was no door in the opening, so he made a portière of gunny sacking and hung it up. He regarded this with satisfaction for two evenings. Then it occurred to him that it was severely plain. So he took some dull red paint and smudged lizards on it, — conventionalized lizards.

"My uncle, but that looks decorative!" said Brown, with pride. "I fancy that would have pleased her immensely. She seems to have had a decided feeling for the picturesque." He smoked and regarded his work at leisure. "I really think she'd feel pleased, if she could see it," he remarked again.

He got some letters from home, a month later. There was a large package of them, with papers and magazines. Papin was responsible for this boon, for he had arranged to send mail across the desert in relays, each man forwarding it from his ranch to the next, till the outposts were reached. It was he who had thought to add to the list of the exiled the name of the man at the Edge of Things. The letters from aunt Betty were very

beautiful to him, though full of half-concealed jealousy of his new interests, and a patient wonder why he could not manage to reach the mail at least every other day. She was well pleased, however, at the work he had chosen for himself, and she imagined soft green pastures with running brooks, and a pretty painted farmhouse with muslin curtains at the windows. Dilling got some grim amusement out of the idea. He was sitting on a bench in the court at the time, for it was noon, and by the side of the eastern wall was to be found the only inch of shade. The Chinaman had done the best he could to make the place clean, but the dust drifted in everywhere, and as Dilling looked about him, and then re-read his aunt's letters, and thought of the difference between the mental picture entertained by the dear lady and the sweltering and desolate reality, a wave of homesickness came along, and, being unexpected, it nearly swept him off his feet, figuratively speaking. He came very near doing something which he had not done since he was a boy, and to save himself he had to be violent. So he said: "Damn that gum tree!" And he darted a glance at it which carried yet more fervent maledictions. It was certainly a miserable gum tree, shriveled and begrimed with dust, and out of place in a land which endeavored conscientiously to devote itself to scrub pine and grass.

"I'd even play tennis with those lemonade girls, and be glad to do it," thought poor Dilling, laughing at his own discomfiture.

Li Lung, he of the kitchen, put out his old ivory head to see what the gentleman meant by talking when there was no one with whom to speak. Then he nodded sagely, and made a cool drink with water and claret, and set it in the inner room, to coax the gentleman out of the sun.

But Dilling was a long, long way from discouragement. He thought he saw a bright future for himself. The sheep

were prospering. The men with him proved to be faithful and to understand their business. The dogs were a good lot, and Bet was all that a friend could be. So, if time dragged a trifle, it did not matter. If the dawns were somewhat too vivid, the days too monotonous with their pale gold dustiness, the land breezes of the night a hint too oppressive, and the stars somewhat too silent and slow in their rising and setting, it was all an incident. He had come to secure for himself an independency, and in an ancient and honorable fashion, — a fashion that was ancient and honorable when David of the hills of Bethlehem was young. Dilling looked about him, made up his mind that he had done well, set his shoulders a degree nearer the square, and remarked to Bet that he was all right.

"Though I do wish, Bet," he said, "that the music of the spheres would make itself audible. I would n't care if they buzzed like sawmills, old doggie, so they broke up this silence. Bark, Bet, bark, — yap, you miserable girl! Make a noise, I say!" And Bet obediently insulted the moon with opprobrious remarks, as the blood-red planet showed her head above the chaparral.

Letlow wrote that he was doing a reporter's work on a New York daily, and making a fool of himself generally. He had an idea of going up to see aunt Betty before autumn was over. He promised to play tennis, too, for old time's sake. "Though I find," he supplemented, "that there are girls even in New York. There is, for example, one named" — But after all, it is not necessary to betray Letlow's secrets. Dilling got to thinking, of course, of the foolish days of the tennis court, and he wondered why he had laughed so much. No wonder Dorcas Pilsbury had asked Tommy if he had any religious convictions! "No doubt she'd think me serious enough now, if she could see me," he reflected. *She* was serious, and so was Anice Com-

stock, with her kind gray eyes. What a brisk frou-frou her skirts used to make when she ran about the tennis ground, and what cunning little feet she had, as they showed in her white tennis shoes! Anice Comstock was certainly much nicer than Dorcas Pilsbury. But there were many nice things back in "the rotten old town," — aunt Betty's fragrant tea at five of the afternoon, and aunt Betty pouring it, and smiling and chatting, and the piping of bluebirds without in the elms, and Sundays at the old church, and — and Anice Comstock. He fell into a reverie which lasted a long time, and at the conclusion of it he was conscious of a definite idea. It was that Anice Comstock would not have written, "He, watching over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps," in an adobe house in a sun-cursed desert. Not but that Anice was good enough to have written it. She was, indeed, a sort of angel, with starched drapery (Dilling could not get that frou-frou out of his memory); but she was n't an angel with a knowledge of the desert, or what was needed for comfort in the desert, and that happened to be just the sort of woman that he was pleased to think about then.

It so chanced that Louis Papin came up, three weeks after this, to see how Brown was getting on. They spent two days together, and enjoyed themselves. Papin had his tattered Shakespeare with him, — but has n't that been mentioned before? The rag of a book was always with him. The two read from that; and they smoked; and there is always poker wherever there is civilized man. But from first to last, Brown bided his chance. At last it came.

"The Cusacks were very obliging to leave this snug house for you, eh, Brown?"

"Very. I'd like to thank them. Do you know where they are?"

"No-o, — not exactly."

"And the girl, — was she young?" Miss Cusack, I mean."

"Katherine Cusack? Oh yes, she was young, — quite young. A fine brave girl. Had the spirit of a man in her."

"That 's your arrogance. It was probably the spirit of a woman, if it was brave."

"Very likely. She was beautiful, too, in a way; small, but strong, and exceedingly active, and always saying the unexpected thing. I saw her twice: once when she went past my place coming out here, and — and when she came back."

"Why didn't you see her more?" questioned Brown, with something like asperity.

"Why, to tell the truth, man, I thought — I thought I'd better mind my own business. Not that I wanted to."

There were a hundred more questions that Brown meant to ask, but Papin got off on another lead, and Brown could not get him back again.

IV.

As the weeks went on, trailing along as slowly as wounded snakes, as the wool lengthened on the sheep, and the hair hung lower on the shoulders of the herders, and the peculiarities of every animal became known, and all the papers and magazines were read over and over again, the propriety of that sentence in the room behind the gunny sacking portière became more and more apparent.

When Dilling rode up from the sheep, sun-blinded, foul with dust and sweat, and weary from the saddle, he got into the way of going to that room before supper, because he derived a warm sense of companionship from the thought of the girl who had once been there, and from the atmosphere that still made of it an oasis in a barren land. The excellent and cleanly heathen had restored the muslins of the little northwest room to their native state, for which Dilling was disproportionately grateful; for now the room looked as if it might, at any hour,

welcome its mistress. Dilling would look about, seem to salute an invisible presence, and then lift his eyes to the message on the wall, which, in the course of long and yet longer days, began to have the deepest of meanings for him, so that the soul of him, there in the wilderness, submitted itself and was at peace with its Maker.

Then the days for shearing came on, and actively hard work served as a diversion, besides which it aroused the young ranchman's drooping hope. The results of his deprivations and toil were almost apparent, he told himself. He would presently know the satisfaction that arises from accumulating herds. He would hold honestly acquired money in his hands, and the bitterness of the solitude would be partly compensated for. As, day by day, the shearlings multiplied in number, and the clad sheep grew fewer, this feeling of contentment increased. The long clipped wool was a goodly thing to behold, and Dilling felt a simple pride in it; and in the evenings he sang songs for the benefit of Bet and the kindly heathen in the kitchen. He had arranged for the transportation of the wool with Papin, who was sending it on to Philadelphia that year. So the supply wagon went back and forth between the Esmeralda Ranch and the Edge of Things, and the last time out Cross-Eyed Kit went with it, with instructions to go on to the foothills for provisions.

The next three weeks passed more quickly. Dilling had double work because Kit was away, and every other night he slept in the open with the dogs beside the sheep. Things appeared to be moving, and he grew loquacious with elation, and wrote voluminous letters which he intended to send to Letlow some time, using the leaves of his memorandum book for the purpose. Almost every day he made additions to another letter, — a very long one, — which he never intended to send to any one; but it was addressed to Miss Katherine Cusack.

"I reckon yeh never heard what happened t' young Cusack, who was here before yeh, sir?" asked Big Hank of Brown one morning, as they skirted the chaparral together, after driving back the stragglers.

"No, I don't know the particulars. I heard he lost his health."

"Went off his nut, sir, — clean off. It wuz queer, too, him havin' his sister with him, and enj'ying th' pleasures of society, s' t' speak. He worked pretty hard, I reckon, an' wuz out with th' sheep alone most of th' time, — he wuz short-handed, same ez you, sir. They say he got s' used t' keepin' his tongue in his head that he would n't speak even when he got th' chanct. Well, I'll be 'ternal damned if he did n't drop down 'long-side th' sheep, one day, an' take t' eatin' grass! His man found him thar, eatin' it, when he come out t' take th' watch. He did n't know what t' do, an' he rode back hell f'r blazes to th' ranch, an' his sister, she got on her pony, an' streaked out, — it was five miles she had to go. An' thar he was, a-eatin' grass! She got down by him, an' called him, an' petted him, an' cried over him, an' all he said was, 'Baa! baa!' One of th' men at th' Esmeralda tol' me."

"Great God! And then what did his sister do?"

"She had him lifted in th' saddle, an' she walked an' held him thar, all the way to th' house. Then she treated him fur fever, an' kep' coolin' things to his head. She thought it might h' bin th' sun. But 't were more 'n sun. Then she took him in th' supply wagon back across th' trail, her Chinee a-drivin', and they say she went up to her ol' home in San Francisco. Howsome that may be, th' railroad authorities, they would n't let him in a passenger coach, an' she went off ridin' in th' baggage car, a-holdin' of his head an' comfortin' him. They said he never thanked her none. He jus' said, 'Baa! baa!' an' cried 'cause they would n't let him out t' th' grass."

"But where are they now?"

"I hain't heard, sir."

"Why have you never told me this story before, Hank?"

"Well, Mr. Papin, he give it out col' an' flat that you wa'n't to be tol'. But yer so steady now, sir, I know it don't cut no ice."

"No," said Brown, and he set spur to his pony and rode on.

But he was not able, either by day or by night, to banish the vision of the man who had dropped on all fours beside his sheep and given tongue with them.

Some time before Brown had tamed a pretty wether to run about the doorstep, and he and Bet made great friends of it, feeding it and teasing it, and teaching it to curl up nights on a bed of hay in the court. But now the little creature became offensive to him, and he resented its intimacy. When it came to him, where he sat smoking before his door evenings, and rubbed its head against his leg, he had trouble to keep from an outbreak of anger. In the grotesque twilight, when the cacti looked like hobgoblins, and Bet's eyes grew phosphorescent, and Lung crooned an awful song in a heathen tongue, Brown got fanciful, and it seemed as if Dickie Bird — the little wether — were inviting him to drop down on all fours with him and say "baa," as any sociable creature ought to do, looking at the matter, of course, from Dickie Bird's point of view. But, as a matter of fact, at this hour Dickie was on his bed, and only awoke to bleat now and then, out of the perfect contentment of his — stomach. Brown roared over his twilight nonsense the next morning, when the sun got up. The only trouble was that he came near laughing too long. It appeared as if, with a trifle of carelessness on the part of Brown, the laugh might become the master.

Kit got back with the supply wagon and a few letters, but there was no word from Philadelphia among them.

"Pshaw!" said Dilling, "I'm no boy,

to be so impatient over my first earnings."

Several weeks more passed, while a sort of dullness settled down upon the ranch. Even Bet seemed to think that things were not quite worth while. Then the mail came from Papin's, and with it a letter from Dilling's agent at Philadelphia. He regretted to inform Mr. Brown that his consignment had reached Philadelphia at a time when wool was selling at bottom prices, owing to the extensive introduction of foreign product, and also that there had been an unfortunate delay in the placing of the wool, thus causing considerable expense for storage. He had the honor, however, to remit to Mr. Brown the inclosed amount, as per check, and, in the hope of serving him on future occasions, to remain his very truly.

Dilling looked at the amount of the check, mentally deducted the sum he had paid for the freight, and then made a confidence to the wether, who was sweetly chewing at the doormat.

"Dickie Bird," said he, "I am exactly seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents out of pocket. Figures are a great thing, Dickie Bird, and by studying them you may learn a great many things which you would not learn if you did not study figures."

There was a good curry, that night, for supper, and some native claret which Kit had brought back with him, but Dilling could only make a pretense of eating. Moreover, he could not sleep except by fits, and then he awoke with a cold sweat breaking out over him, for he saw a man falling down beside his sheep and eating grass.

He had a determined aversion to taking any one into his confidence. Papin, of course, was in the same boat. But Papin was only the manager of the Esmeralda, and he had a rich firm behind him. The fluctuations of trade did not greatly disturb the serenity of his soul, and they in no way detracted from the

pleasure to be derived from a perusal of the pages of Shakespeare of Stratford. But aunt Betty and Letlow should not know. Besides, if Anice Comstock found it out, she would lay it to his frivolity. Snug, comfortable, unknowing lives they lived, those people back East! It would do them good to get out of their oiled grooves, and find how the world is made to move and how much pushing it takes to move it. The man at the Edge of Things was accumulating some bitterness. He incidentally tore up the letter he had written to Letlow, and he did not write to aunt Betty. But to the letter which he did not mean to send — which he never could send — he made passionate additions, and the woman who did not know him, but who knew so many of the sorrows that he knew, was made the recipient of all the secrets of his soul. But the drawback to that was that she did not know it.

Papin said there was hope for better fortune in the spring, and Dilling comforted himself with belief in this. He had no intention of weakening. He had the responsibility of the investment, and he meant to justify his judgment in his aunt's eyes. Moreover, he could think of nothing else to which he could turn his hand. So he strengthened himself with the inscription on the wall, daily augmented the size of the letter which would never be sent, and went about his tasks.

But all his resolution could not keep the dead heat of autumn from weighing on him like a curse, nor his eyes from aching at the distance about him, the absolute vacuity of outreaching space. A brawl of street ruffians would have been a desired drama, since it would have furnished a scene of action and an evidence of human passion. Even Kit and Hank got to wearing on each other; but they were old herders, and they knew the cause of their irritability, and so regarded it as impersonally as possible. Then the mild and meaningless winter

came on, the winter of the Southern plain, and the rains fell. The men lit fires at night to fight the damp. Everything mildewed, cutlery, clothes, and books. The sheep were sullen and obstinate, and there was nothing, as Dilling had said to Louis Papin a few months before, *but* time and sheep.

And in the midst of all this a genuine sorrow came to Brown. Aunt Betty passed beyond the knowledge of the world, — the knowledge which she had not held in high esteem, — to make such discoveries as futurity holds. Letlow wrote about it, and how Anice Comstock and he had done all that Dilling would have done had he been there, and how Elder Urwin celebrated her virtues in an address three quarters of an hour long, and how she was laid with her fathers in the old cemetery.

"The beautiful old house is closed, and is waiting for you," Letlow wrote. "And Nettie bids me tell you that she will come back to care for it when you want her to do so. Meantime, she is living near, and is keeping an eye upon dear aunt Betty's treasures. It grieves me to say it, Dil, but you might have cheered her last days more than you did. She was forever sending poor old Nettie to the post office, and you know yourself how seldom she got what she wanted. As for me, you never write to me now. It is strange of you, Dil. Of course, if you do not want to have anything more to do with me, you may go to the devil. But I cannot think this is the case. Do not try to live without your old friends. They find it hard, believe me, to live without you."

After that, of course, poor Dilling wrote; and then to his other sorrows was added the pang of unavailing regret. It is a pang which almost every one must know, but it was new to Dilling, and it roweled him like a sharp spur. Dear aunt Betty! Was it possible she could have thought him ungrateful? He was only waiting to write till he could justi-

fy himself in her eyes. But she did not know, — she did not know. She waited for the letters that did not come, and suspected — what? In the loneliness of the rains, Dilling sent his soul in search for hers, praying for pardon. But he had no sense of forgiveness. The dead did not come back to comfort him.

By the time for the spring shearing his funds were almost exhausted, and he confided to his men that, unless he realized something on his wool, the experiment might be considered a failure.

It was just before the day set for the shearing that the Mexicans made their first raid on him and cut out two hundred sheep. The episode was singularly tame. It happened at night, and when Big Hank was on duty. The sheep were two miles to the south of the house, and the night was a clear and starlit one. Hank was awake and at his post, and he saw the whole thing, which was small enough satisfaction. He emptied the contents of his revolvers and his rifle, and he had a dead horse to show that he had been in action, but none of the Mexican bullets hit him. That was the only adventure of the year.

There was some profit from the wool that spring. "Just enough," Brown remarked to Papin, "to make me feel that it would be wrong to give up the business. I'll stick it out, Mr. Papin. I ought to be able to stand it, if you can."

"Why, there's some difference between your situation and mine, Brown. You know I saw a little of life before I came. I had my day. It happened to end for me rather suddenly, you know — and that's why I came."

"No," said the younger man, "I did n't know, Mr. Papin."

"So you see it does n't make very much difference to me where I am. I suppose Paris would seem as lonesome as the free grass country, eh, Brown?"

"I don't know, sir. I'd like to have an opportunity for comparison."

And then Papin read to him the things

that Jaques said in the forest of Arden.

The summer came, hot as the mouth of the pit. Nothing happened. Oh yes, Bet had puppies, and brought them in, one at a time, for Dilling to see, and he made a bed for them in his waste-paper basket. And Cross-Eyed Kit had the fever, and Brown nursed him through it, and hired another man to substitute. When Kit got well, it was decided to keep the other man, and the bringing of a new personality into the company had a good effect, particularly as the new man could sing. Wool was looking up a little by fall, and Brown began once more to feel that there might be some return for the investment.

All the poetry of the life had gone for him by this time. He could have enjoyed adventure, he said to himself, even when accompanied by great hardship and danger, but this endless stretch of nothingness was as wearing as life in a mephitic dungeon. The wind of the morning could no longer elate him, nor the stars of the night speak to his soul. A nostalgia for his kind seized upon him, and he made up conversations, pretending that his chosen friends participated in them with him. One friend was there whom he had never seen, but he always gave her the best things to say; and when there was something peculiarly sensible and dull in the way of a remark, he accorded it to Anice Comstock. Letlow said some gay things, some irresistible things, and Brown roared over them; and then the Chinaman peeped in at the door, shaking his old ivory head, and slipping away like a rat. One day he ventured on some advice in that peculiar English which he affected, — an English picked up principally on the ranch, and converted into a liquescent lipogram.

"Mislie Blown," said he, as he served Dilling with some canned salmon, into which he had introduced a most unchristian quantity of red pepper, "loo go see Mislie Papin. It good fo' loo."

"Think I need it, Lung?" asked Brown wistfully.

"Loo need it. Go, Mislie Blown." He nodded his head an incalculable number of times, and he did not grin.

"Lung," said Brown slowly, "I believe you are serious, — and I am sure you are a kind creature. I think I'll go at once. You explain to the men," and, to Lung's unspeakable astonishment, he saddled on the minute and made off, Bet following.

So, that night, when the men rode up for supper, they found the "boss" off for a junket.

"It do him good," explained Lung.

Hank regarded his boots with a pensive expression. Suddenly he broke into a yell.

"Lung," he shouted, "you heathen, let's holler! Whoop'er up, Kit! Dance, you devils! Hi, dance to this!" And he sang, in a terrible voice and a little off key, some words to a silly tune.

The Chinaman obeyed orders, — he was wise, and knew how to obey, — and now and then he broke into the song with a discordant croak.

"I feel better," said Hank, decorating his remark in a manner peculiar to himself. "It done me good. I had to do it or bust. I wish th' boss could h' bin in th' party."

"It done him good," supplemented Lung.

"It would, my friend, — it would. Now make th' cakes."

V.

The rain was over all the plain, and the night shut down dismally. Dilling had been trailing all day toward the Esmeralda Ranch, but as the darkness began to fall he was seized with a distaste for his visit. A sodden languor pervaded his soul. He marveled that the day had gone so soon, and that he was not at the end of his journey. But still,

what did it matter? And why see Papin, anyway, — Papin, who had the “in-extinguishable ennui,” and who read Shakespeare and waited for time to roll by. Papin had actually learned to let it roll by without taking any of the responsibility. He had found out that it had been rolling before he was born; that he was, personally, an immaterial accident; and that the rolling would keep on after the worms had banqueted upon him. In short, Papin was too philosophic, though a fine fellow. Moreover, it was not to be forgotten that he had once performed a signal service for the listless wanderer there in the rain. He had told him the name of Katherine Cusack, a thing which had done more to mitigate the womanless solitude at the Edge of Things than any other event. If Papin had really known her well, it is not unlikely that Dilling would have had some motive for pushing on, but the subject was one which Papin had exhausted long since. So the pony was allowed to straggle at will, and it was midnight when the ranch was reached.

Lights shone from the windows of Papin's rooms.

“He sits late,” said the wanderer. “He sits as late as I do. Perhaps for the same reason. He sits late to converse with shadows, — with shadows!” He shuddered a little, and dropped wearily from his pony. As he walked toward the door, he involuntarily glanced in through the window. Papin was not alone. A young man sat with him. The two were in earnest conversation. The cigars in their fingers had gone out. Dilling turned away sullenly.

“Papin is very well entertained,” he said. “He has n't the least need of me. It serves me right for coming. I'll kick that fool Lung some day.” But Bet announced her arrival vociferously, and Papin threw open the door.

“By all that's mysterious,” Brown heard him cry, “if here is n't his dog now!”

Dilling slunk back from the window, and had an instinct to run. Something about the shape of the head of the other man who sat within the room filled him with such a frantic longing, such a torment of memory of glad and foolish days, that he felt he could not speak to any one. But Bet led the party of investigation, and Papin discovered Brown skulking, and dragged him in to the light, where he stood blinking and looking away from the other men, like a child overcome with shyness. Papin and his companion, however, were using their eyes with purpose, and what they saw was a creature with haggard eyes and a drawn face. About him hung his soaking clothes, and his hair was long on his neck, and faded to something lighter than hay color by the sun of the desert.

“My soul!” half whispered Papin. “You're not a ghost, are you, Brown?”

The man whom Brown had seen through the window had gone deadly pale. The clustering black curls stood damp upon his forehead. His comely face was twitching with nervousness. Brown laughed rather foolishly in reply to Papin's question, and the guest came forward and put his arms about Brown's shoulders, and looked him in the face. Then he hugged him very hard, and Brown trembled. His eyes closed. A few drops of saliva trickled from his mouth.

“Is he going to faint?” whispered the guest to Papin.

The ranchman got some brandy, and poured it down Brown's throat. Then Dil found speech.

“I knew it was you, all the time, Tommy,” he said, — “I knew it was you, you darned dude!”

He sank beside the table and buried his face in his arms. Tom Letlow dropped beside him, threw an arm over his heaving shoulders, and waited. Papin lit a cigar, picked up his tattered Shakespeare, and also waited. After a time Brown looked up.

"Don't lay it up against me," he pleaded. "I know I'm an ass, but I've just emerged from" —

There was a very long silence.

"Well, from what, Dil?"

"From — I can hardly tell you what — from a place peopled with shadows — who talked. I was afraid of you at first, because I could not tell whether you were one of the shadows or not."

"Close call," muttered Papin. Letlow gritted his teeth. Papin went to the quarters to send a man to look after the horse, and Letlow took Brown into his chamber for dry clothing. Half an hour later, the three men sat down together more calmly in Papin's comfortable sitting room. Brown looked about him with a smile of incredulity, something like that a man might wear who had just got accustomed to purgatorial flames, when he opened his eyes to behold paradise. Brown said something of the sort.

"I was getting used to it, you know, Tommy, — getting used to the Robinson Crusoe business, and to having a sore-eyed wether for my especial confidant. And now I suppose I'll be all upset again. But you will stay with me a little while, Tommy? You'll do that much for — for the advancement of the race, so to speak." His old trick of railleury returned at the mere sight of Letlow, and with each light-hearted word that he spoke something tight and terrible within his brain seemed to loosen into comfort.

"No, I won't," replied Letlow emphatically. "I don't want to know any more than I do about what you've gone through, old man. I've come to take you away with me."

"Oh, I can't leave, Tommy; the sheep" —

"Damn the sheep! Tell your men to divide the spoils anyway they please. Are you much in arrears?"

"Not at all, really; only for wages since last shearing, as is customary."

"Then let the men divide the spoils, as I said."

"I've told him the — situation, Mr. Brown. I hope you don't think it a liberty," Papin interposed.

Brown smiled, and the smile had a hint of the glory of other days, when the general gorgeousness of that smile was celebrated in a class song at college.

"Mr. Papin is so good a friend," he said, "that he can say anything he pleases about me. He once did me a tremendous service and never knew it. Pretty much all the happiness I have had since I left home has been connected with the service he did for me."

"What are you talking about?" cried the man with the tattered Shakespeare. His amazement was unfeigned.

"I said he did n't know," explained Brown. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what a wonder to see you? And your plans, — what are they?"

"To get you away from here."

"But furthermore?"

"Well, as to myself, I've got a mission from my paper to go up to the Klondike. I may say I've caught on very well, Dil. They like me all right, and I like the work. I've done some things out of the usual, and it's attracted attention. Excuse this infantile candor, but there's no one else to tell you, so I must; for of course I insist on your finding it out. I've contracted to go up to the Klondike, and after that I have a roving commission for an illustrated weekly, and I'm to go and see anything I like and tell what I think about it. Likewise I am to take pictures of it."

Brown's face spoke silent congratulations.

"Then I have an anchor to windward. At least, that may not be the right metaphor, and, upon reflection, I don't think it is." He colored distinctly.

"Call it a sweetheart, and let it go at that," suggested Papin.

"All right," assented Letlow, "why

not? Call it a sweetheart, for argument's sake."

"It's Anice Comstock!" cried Brown, his intuitions sharpened by his sufferings. "She's a nice girl, Tommy. I've thought of her a good deal at times, and of how her pretty summer gowns used to rustle about the tennis court, and of how sensible she was."

"Oh, we didn't half know her that summer, Dil! She was shy and not used to such fools as we were. So we could n't bring out the best in her. But she's a lovely woman if ever there was one. And she's anxious about you, too, Dil, and so is Miss Pilsbury."

"That is kind of them both."

"You don't seem interested," Letlow said, smiling.

"I am very truly grateful, Tommy." He thought of the bulky letter in his pocket, which he did not mean to send, — which he never *could* send, — and smiled.

"This may be a good time to tell you that within the last ninety days it has transpired that aunt Betty was a richer woman than she knew herself to be. A lot of land to which she attached no importance has come to have a value. It's wanted for summer hotels and cottages and such iniquity. I have the proposals with me. That's a big part of my business here. You can close all that up, go back to the old house, revel in its refinement, and marry any girl you please — when you get your hair cut."

Brown sat and half drowsed over this suggestion. His eyes were narrowed like those of one accustomed to turning thought and speech within.

"I'll go if Mr. Papin will go with me," he declared at last.

But the ranchman shook his head. "I have become wedded to my solitude," he said. "And I could n't play tennis!" He looked so foreign to this occupation that the young men shouted with merriment.

Then Letlow went on. "I stopped in San Francisco on the way down, and fixed it up with a man there about the Klondike. He told me a volume. He's acquainted with the country, — he's been over the Skaguay once himself. He has a store at Juneau, and takes the supplies up there in his own vessel. Now he's put a house up for his family, and he's taking his wife and niece with him this trip. I've arranged conditionally for you too, Dil."

"I don't know that I have the appetite for adventure that I used to have," said Brown sadly. The Klondike did not appeal to him. He had a vision of a solitude as complete as that of the sun-baked desert, and more unkind. But then neither did the idea of returning to the East and the dull, formal old town appeal to him. He regarded his state of mind with disgust. He appeared to be inert. "I wonder if my springs are all broken," he thought, "and if I shall never go again."

"If it was for good and all," broke in Letlow, "I should n't care about the Klondike myself. But it's an experience, merely. After I'm through with that I may go to Hawaii. Things are looking up for us over there, you know. Oh! I'm out to see things now, Dil, and incidentally I want to find a way to make a fortune if I can. And I think I can. I can almost smell my ship a-coming in." He sniffed the air expectantly. "Then I'll send back for Anice — or go back for her."

"She's a nice girl," admitted Brown, still unenthusiastically. "I congratulate you, Tommy. How did you ever tame yourself sufficiently to win the approval of such a modest, honest, starchy, altogether desirable sort of girl? Everything will go just right when you have married her. Your world will run on oiled grooves forevermore."

Letlow took a photograph out of his pocket and laid it on the table. "Look," he said with pride.

Dilling beheld the goodly face of Anice Comstock. "My powers," he cried, "what a little lady! What a civilized Christian creature! I had forgotten that a woman could look like that. You *are* fortunate, Tommy!"

Papin came and looked over Brown's shoulder, and he sighed, and then swore softly — almost tenderly — under his breath.

"That's what we miss," said he.

"Does n't that make you want to see Miss Pillsbury, Dil? She is sincerely concerned about you. You've known her always, and you have liked each other. Once she thought you were n't serious enough" —

"Ah! She'd have changed her mind if she could have seen me lately. But no, Tommy, it does n't make me want to see her, because" — He did not finish the sentence, but left it raw-edged.

Papin suddenly strode to the table and pounded it with his fist. "Brown," he exclaimed, "you look as if you had a secret! You have n't got a sweetheart out there in the wilderness, have you? My heaven, Brown, if you've found a woman out there, you're" — Papin stopped because his guest did not laugh at all. On the contrary, he grew solemn. "I beg your pardon, Brown. I have said something stupid?"

"No, indeed — something perspicacious. I have n't found a woman out there, Mr. Papin, but — but I have found the soul of a woman."

The men stared and were uncomfortable. Men do not like confidences as a general thing.

The rain beat down harder than ever, and they could hear it pouring off the roof; but in spite of that, there was a lightening in the far east. The dawn was coming over the desert. No one encouraged Dilling, but he had made up his mind to go on. He drew the great folio from his pocket, and slowly unwrapped the silken oilcloth which enveloped it.

"I was afraid it would mildew," he explained.

"The soul of the woman, Dil?"

"No. The letter I wrote to the woman. I discovered traces of her out there in the solitude, in the silence, Tommy, — prehistoric traces, you may say. It has been the study of these which has kept my soul alive. It has been what I learned from her that has made it possible for me to endure what I have. Mr. Papin understands. I said, did n't I, that Mr. Papin had once done me a great service? It is true. The service was inestimable. He told me her name."

He pointed to the inscription on the outside of the package. Letlow stooped to read, and Papin peered over his shoulder.

"Katherine Cusack," half whispered Letlow, his eyes growing big, "Kath — Why, man of many marvels, that's the name of Captain Cusack's niece! That's the girl who is going to Alaska on the same boat with us! That's the — the" —

"Oh, you're fooling, Tommy! Please don't." Brown spoke like a teased boy.

"Fooling? I'm not such a donkey. It's she, I tell you. The captain said she needed a change, that she had recently buried her brother, and" —

"Oh, the poor devil is dead! Papin, you hear that? The bleating wretch is gone."

"Yes, he's dead. His sister stayed with him till the last. Captain Cusack told me all about it. Then I came on, hot-footed, for you."

"But I say, Tommy, it can't be, you know. There's some mistake."

"No mistake, Dil. We'll close up your affairs here" —

"Oh, that's easy. One of my men will take things off my hands for me. He's very trustworthy. I'll let them run things till I come back, share and share alike — Li Lung included. He's

a good heathen. He told me to come over here to-night. I'll go back and pack."

He was thinking of the workbasket and the little glove, the clay jugs and the folding mirror. He would need them for an argument.

"And then it's the Klondike, Tommy! My uncle, there's the smell of adventure in it! What route shall you take, — the Dyea, the Chilcat? But that does n't matter. Of course I may not go over the pass with you, eh? I

may go into business in — in Juneau. As you say" (though indeed the bewildered Letlow had said nothing of the sort), "it would be no place for me back in the old town. Not without aunt Betty. Why, I could n't keep that box-wood trimmed, — now, could I, Tommy? It's adventure I need. The Klondike's just the thing. As for the East, it can get along without me very well, can't it, Papin?"

"Very well indeed," said Papin, who knew.

Elia W. Peattie.

CRITICISM AND THE MAN.

I.

THE French critic Ferdinand Brunetière says that the truly personal way of seeing and feeling, which is a merit of the poet and novelist, is a fault in the critic, because the critical function is mainly a judicial one. My purpose in this paper is to point out that the personal element plays as important a part in literary criticism as it does in all other forms of literature, and that Henry James's dictum that criticism is the critic is, on the whole, a true summing up of the matter. I think we are coming more and more to demand that, in all literary and artistic production, the producer be present in his work, not merely as mind, as pure intelligence, but also as a distinct personality, giving a flavor of his own to the truths he utters. In other words, we are shifting the centre of interest more and more from the artist, from the poet, to the man; from abstract and technical considerations to more concrete and personal ones. What type of character, what force of manhood, lie back of and beget these things? With *ex cathedra* utterances in criticism we have less and less patience.

A recent essayist in this magazine expressed well the new attitude when he said: "The utmost the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author; I shall agree with him or not according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his." This is the true democratic spirit in criticism. The same spirit spoke in Whitman when he said: "No man can understand any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own." It spoke in Anatole France, as quoted by M. Brunetière, when he said: "We know only ourselves. Whatever you are trying to explain, you are only explaining yourself." This spirit speaks in Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Hugo, and in all the literature of individualism, so characteristic of a democratic age. It speaks even in the titles of many volumes of recently collected criticisms and reviews, as in Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, Professor Saintsbury's *Corrected Impressions*, Mr. Howells's *My Literary Passions*, Professor Peck's *The Personal Equation*, etc.

Every vital creative work is the revelation of a man, and this is true in criticism not less than in poetry or in

fiction. Suppose Brunetière's criticism lacked that which makes it Brunetière's, or Arnold's lacked that which makes it Arnold's, should we long care for it? Eliminate from the works of these men all that is individual, all that in each makes the impression of a new literary force, the accent of personality, and you have taken from the salt its savor. Dare we say that the most precious thing in literature is the individual and the specific? Is not a platitude a platitude because it lacks just these things? The vague and the general may be had in any quantity, in any time. The distinct and the characteristic are always rare. How many featureless novels, featureless poems, featureless discourses, how much savorless criticism of one kind and another, every community produces! Now and then we catch a distinct personal note, a new penetrating voice, and this we remember and follow in criticism as readily as in poetry or fiction. Have we not here the secret of the greater interest we take in signed criticism over unsigned?

The pure, disinterested, impersonal reason is a fine thing to contemplate. Who would flout it or deny it? One might as well throw stones at the sun. But as the pure white light of the latter is broken up into a thousand hues and shades as it comes back to us from the living world, so the light of the former comes to us from literature in a thousand blended tints and colors, or as modified by the varying moods and temperaments of the individual writers. Whether or not we want or have a right to expect the pure white light of reason in criticism, what we get is the light as it is reduced or colored by the critic's personality, — the media of his time, his race, his personal equation. It must render accurately the objects, form and feature; but the hue, the atmosphere, the sentiment of it all, the highest value of it all, will be the contribution of the critic's most private and radical self.

Every eminent writer has his way of looking at things, gives his own coloring to general truths, and it is this that endears him to us. Is the word he speaks *his* word, is it inevitable, the verdict of his character, the outcome of that which is most vital and characteristic in him? Or is it something he has learned, or the result of fashion, convention, imitation?

See how the old elements of the air, soil, water, forever recombine under the touch of that mysterious something we call life, and produce new herbage, new flowers, new fruit, new men, new women, — forever and yet never the same. So do the forces of man's spirit recombine with the old facts and truisms, and produce new art and new literature.

II.

From this point of view, the value of criticism as a guide to the judgment or the taste, teaching us what to admire and what to condemn, is less than its value as an intellectual pleasure and stimulus, its power to awaken ideas. Judgment is good, but inspiration is better. Is it not true that we rarely make the judgments of the greatest critics our own? We are pleased when they confirm our own, but is not our main interest and profit in what the critic gives us out of himself? We do not, for instance, care very much for Carlyle's literary judgments, but for Carlyle's quality of mind, his flashes of poetic insight, his burden of conscience, his power of portraiture, his heroic moral fibre, etc., we care a great deal. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism less sound than Johnson's, — more tainted with *engouement*, with passion and appetite, as it probably is; but how much more incentive, how much more quickening power, how much more of the stuff of which life is made, do we get from Carlyle than from Johnson or from Arnold himself!

That the criticism is sound is not enough, — it must also warm and stimulate the mind; and if it do this we shall

not trouble ourselves very much about its conclusions. Even M. Brunetière says there are masterpieces in the history of literature and art whose authors were downright fools, as there are, on the other hand, mediocre works from the hands of men of vast intelligence. Very many readers, I fancy, will not rest in the main conclusions at which Tolstoi arrives in his recent discussion of the question "What is art?" but who can fail to feel that here is a large, sincere, helpful soul, whose conception of life and of art is of great value? If we were to estimate Ruskin by the soundness of his judgments alone, we should miss the most important part of him. It is as a prophet of life as well as a critic of art that we value him. Would he be a better critic were he less a prophet?

Or take a more purely critical mind, like Matthew Arnold. Do we care very much for even his literary judgments? Do we not care much more for his qualities as a writer, his lucidity, his centrality, his style, his continuity of thought, his turns of expression, his particular interpretation of literature and life? His opinions may be sound, but this is not the secret of his power; it resides in something more intimate and personal to himself. The late Principal Shairp was probably as sound a critic as Arnold, but his work is of much less interest, because it does not contain the same vital expression of a new and distinct type of mind. Arnold was a better critic of literature than of life and history. There were other values than literary ones that were not so clearly within his range. In 1870 he thought the Germans would stand a poor chance in the war with France. How could the German *Gemeinheit*, or commonness, stand up before the French *esprit*? In our civil war, he expected the South to win. Did not the South have distinction? But distinction counts for more in style than in war. Arnold's criticism has the great merit of being a clear and forcible ex-

pression of a finely-bred, high-toned, particular type of man, and that type a pure and noble one. There was no bungling, no crudeness, no straining, no confusion, no snap judgment, and apparently no bias. He was as steady as a clock. His ideas were continuous and homogeneous; they run like living currents all through his works, and give them unity and definitiveness. He is not to be effaced or overthrown; he is only to be matched and appraised. His word is not final, but it is fit and challenges your common sense. His contribution flows into the current of English criticism like a clear stream into a turbid one; it is not deep, but pellucid, — a tributary that improves the quality of the whole. It gives us that refreshment and satisfaction that we always get from the words of a man who speaks in his own right and from ample grounds of personal conviction.

Positive judgments in literature or in art, or in any matters of taste, are dangerous things. The crying want always is for new fresh power to break up the old verdicts and opinions, and set all afloat again. "We must learn under the master how to destroy him." The great critic gives us courage to reverse his judgments. Dr. Johnson said that Dryden was the writer who first taught us to determine the merit of composition upon principle; but criticism has been just as much at variance with itself since Dryden's time as it was before. It is an art, and not a science, — one of the forms of literary art, wherein, as in all other forms of art, the man, and not the principle, is the chief factor.

III.

When one thinks of it, how diverse and contradictory have been the judgments of even the best critics! Behold how Macaulay's verdicts differ from Carlyle's, Carlyle's from Arnold's, Arnold's from Frederic Harrison's or Morley's or Stephen's or Swinburne's; how Taine

and Sainte-Beuve diverge upon Balzac ; how Renan and Arnold diverge upon Hugo ; how Lowell and Emerson diverge upon Whitman ; and how wide apart are contemporary critics about the merits of Browning, Ibsen, Tolstoi. Landor could not tolerate Dante, and even the great Goethe told Eckermann that Dante was one of the authors he was forbidden to read. In Byron's judgment, Griffiths and Rogers were greater poets than Wordsworth and Coleridge. The German Professor Grimm sees in Goethe "the greatest poet of all times and all people," which makes Matthew Arnold smile. Chateaubriand considered Racine as much superior to Shakespeare as the Apollo Belvidere is superior to an uncouth Egyptian statue. Every nation, says a French critic, has its chords of sensibility that are utterly incomprehensible to another. "Many and diverse," says Arnold, "must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer." And it seems that the greater the writer or poet, the more diverse and contradictory will be the judgments upon him. The small men are easily disposed of, — there is no dispute about them ; but the great ones baffle and try us. It is around their names, as Sainte-Beuve somewhere remarks, that a perpetual critical tournament goes on.

It would seem that the nearer we are, in point of time, to an event, a man, a book, a work of art, the less likely we are to estimate them rightly, especially if they are out of the usual and involve great questions and points. Such a poet as Dante or Victor Hugo or Whitman, or such a character as Napoleon or Cromwell or John Brown, or such an artist as Turner or Angelo or Millet, will require time to settle his claim. In literature, the men of the highest order, to be understood, must undoubtedly, in a measure, wait for the growth of the taste of themselves, or till their own ideals have become at home in men's minds.

With every great innovation, in whatever field, every year that passes finds our minds better adjusted to it and more keenly alive to its merits. Contemporary criticism is bound to be contradictory. Men take opposite views of current questions ; they are too near them to see all their bearings. How different the slavery question looks at this distance, and the civil war that grew out of it, from the face they wore a generation or two ago ! It is only the few great minds that see to-day what the masses will see to-morrow. They occupy a vantage ground of character and principle that is like an eminence in a landscape commanding a wide view. Sainte-Beuve certainly did injustice to Balzac, and Schérer to Béranger. Theirs were contemporary judgments, and personal antipathy played a large part in them. Sainte-Beuve says that when two good intellects pass totally different judgments on the same author, it is because they are not fixing their thoughts, for the moment, on the same object ; they have not the whole of him before their eyes ; their view does not take him in entirely. That is just it : we each look for different values ; we are more keenly alive to some merits than to others ; what one critic misses another sees. We are more or less like chemical elements that unite eagerly with some of their fellows, and not with others. The elective affinities are at work everywhere. Where is the critical genius that is a universal solvent ? Probably Sainte-Beuve himself comes as near it as anybody who has lived.

IV.

It is not truth alone that makes literature : it is truth plus a man. Readers fancy they are interested in the birds and flowers they find in the pages of the poets ; but no, it is the poets themselves they are interested in. There are the same birds and flowers in the fields and woods, — do they care for them ? In many of the authors of whom Sainte-

Beuve writes I have no interest, but I am always interested in Sainte-Beuve's view of them, in the play of his intelligence and imagination over and around them. After reading him, it is not the flavor of Cowper, or Fénelon, or Massillon, or Pascal that remains in my mind, but the flavor of the critic himself. I am under his spell, and not that of his subject. Is not this equally true of the criticism of Goethe, or Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or Coleridge, or any other? The pages of these writers are no more a transparent medium, through which we see the subject as in itself it is, than are those of any other creative artist. Science shows us, or aims to show us, the thing as it is, but art shows it to us tinged by the prismatic rays of the human spirit. Criticism that warms and interests is perpetual creation, as Sainte-Beuve suggested. It is a constant combination of the subject with the thought of the critic. When Mr. James writes upon Sainte-Beuve we are under his spell; it is Mr. James that absorbs and delights us now. We get the truth about his subject, of course, but it is always in combination with the truth about Mr. James. The same is true when Macaulay writes about Milton, and Carlyle about Burns or Johnson, and Emerson about Montaigne or Plato, and Lowell about Thoreau or Wordsworth, — the critic reveals himself in and through his subject.

We do not demand that Arnold get the real Arnold out of the way and merge himself into general humanity (this he cannot do in any case), but only that he put aside the conscious exterior Arnold, so to speak, — Arnold the supercilious, the contemptuous, the hater of dissent, the teaser of the Philistine. The critic must escape from the local and accidental. We would have Macaulay cease to be a Whig, Johnson cease to be a Tory, Schérer forget his theological training, and Brunetière escape from his Catholic bias.

V.

No matter how much truth the critic tells us, if his work does not itself rise to the dignity of good literature, if he does not use language in a vital and imaginative way, we shall not care for him. Literary and artistic truth is not something that can be seized and repeated indifferently by this man and by that, like the truths of science: it must be reproduced or recreated by the critic; it must be as vital in his page as in that of his author. The truths of science are static; the truths of art are dynamic. If a mediocre mind writes about Shakespeare, the result is mediocre, no matter how much bare truth he tells us.

What, then, do we mean by a great critic? We mean a great mind that finds complete self-expression in and through the works of other men. Arnold found more complete self-expression through literary criticism than through any other channel: hence he is greatest here; his theological and religious criticism shows him to less advantage. Sainte-Beuve tried poetry and fiction, but did not find a complete outlet for his talent till he tried criticism. Not a profound or original mind, but a wonderfully flexible, tolerant, sympathetic, engaging one; a climbing plant, one might say, that needed some support to display itself to the best advantage. We say of the French mind generally that it is more truly a critical mind than the English; it finds a better field for the display of its special gifts — taste, clearness, brevity, flexibility, judgment — in criticism than does the more original and profoundly emotional English. French criticism is rarely profound, but it is always light, apt, graceful, delicate, lucid, felicitous, — clear sense and good taste marvelously blended.

Criticism in its scientific aspects or as a purely intellectual effort — a search for the exact truth, a sifting of evidence, weighing and comparing data, disentan-

gling testimony, separating the false from the true, as with the lawyer, the doctor, the man of science, the critic of old texts and documents — is one thing. Criticism of literature and art, involving questions of taste, style, poetic and artistic values, is quite another, and demands quite other powers. In the former case it is mainly judicial, dispassionate, impersonal; in the latter case the sympathies and special predilections are more involved. We seek more or less to interpret the imaginative writer, to draw out and emphasize his special quality and stimulus, to fuse him and restate him in other terms; and in doing this we give ourselves more freely. We cannot fully interpret what we do not love, and love has eyes the judgment knows not of. What a man was born to say, what he speaks out of his most radical selfhood, — that the same fate and power in you can alone fully estimate and interpret.

VI.

One's search after the truth in subjective matters is more or less a search after one's self, after what is agreeable to one's constitutional bias or innate partialities. We do not see the thing as it is in itself so much as we see it as it stands related to one individual fragment of existence. The lesson we are slowest to learn and to act upon is the relativity of truth in all these matters, and that the truth is what we make it. It is a product of the mind, as the apple is of the tree. We get one kind of truth from Renan, another from Taine, still another from Ruskin or Carlyle or Arnold. The quality differs according as the minds or spirits differ whence the truth proceeds. Do we expect all the apples in the orchard to be alike? In general qualities, but not in particular flavors; and in literature it is the particular flavor that is most precious. It is the quality imparted to the truth by the conceiving mind that we prize.

It is a long while before we rise to

the perception that opposites are true, that contrary types equally serve. "One supreme does not contradict another supreme," says our poet, "any more than one eyesight contravenes another eyesight, or one hearing contravenes another hearing." Great men have been radical and great men have been conservative; great men have been orthodox and they have been heterodox, they have been forces of expansion and they have been forces of contraction. In literature, it is good to be a realist, and it is good to be a romanticist; it is good to be a Dumas, and it is good to be a Zola; it is good to be a Carlyle, and it is good to be a Mazzini, — always providing one is so from the inside and not from without, from original conviction and not from hearsay or conformity.

A man makes his way in the world amid opposing forces; he becomes something only by overcoming something; there is always a struggle for survival, and always merit in that which survives. Let each be perfect after its kind. We do not object to the Gothic type of mind because it is not the classic, nor to the Englishman because he is not the Frenchman. We look for the measure of nature or natural force and authority in these types. Nature is of all types; she is of to-day as well as of yesterday; she is of this century as well as of the first; she was with Burns as well as with Pindar. Because the Greek was natural, shall we say therefore nature is Greek? She is Asiatic, Icelandic, Saxon, Celtic, American, as well. She is all things to all men; and without her nothing is that is.

VII.

Truth is both subjective and objective. The former is what is agreeable to one's constitution and point of view, or mental and spiritual make-up. Objective truth is verifiable truth, or what agrees with outward facts and conditions.

Criticism deals with both aspects. It is objective when it is directed upon ob-

jective or verifiable facts; it is subjective when it is directed upon subjective facts. It is an objective fact, for instance, that such a man as Shakespeare lived in such a country in such a time, that he wrote various plays of such and such a character, and that these plays were founded upon other plays or legends or histories. But the poetic truth, the poetic beauty, of these plays, their covert meanings, the philosophy or metaphysics that lies back of them, are not in the same sense objective facts. In these respects no two persons read them just alike. Hamlet has been interpreted in many ways. Which Hamlet is the true one, Goethe's, or Coleridge's, or Hazlitt's, or Kean's, or Booth's? Each is true, so far as it expresses a real and vital conception begotten by the poet upon the critic's or the actor's mind. The beauty of a poem or any work of art is not an objective something patent to all: it is an experience of the mind which we each have in different degrees. In fact, the field of our æsthetic perceptions and enjoyments is no more fixed and definite than is the field of our religious perceptions and enjoyments, and we diverge from one another in the one case as much as in the other. This divergence is of course, in both cases, mainly superficial, or in form and not in essence. Religions perish, but religion remains. Styles of art pass, but art abides. Go deep enough and we all agree, because human nature is fundamentally the same everywhere. All I mean to say is that the outward expressions of art differ in different ages and among different races as much as do the outward expressions of religion. In all these matters the subjective element plays an important part. Is Browning a greater poet than Tennyson? Is Thackeray a greater novelist than Dickens? Has Newman a better style than Arnold? Is Poe our greatest poet, as many British critics think? These and all similar questions involve the personal equation of the critic, and his answer to them will

be given more by his unconscious than by his conscious self. The appeal is not so much to his rational faculties as to his secret affinities or æsthetic perceptions. You can move a man's reason, but you cannot by any similar process change his taste or his faith. If we are not by nature committed to certain views, we are committed to a certain habit of mind, to a certain moral and spiritual attitude, which make these views almost inevitable to us. "It is not given to all minds," says Sainte-Beuve, "to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon," or, it may be added, of any other author, especially if he be of marked individuality.

We do not and cannot all have the same measure of appreciation of Emerson, or Wordsworth, or Ruskin, or Whitman, or Browning. To enjoy these men "sincerely and without weariness is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may serve to define them." Sainte-Beuve himself was chiefly interested in an author's character, "in what was most individual in his personality." He had no arbitrary rules, touchstones, or systems, but pressed each new work gently, almost caressingly, till it gave up its characteristic quality and flavor.

But the objective consideration of the merits of a man's work does not and cannot preclude or measure the subjective attraction or repulsion or indifference which we do or do not feel toward that work. Something deeper and more potent than reason is at work here. Back of the most impartial literary judgments lies the fact that the critic is a person; that he is of a certain race, family, temperament, environment; that he is naturally cold or sympathetic, liberal or reactionary, tolerant or intolerant, and therefore has his individual likings and dislikings; that certain types attract him more than others; that, of two poets of equal power, the voice of one moves

him more than the other. Something as subtle and vital and hard to analyze as the flavors of fruits, and analogous to it, makes him prefer this poet to that. One may see clearly the superiority of Milton over Wordsworth, and yet cleave to the latter. How beautiful is *Lycidas*, yet it left Dr. Johnson cold and critical. There is much more of a cry — a real cry of the heart — in Arnold's *Thyrsis*. One feels that the passion is real in one, and assumed in the other. Is *Lycidas* therefore less a creative work? The affirmative side of the question is not without support. Johnson undervalued some of Gray's best work; the touch of sympathy was lacking. This touch of sympathy does not wait upon the critical judgment, but often underruns and outruns it. It is said that Miss Martineau found *Tom Jones* dull reading, that Miss Brontë cared not for *Jane Austen*, and that Thackeray placed *Cooper* above *Scott*, — all, no doubt, from a lack of the quickening touch of sympathy.

As a rule, we have more sympathy with the authors of our own country than with those of another. Few Englishmen can do justice to *Victor Hugo*, and even to some Frenchmen he is a "gigantic blusterer." It is equally hard for a Frenchman to appreciate *Carlyle*, and how absurd seems *Voltaire's* verdict upon *Shakespeare*, — "a drunken savage"!

The French mind is preëminently a critical mind, yet in France there are and have been as many schools of criticism as of poetry or philosophy or romance. Different types of mind, individual idiosyncrasy, opposing theories and methods, stand out just as clearly in this branch as in any other branch of mental activity. From *Madame de Staël*, down through *Barante*, *Villemain*, *Nisard*, *Sainte-Beuve*, to *Brunetière* and the critics of our own day, criticism has been individualistic, and has reflected as many types of mind and points of view as there have been critics. Where

shall we look for the final criticism? First it is classicism that rules, then it is romanticism, then naturalism, and next, we are told, it is to be idealism. Which ever it is, it is true enough when uttered by vital and earnest minds, and serves its purpose. There are many excellences, but where is the supreme excellence? The naturalism of *Sainte-Beuve* is excellent, the positivism of *Nisard* is excellent, the classicism of *Brunetière* is excellent, and the determinism of *Taine* yields interesting results; but all are relative, all are experimental, all are subject to revision. It is given to no man to have a monopoly of truth. It is given to no poet to have a monopoly of beauty. There is one beauty of *Milton*, another of *Wordsworth*, another of *Burns*, another of *Tennyson*. To seize upon and draw out the characteristic beauty of each, and give his reader a lively sense of it, is the business of the critic.

VIII.

Our reading is a search for the excellent, for the vital and characteristic, which may assume as many and diverse forms in art and literature as it does in life and nature. The savant, the scientist, the moralist, the philosopher, may have pleasure in a work that gives little or no pleasure to the literary artist. Criticism may be looked upon as a search for these various values or various phases of truth, which the critic expresses in terms of his own taste, knowledge, insight, etc., for scientific values, philosophical values, literary and poetic values, or moral and religious values, according to the subject upon which the critical mind is directed. No two men look for exactly the same values or have the same measure of appreciation of them. *Emerson* and *Lowell*, for instance, will make quite different demands and form different estimates of the poets they read. *Lowell* will lay the emphasis upon the conventional literary values, *Emerson* more upon spiritual

and religious values. An Englishman will find values in the poets of his own country that a Frenchman does not find, and a Frenchman values in his poets that an Englishman does not find. See how Schérer and Taine handled Milton. Milton's great epic has poetic and literary value, often of a high order, but as philosophy or religion it is grotesque.

IX.

It remains to be distinctly stated that criticism as an act of judgment, as a disinterested endeavor to see the thing as it is in itself and as it stands related to other things, is justly jealous of our personal tastes and preferences. These tastes and preferences may blind us to the truth. Can we admire above them, or even against them? To cherish no writers but those of our own stripe or mental complexion is the way of the half cultured. Can we rise to a disinterested view? The danger of individualism in letters is caprice, bias, partial views; the danger of intellectualism is the cold, the colorless, the formal.

The ideal critic will blend the two: he will be disinterested and yet sympathetic, individual and yet escape caprice and bias, warm with interest and yet cool with judgment; surrendering himself to his subject and yet not losing himself in it, upholding tradition and yet welcoming new talent, giving the personal equation free play without blurring the light of the impersonal intelligence. From the point of view of intellectualism, criticism seeks to eliminate the personal equation, that which is private and peculiar to us as individuals, and to base criticism upon something like universal principles. What we crave, what our minds literally feed upon, may blind us to the truly excellent. Our *wants* are personal; what we should aim at is an excellence that is impersonal. When we rise to the sphere of the disinterested, we lose sight of our individual tastes and predilections. The question then is, not what

we want, not what we have a taste for, but what we are capable of appreciating. Can we appreciate the best? Can we share the universal mind to the extent of delighting in the best that has been known and thought in the world? Emerson said he was always glad to meet people who saw the superiority of Shakespeare to all other poets. If we prefer Pope to Shakespeare, as we are apt to at a certain age, we may know by that that there is an excellence beyond our reach. It is certain that the mass of readers will not appreciate the best literature, but the second or third best. A man's æsthetic perceptions may be broadened and educated as well as his intellectual. An unread man feels little interest beyond his own neighborhood, the personal doings of the men and women he sees and knows. Educate him a little, give him his county paper, and the sphere of his interests is widened; a little more, and he takes an interest in his state; more still, and he broadens out to his whole country; still more, and the whole world is within his sympathy and ken. So in the æsthetic sphere: he gets beyond his personal tastes and wants into the great world currents of literature and art. He can appreciate works written in other ages and lands, and that are quite foreign to his own temperament and outlook. This is to be disinterested. To emancipate the taste is as much as to emancipate the intellect; to rise above one's personal affinities is as much as to rise above one's personal prejudices and superstitions. The boy of a certain stamp has an affinity for the dime novel; if we can lift him to an appreciation of Scott, or Thackeray, or Hawthorne, how have we emancipated his taste! So that Brunetière was right in saying that, in art and literature, the beginning of wisdom is to distrust what we like. *Distrust*, not repudiate. Let us examine first and see upon what grounds we like it, — see if we *ought* to like it; see if it is akin to that which is

of permanent value in the world's best thought. A French critic tells a story of a man who sat cool and unmoved under a sermon that made the people about him shed torrents of tears, and who excused himself by saying, "I do not belong to this parish." One's taste must be broader than one's parish. I suppose any of our religious brethren would feel a little shy of weeping in the

church of a religious denomination not his own. Our religion is no more emancipated than our taste. Lowell says there are born Popists and born Wordsworthians; but the more these types can get out of their limitations and appreciate one another, the more they are emancipated. Individualism is excellent as a sauce, but as the meat or pudding itself it soon cloy.

John Burroughs.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

XIV.

IN WHICH WE SEEK A LOST LADY.

BESIDE the minister and myself, nothing human moved in the crimson woods. Blue haze was there, and the steady drift of colored leaves, and the sunshine freely falling through bared limbs, but no man or woman. The fallen leaves rustled as the deer passed, the squirrels chattered and the foxes barked, but we heard no sweet laughter or ringing song.

We found a bank of moss, and lying upon it a chaplet of red-brown oak leaves; further on, the mint beside a crystal streamlet had been trodden underfoot; then, flung down upon the brown earth beneath some pines, we came upon a long trailer of scarlet vine. Beyond was a fairy hollow, a cuplike depression, curtained from the world by the red vines that hung from the trees upon its brim, and carpeted with the gold of a great maple; and here Fear became a giant with whom it was vain to wrestle.

There had been a struggle in the hollow. The curtain of vines was torn, the boughs of a sumach bent and broken, the fallen leaves ground underfoot. In one place there was blood upon the leaves.

The forest seemed suddenly very quiet, — quite soundless save for the beating of our hearts. On every side opened red and yellow ways, sunny glades, labyrinthine paths, long aisles, all dim with the blue haze like the cloudy incense in stone cathedrals, but nothing moved in them save the creatures of the forest. Without the hollow there was no sign. The leaves looked undisturbed, or others, drifting down, had hidden any marks there might have been; no footprints, no broken branches, no token of those who had left the hollow. Down which of the painted ways had they gone, and where were they now?

Sparrow and I sat our horses, and stared now down this alley, now down that, into the blue that closed each vista.

"The Santa Teresa is just off the big spring," he said at last. "She must have dropped down there in order to take in water quietly."

"The man that came upon her is still in town, — or was an hour ago," I replied.

"Then she has n't sailed yet," he said.

In the distance something grew out of the blue mist. I had not lived thirteen years in the woodland to be dim of sight or dull of hearing.

"Some one is coming," I announced.

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"Back your horse into this clump of sumach."

The sumach grew thick, and was draped, moreover, with some broad-leaved vine. Within its covert we could see with small danger of being seen, unless the approaching figure should prove to be that of an Indian. It was not an Indian; it was my Lord Carnal. He came on slowly, glancing from side to side, and pausing now and then as if to listen. He was so little of a woodsman that he never looked underfoot.

Sparrow touched my arm and pointed down a glade at right angles with the path my lord was pursuing. Up this glade there was coming toward us another figure, — a small black figure that moved swiftly, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Black Lamoral stood like a stone; the brown mare, too, had learnt what meant a certain touch upon her shoulder. Sparrow and I, with small shame for our eavesdropping, bent to our saddlebows and looked sideways through tiny gaps in the crimson foliage.

My lord descended one side of the hollow, his heavy foot bringing down the dead leaves and loose earth; the Italian glided down the opposite side, disturbing the economy of the forest as little as a snake would have done.

"I thought I should never meet you," growled my lord. "I thought I had lost you and her and myself. This d——d red forest and this blue haze are enough to" — He broke off with an oath.

"I came as fast as I could," said the other. His voice was strange, thin and dreamy, matching his filmy eyes and his eternal, very faint smile. "Your poor physician congratulates your lordship upon the singular success that still attends you. Yours is a fortunate star, my lord."

"Then you have her safe?" cried my lord.

"Three miles from here, on the river bank, is a ring of pines, in which the

trees grow so thick that it is always twilight. Ten years ago a man was murdered there, and Sir Thomas Dale chained the murderer to the tree beneath which his victim was buried, and left him to perish of hunger and thirst. That is the tale they tell at Jamestown. The wood is said to be haunted by murdered and murderer, and no one enters it or comes nearer to it than he can avoid: which makes it an excellent resort for those whom the dead cannot scare. The lady is there, my lord, with your four knaves to guard her. They do not know that the gloom and quiet of the place are due to more than nature."

My lord began to laugh. Either he had been drinking, or the success of his villainy had served for wine. "You are a man in a thousand, Nicolo!" he said. "How far above or below the ship is this fortunate wood?"

"Just opposite, my lord."

"Can a boat land easily?"

"A creek runs through the wood to the river. There needs but the appointed signal from the bank, and a boat from the Santa Teresa can be rowed up the stream to the very tree beneath which the lady sits."

My lord's laughter rang out again. "You're a man in ten thousand, Nicolo! Nicolo, the bridegroom's in town."

"Back so soon?" said the Italian. "Then we must change your lordship's plan. With him on the ground, you can no longer wait until nightfall to row downstream to the lady and the Santa Teresa. He'll come to look for her."

"Ay, he'll come to look for her, curse him!" echoed my lord.

"Do you think the dead will scare him?" continued the Italian.

"No, I don't!" answered my lord, with an oath. "I would he were among them! An I could have killed him before I went" —

"I had devised a way to do it long ago, had not your lordship's conscience been so tender. And yet, before now,

our enemies — yours and mine, my lord — have met with sudden and mysterious death. Men stared, but they ended by calling it a dispensation of Providence." He broke off to laugh with silent, hateful laughter, as mirthful as the grin of a death's-head.

"I know, I know!" said my lord impatiently. "We are not overnice, Nicolo. But between me and those who then stood in my way there had passed no challenge. This is my mortal foe, through whose heart I would drive my sword. I would give my ruby to know whether he's in the town or in the forest."

"He's in the forest," I said.

Black Lamoral and the brown mare were beside them before either moved hand or foot, or did aught but stare and stare, as though men and horses had risen from the dead. All the color was gone from my lord's face, — it looked white, drawn, and pinched; as for his companion, his countenance did not change, — never changed, I believe, — but the trembling of the feather in his hat was not caused by the wind.

Jeremy Sparrow bent down from his saddle, seized the Italian under the armpits, and swung him clean from the ground up to the brown mare's neck. "Divinity and medicine," he said genially, "soul healer and body poisoner, we'll ride double for a time," and proceeded to bind the doctor's hands with his own scarf. The creature of venom before him writhed and struggled, but the minister's strength was as the strength of ten, and the minister's hand held him down. By this I was off Black Lamoral and facing my lord. The color had come back to his lip and cheek, and the flash to his eye. His hand went to his sword hilt.

"I shall not draw mine, my lord," I told him. "I keep troth."

He stared at me with a frown that suddenly changed into a laugh, forced and unnatural enough. "Then go thy

ways, and let me go mine!" he cried. "Be complaisant, worthy captain of trainbands and Burgess from a dozen huts! The King and I will make it worth your while."

"I will not draw my sword upon you," I replied, "but I will try a fall with you," and I seized him by the wrist.

He was a good wrestler as he was a good swordsman, but, with a bitter anger in my heart and a vision of the haunted wood before my eyes, I think I could have wrestled with Hercules and won. Presently I threw him, and, pinning him down with my knee upon his breast, cried to Sparrow to cut the bridle reins from Black Lamoral and throw them to me. Though he had the Italian upon his hands, he managed to obey. With my free hand and my teeth I drew a thong about my lord's arms and bound them to his sides; then took my knee from his chest and my hand from his throat, and rose to my feet. He rose too with one spring. He was very white, and there was foam on his lips.

"What next, captain?" he demanded thickly. "Your score is mounting up rather rapidly. What next?"

"This," I replied, and with the other thong fastened him, despite his struggles, to the young maple beneath which we had wrestled. When the task was done, I first drew his sword from its jeweled scabbard and laid it on the ground at his feet, and then cut the leather which restrained his arms, leaving him only tied to the tree. "I am not Sir Thomas Dale," I said, "and therefore I shall not gag you and leave you bound for an indefinite length of time, to contemplate a grave that you thought to dig. One haunted wood is enough for one county. Your lordship will observe that I have knotted your bonds in easy reach of your hands, the use of which I have just restored to you. The knot is a peculiar one; an Indian taught it to me. If you set to work at once, you will get it untied before nightfall. That you may not think

it the Gordian knot and treat it as such, I have put your sword where you can get it only when you have worked for it. Your familiar, my lord, may prove of use to us ; therefore we will take him with us to the haunted wood. I have the honor to wish your lordship a very good day."

I bowed low, swung myself into my saddle, and turned my back upon his glaring eyes and bared teeth. Sparrow, his prize flung across his saddlebow, turned with me. A minute more saw us out of the hollow, and entered upon the glade up which had come the Italian. When we had gone a short distance, I turned in my saddle and looked back. The tiny hollow had vanished ; all the forest looked level, dreamy and still, barren of humanity, given over to its own shy children, nothing moving save the slow-falling leaves. But from beyond a great clump of sumach, set like a torch in the vaporous blue, came a steady stream of words, happily rendered indistinguishable by distance, and I knew that the King's minion was cursing the Italian, the Governor, the Santa Teresa, the Due Return, the minister, the forest, the haunted wood, his sword, the knot that I had tied, and myself.

I admit that the sound was music in mine ears.

XV.

IN WHICH WE FIND THE HAUNTED WOOD.

On the outskirts of the haunted wood we dismounted, fastening the horses to two pines. The Italian we gagged and bound across the brown mare's saddle. Then, as noiselessly as Indians, we entered the wood.

Once within it, it was as though the sun had suddenly sunk from the heavens. The pines, of magnificent height and girth, were so closely set that far overhead, where the branches began, was a

heavy roof of foliage, impervious to the sunshine, brooding, dark and sullen as a thundercloud, over the cavernous world beneath. There was no undergrowth, no clinging vines, no bloom, no color ; only the dark, innumerable tree trunks and the purplish-brown, scented, and slippery earth. The air was heavy, cold, and still, like cave air ; the silence as blank and awful as the silence beneath the earth.

The minister and I stole through the dusk, and for a long time heard nothing but our own breathing and the beating of our hearts. But coming to a sluggish stream, as quiet as the wood through which it crept, and following its slow windings, we at last heard a voice, and in the distance made out dark forms sitting on the earth beside that sombre water. We went on with caution, gliding from tree to tree and making no noise. In the cheerless silence of that place any sound would have shattered the stillness like a pistol shot.

Presently we came to a halt, and, ourselves hidden by a giant trunk, looked out on stealers and stolen. They were gathered on the bank of the stream, waiting for the boat from the Santa Teresa. The lady whom we sought lay like a fallen flower on the dark ground beneath a pine. She did not move, and her eyes were shut. At her head crouched the negress, her white garments showing ghostlike through the gloom. Beneath the next tree sat Diccon, his hands tied behind him, and around him my Lord Carnal's four knaves. It was Diccon's voice that we had heard. He was still speaking, and now we could distinguish the words.

"So Sir Thomas chains him there," he said, — "right there to that tree under which you are sitting, Jacky Bonhomme." Jacques incontinently shifted his position. "He chains him there, with one chain around his neck, one around his waist, and one around his ankles. Then he sticks me a bodkin

through his tongue." A groan of admiration from his audience. "Then they dig, before his very eyes, a grave, — shallow enough they make it, too, — and they put into it, uncoffined, with only a long white shroud upon him, the man he murdered. Then they cover the grave. You 're sitting on it now, you other Jacky."

"Godam!" cried the rascal addressed, and removed with expedition to a less storied piece of ground.

"Then they go away," continued Diccon in graveyard tones. "They all go away together, — Sir Thomas and Captain Argall, Captain West, Lieutenant George Percy and his cousin, my master, and Sir Thomas's men; they go out of the wood as though it were accursed, though indeed it was not half so gloomy then as it is now. The sun shone into it then, sometimes, and the birds sang. You would n't think it from the looks of things now, would you? As the dead man rotted in his grave, and the living man died by inches above him, they say the wood grew darker, and darker, and darker. How dark it's getting now, and cold, — cold as the dead!"

His auditors drew closer together, and shivered. Sparrow and I were so near that we could see the hands of the ingenious story-teller, bound behind his back, working as he talked. Now they strained this way, and now that, at the piece of rope that bound them.

"That was ten years ago," he said, his voice becoming more and more impressive. "Since that day nothing comes into this wood, — nothing *human*, that is. Neither white man nor Indian comes, that's certain. Then why are n't there chains around that tree, and why are there no bones beneath it, on the ground there? Because, Jackies all, the man that did that murder *walks*! It is not always deadly still here; sometimes there's a clanking of chains! And a bodkin through the tongue can't keep the dead from wailing! And the mur-

dered man walks, too; in his shroud he follows the other — Is n't that something white in the distance yonder?"

My lord's four knaves looked down the arcade of trees, and saw the something white as plainly as if it had been verily there. Each moment the wood grew darker, — a thing in nature, since the sun outside was swiftly sinking to the horizon. But to those to whom that tale had been told it was a darkening unearthly and portentous, bringing with it a colder air and a deepened silence.

"Oh, Sir Thomas Dale, Sir Thomas Dale!"

The voice seemed to come from the distance, and bore in its dismal cadence the melancholy of the damned. For a moment my heart stood still, and the hair of my head commenced to rise; the next, I knew that Diccon had found an ally, not in the dead, but in the living. The minister, standing beside me, opened his mouth again, and again that dismal voice rang through the wood, and again it seemed, by I know not what art, to come from any spot rather than from that particular tree behind whose trunk stood Master Jeremy Sparrow.

"Oh, the bodkin through my tongue! Oh, the bodkin through my tongue!"

Two of the guard sat with hanging lip and lack-lustre eyes, turned to stone; one, at full length upon the ground, bruised his face against the pine needles and called on the Virgin; the fourth, panic-stricken, leaped to his feet and dashed off into the darkness, to trouble us no more that day.

"Oh, the heavy chains!" cried the unseen spectre. "Oh, the dead man in his grave!"

The man on his face dug his nails into the earth and howled; his fellows were too frightened for sound or motion. Diccon, a hardy rogue, with little fear of God or man, gave no sign of perturbation beyond a desperate tugging at the rope about his wrists. He was ever quick to take suggestion, and he had probably

begun to question the nature of the ghost who was doing him such yeoman service.

"D'ye think they 've had enough?" said Sparrow in my ear. "My invention flaggeth."

I nodded, too choked with laughter for speech, and drew my sword. The next moment we were upon the men like 'wolves upon the fold.

They made no resistance. Amazed and shaken as they were, we might have dispatched them with all ease, to join the dead whose lamentations yet rang in their ears; but we contented ourselves with disarming them and bidding them begone for their lives in the direction of the Pamunkey. They went like frightened deer, their one goal in life escape from the wood.

"Did you meet the Italian?"

I turned to find my wife at my side. The King's ward had a kingly spirit; she was not one that the dead or the living could daunt. To her, as to me, danger was a trumpet call to nerve heart and strengthen soul. She had been in peril of that which she most feared, but the light in her eye was not quenched, and the hand with which she touched mine, though cold, was steady.

"Is he dead?" she asked. "At court they called him the Black Death. They said" —

"I did not kill him," I answered, "but I will if you desire it."

"And his master?" she demanded. "What have you done with his master?"

I told her. At the vision my words conjured up her strained nerves gave way, and she broke into laughter as cruel as it was sweet. Peal after peal rang through the haunted wood, and increased the eeriness of the place.

"The knot that I tied he will untie directly," I said. "If we would reach Jamestown first, we had best be going."

"Night is upon us, too," said the minister, "and this place hath the look of

the very valley of the shadow of death. If the spirits walk, it is hard upon their time — and I prefer to walk elsewhere."

"Cease your laughter, madam," I said. "Should a boat be coming up this stream, you would betray us."

I went over to Diccon, and in a silence as grim as his own cut the rope which bound his hands, which done we all moved through the deepening gloom to where we had left the horses, Jeremy Sparrow going on ahead to have them in readiness. Presently he came hurrying back. "The Italian is gone!" he cried.

"Gone!" I exclaimed. "I told you to tie him fast to the saddle!"

"Why, so I did," he replied. "I drew the thongs so tight that they cut into his flesh. He could not have endured to pull against them."

"Then how did he get away?"

"Why," he answered, with a rueful countenance, "I did bind him, as I have said; but when I had done so, I be-thought me of how the leather must cut, and of how pain is dreadful even to a snake, and of the injunction to do as you would be done by, and so e'en loosened his bonds. But, as I am a christened man, I thought that they would yet hold him fast!"

I began to swear, but ended in vexed laughter. "The milk's spilt. There's no use in crying over it. After all, we must have loosed him before we entered the town."

"Will you not bring the matter before the Governor?" he asked.

I shook my head. "If Yeardley did me right, he would put in jeopardy his office and his person. This is my private quarrel, and I will draw no man into it against his will. Here are the horses, and we had best be gone, for by this time my lord and his physician may have their heads together again."

I mounted Black Lamoral, and lifted Mistress Percy to a seat behind me.

The brown mare bore the minister and the negress, and Diccon, doggedly silent, trudged beside us.

We passed through the haunted wood and the painted forest beyond without adventure. We rode in silence: the lady behind me too weary for speech, the minister revolving in his mind the escape of the Italian, and I with my own thoughts to occupy me. It was dusk when we crossed the neck of land, and as we rode down the street torches were being lit in the houses. The upper room in the guest house was brightly illumined, and the window was open. Black Lamoral and the brown mare made a trampling with their hoofs, and I began to whistle a gay old tune I had learnt in the wars. A figure in scarlet and black came to the window, and stood there looking down upon us. The lady riding with me straightened herself and raised her weary head. "The next time we go to the forest, Ralph," she said in a clear, high voice, "thou'lt show me a certain tree," and she broke into silvery laughter. She laughed until we had left behind the guest house and the figure in the upper window, and then the laughter changed to something like a sob. If there were pain and anger in her heart, pain and anger were in mine also. She had never called me by my name before. She had only used it now as a dagger with which to stab at that fierce heart above us.

At last we reached the minister's house, and dismounted before the door. Diccon led the horses away, and I handed my wife into the great room. The minister tarried but for a few words anent some precautions that I meant to take, and then betook himself to his own chamber. As he went out of the door Diccon entered the room.

"Oh, I am weary!" sighed Mistress Jocelyn Percy. "What was the mighty business, Captain Percy, that made you break tryst with a lady? You should go to court, sir, to be taught gallantry."

"Where should a wife go to be taught obedience?" I demanded. "You know where I went and why I could not keep tryst. Why did you not obey my orders?"

She opened wide her eyes. "Your orders? I never received any,—not that I should have obeyed them if I had. Know where you went? I know neither why nor where you went!"

I leaned my hand upon the table, and looked from her to Diccon.

"I was sent by the Governor to quell a disturbance amongst the nearest Indians. The woods to-day have been full of danger. Moreover, the plan that we made yesterday was overheard by the Italian. When I had to go this morning without seeing you, I left you word where I had gone and why, and also my commands that you should not stir outside the garden. Were you not told this, madam?"

"No!" she cried.

I looked at Diccon. "I told madam that you were called away on business," he said sullenly. "I told her that you were sorry you could not go with her to the woods."

"You told her nothing more?"

"No."

"May I ask why?"

He threw back his head. "I did not believe the Paspahighs would trouble her," he answered, with hardihood, "and you had n't seen fit, sir, to tell me of the other danger. Madam wanted to go, and I thought it a pity that she should lose her pleasure for nothing."

I had been hunting the day before, and my whip yet lay upon the table. "I have known you for a hardy rogue," I said, with my hand upon it; "now I know you for a faithless one as well. If I gave you credit for all the vices of the soldier, I gave you credit also for his virtues. I was the more deceived. The disobedient servant I might pardon, but the soldier who is faithless to his trust"—

I raised the whip and brought it down again and again across his shoulders. He stood without a word, his face dark red and his hands clenched at his sides. For a minute or more there was no sound in the room save the sound of the blows; then madam suddenly cried out: "It is enough! You have beaten him enough! Let him go, sir!"

I threw down the whip. "Begone, sirrah!" I ordered. "And keep out of my sight to-morrow!"

With his face still dark red and with a pulse beating fiercely in his cheek, he moved slowly toward the door, turned when he had reached it and saluted, then went out and closed it after him.

"Now he too will be your enemy," said Mistress Percy, "and all through me. I have brought you many enemies, have I not? Perhaps you count me amongst them? I should not wonder if you did. Do you not wish me gone from Virginia?"

"So I were with you, madam," I said bluntly, and went to call the minister down to supper.

XVI.

IN WHICH I AM RID OF AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

The next day, Governor and Councilors sat to receive presents from the Paspaheghs and to listen to long and affectionate messages from Opechancanough, who, like the player queen, did protest too much. The Council met at Yeardley's house, and I was called before it to make my report of the expedition of the day before. It was late afternoon when the Governor dismissed us, and I found myself leaving the house in company with Master Pory.

"I am bound for my lord's," said that worthy as we neared the guest house. "My lord hath Xeres wine that is the very original nectar of the gods, and he drinks it from goblets worth a

king's ransom. We have heard a deal to-day about burying hatchets: bury thine for the nonce, Ralph Percy, and come drink with us."

"Not I," I said. "I would sooner drink with — some one else."

He laughed. "Here's my lord himself shall persuade you."

My lord, dressed with his usual magnificence and darkly handsome as ever, was indeed standing within the guest-house door. Pory drew up beside him. I was passing on with a slight bow, when the Secretary caught me by the sleeve. At the Governor's wine had been set forth to revive the jaded Council, and he was already half seas over. "Tarry with us, captain!" he cried. "Good wine's good wine, no matter who pours it! 'S bud! in my young days men called a truce and forgot they were foes when the bottle went round!"

"If Captain Percy will stay," quoth my lord, "I will give him welcome and good wine. As Master Pory says, men cannot be always fighting. A breathing spell to-day gives to-morrow's struggle new zest."

He spoke frankly, with open face and candid eyes. I was not fooled. If yesterday he would have slain me only in fair fight, it was not so to-day. Under the lace that fell over his wrist was a red cirque, the mark of the thong with which I had bound him. As if he had told me, I knew that he had thrown his scruples to the winds, and that he cared not what foul play he used to sweep me from his path. My spirit and my wit rose to meet the danger. Of a sudden I resolved to accept his invitation.

"So be it," I said, with a laugh and a shrug of my shoulders. "A cup of wine is no great matter. I'll take it at your hands, my lord, and drink to our better acquaintance."

We all three went up into my lord's room. The King had fitted out his minion bravely for the Virginia voyage, and the riches that had decked the state cabin

aboard the Santa Teresa now served to transform the bare room in the guest house at Jamestown into a corner of Whitehall. The walls were hung with arras, there was a noble carpet beneath as well as upon the table, and against the wall stood richly carved trunks. On the table, beside a bowl of late flowers were a great silver flagon and a number of goblets, some of chased silver and some of colored glass, strangely shaped and fragile as an eggshell. The late sun now shining in at the open window made the glass to glow like precious stones.

My lord rang a little silver bell, and a door behind us was opened. "Wine, Giles!" cried my lord in a raised voice. "Wine for Master Pory, Captain Percy, and myself! And Giles, my two choice goblets."

Giles, whom I had never seen before, advanced to the table, took the flagon, and went toward the door, which he had shut behind him. I negligently turned in my seat, and so came in for a glimpse, as he slipped through the door, of a figure in black in the next room.

The wine was brought, and with it two goblets. My lord broke off in the midst of an account of the morning's bear-baiting which the tediousness of the Indians had caused us to miss. "Who knows if we three shall ever drink together again?" he said. "To honor this bout I use my most precious cups." Voice and manner were free and unconstrained. "This gold cup" — he held it up — "belonged to the Medici. Master Pory, who is a man of taste, will note the beauty of the graven *mænads* upon this side, and of the *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* upon this. It is the work of none other than Benvenuto Cellini. I pour for you, sir." He filled the gold cup with the ruby wine and set it before the Secretary, who eyed it with all the passion of a lover, and waited not for us, but raised it to his lips at once. My lord took up the other cup. "This glass," he continued, "as green as an

emerald, freckled inside and out with gold, and shaped like a lily, was once amongst a convent's treasures. My father brought it from Italy, years ago. I use it as he used it, only on gala days. I fill to you, sir." He poured the wine into the green and gold and twisted bauble and set it before me, then filled a silver goblet for himself. "Drink, gentlemen," he said.

"Faith, I have drunken already," quoth the Secretary, and proceeded to fill for himself a second time. "Here's to you, gentlemen!" and he emptied half the measure.

"Captain Percy does not drink," remarked my lord.

I leaned my elbow upon the table, and, holding up the glass against the light, began to admire its beauty. "The tint is wonderful," I said, "as lucent a green as the top of the comber that is to break and overwhelm you. And these knobs of gold, within and without, and the strange shape the tortured glass has been made to take. I find it of a quite sinister beauty, my lord."

"It hath been much admired," said the nobleman addressed.

"I am strangely suited, my lord," I went on, still dreamily enjoying the beauty of the green gem within my clasp. "I am a soldier with an imagination. Sometimes, to give the rein to my fancy pleases me more than wine. Now, this strange chalice, — might it not breed dreams as strange?"

"When I had drunken, I think," replied my lord. "The wine would be a potent spur to my fancy."

"What saith honest Jack Falstaff?" broke in the maudlin Secretary. "Doth he not bear testimony that good sherris maketh the brain apprehensive and quick; filleth it with nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which being delivered by the tongue become excellent wit? Wherefore let us drink, gentlemen, and beget fancies." He filled for himself again, and buried his nose in the cup.

"'Tis such a cup, methinks," I said, "as Medea may have filled for Theſeus. The white hand of Circe may have closed around this stem when she stood to greet Ulyſſes, and knew not that he had the ſaving herb in his palm. Goneril may have ſent this green and gilded ſhape to Regan. Fair Roſamond may have drunk from it while the Queen watched her. At ſome voluptuous feaſt, Cæſar Borgia and his ſiſter, ſitting, crowned with roſes, ſide by ſide, may have preſſed it upon a reluctant gueſt, who had, perhaps, a treaſure of his own. I dare ſwear René, the Florentine, hath fingered many ſuch a goblet before it went to whom Catherine de' Medici delighted to honor."

"She had the whitest hands," murmured the Secretary. "I kiſſed them once before ſhe died, in Blois, when I was young. René was one of your ſlow poiſoners. Smell a roſe, draw on a pair of perfumed gloves, drink from a certain cup, and you rang your own knell, though your bier might not receive you for many and many a day, — not till the roſe was duſt, the gloves loſt, the cup forgotten."

"There's a faſhion I have ſeen followed abroad, that I like," I ſaid. "Hoſt and gueſt fill to each other, then change tankards. You are my hoſt to-day, my lord, and I am your gueſt. I will drink to you, my lord, from your ſilver goblet."

With as frank a manner as his own of a while before, I pushed the green and gold glaſs over to him, and held out my hand for the ſilver goblet. That a man may ſmile and ſmile and be a villain is no new doctrine. My lord's laugh and geſture of courteſy were as free and ready as if the poiſoned ſplendor he drew toward him had been as innocent as a pearl within the ſhell. I took the ſilver cup from before him. "I drink to the King," I ſaid, and drained it to the bottom. "Your lordſhip does not drink. 'Tis a toaſt no man reſuſes."

He raiſed the glaſs to his lips, but ſet it down before its rim had touched them. "I have a headache," he declared. "I will not drink to-day."

Maſter Pory pulled the flaſgon toward him, tilted it, and found it empty. His rueful face made me laugh. My lord laughed too, — ſomewhat loudly, — but ordered no more wine. "I would I were at the Mermaid again," lamented the now drunken Secretary. "There we did n't ſplit a flaſgon in three parts. . . . The Tſar of Muſcovy drinks me down a quarten of aqua vitæ at a gulp, — I've ſeen him do it. . . . I would I were the Bacchus on this cup, with the purple grapes adangle above me. . . . Wine and women — wine and women . . . good wine needs no buſh . . . good ſherriſ ſack" . . . His voice died into unintelligible mutterings, and his gray unreverend head ſank upon the table.

I roſe, leaving him to his drunken ſlumpers, and, bowing to my lord, took my leave. My lord followed me down to the public room below. A party of up-river planters had been drinking, and a bit of chalk lay upon a ſettle behind the door upon which the landlord had marked their ſcore. I paſſed it; then turned back and picked it up. "How long a line ſhall I draw, my lord?" I aſked, with a ſmile.

"How does the length of the door ſtrike you?" he answered.

I drew the chalk from top to bottom of the wood. "A heavy ſcore makes a heavy reckoning, my lord," I ſaid, and, leaving the mark upon the door, I bowed again and went out into the ſtreet.

The ſun was ſinking when I reached the miniſter's houſe, and going into the great room drew a ſtool to the table and ſat down to think. Miſtreſs Percy was in her own chamber; in the room overhead the miniſter paced up and down, humming a pſalm. A fire was burning briſkly upon the hearth, and the red light roſe and fell, — now brightening all the room, now leaving it

to the gathering dusk. Through the door, which I had left open, came the odor of the pines, the fallen leaves, and the damp earth. In the churchyard an owl hooted, and the murmur of the river was louder than usual.

I had sat staring at the table before me for perhaps half an hour, when I chanced to raise my eyes to the opposite wall. Now, on this wall, reflecting the firelight and the open door behind me, hung a small Venetian mirror, which I had bought from a number of such toys brought in by the Southampton, and had given to Mistress Percy. My eyes rested upon it, idly at first, then closely enough as I saw within it a man enter the room. I had heard no footfall; there was no noise now behind me. The fire was somewhat sunk-en, and the room was almost in darkness; I saw him in the glass dimly, as shadow rather than substance. But the light was not so faint that the mirror could not show me the raised hand and the dagger within its grasp. I sat without motion, watching the figure in the glass grow larger. When it was nearly upon me, and the hand with the dagger drawn back for the blow, I sprang up, wheeled, and caught it by the wrist.

A moment's fierce struggle, and I had the dagger in my own hand and the man at my mercy. The fire upon the hearth seized on a pine knot and blazed up brightly, filling the room with light. "Diccon!" I cried, and dropped my arm.

I had never thought of this. The room was very quiet as, master and man, we stood and looked each other in the face. He fell back to the wall and leaned against it, breathing heavily; into the space between us the past came thronging.

I opened my hand and let the dagger drop to the floor. "I suppose that this was because of last night," I said. "I shall never strike you again."

I went to the table, and sitting down

leaned my forehead upon my hand. It was Diccon who would have done this thing! The fire crackled on the hearth as had crackled the old camp fires in Flanders; the wind outside was the wind that had whistled through the rigging of the Treasurer, one terrible night when we lashed ourselves to the same mast and never thought to see the morning. Diccon!

Upon the table was the minister's ink-horn and pen. I drew my tablets from the breast of my doublet and began to write. "Diccon!" I called, without turning, when I had finished.

He came slowly forward to the table, and stood beside it with hanging head. I tore the leaf from the book and pushed it over to him. "Take it," I ordered.

"To the marshal?" he asked. "I am to take it to the marshal?"

I shook my head. "Read it."

He stared at it vacantly.

"Did you forget how to read when you forgot all else?" I said sternly.

He read, and the color rushed into his face.

"It is your freedom," I said. "You are no longer man of mine. Begone, sirrah!"

He crumpled the paper in his hand. "I was mad," he muttered.

"I could almost believe it," I replied. "Begone!"

After a moment he went. Sitting still in my place, I heard him heavily and slowly leave the room, descend the step at the door, and go out into the night.

A door opened, and Mistress Jocelyn Percy came into the great room, like a sunbeam strayed back to earth. Her farthingale was of flowered satin, her bodice of rich taffeta; between the gossamer walls of her French ruff rose the whitest neck to meet the fairest face. Upon her dark hair sat, as lightly as a kiss, a little pearl-bordered cap. A color was in her cheeks and a laugh on her lips. The rosy light of the burning pine caressed her, — now dwelling on

the rich dress, now on the gold chain around the slender waist, now on rounded arms, now on the white forehead below the pearls. Well, she was a fair lady for a man to lay down his life for.

"I held court this afternoon!" she cried. "Where were you, sir? Madam West was here, and my Lady Temperance Yeardley, and Master Wynne, and Master Thorpe from Henricus, and Master Rolfe with his Indian brother, — who, I protest, needs but silk doublet and hose and a month at Whitehall to make him a very fine gentleman."

"If courage, steadfastness, truth, and courtesy make a gentleman," I said, "he is one already. Such an one needs not silk doublet nor court training."

She looked at me with her bright eyes. "No," she repeated, "such an one needs not silk doublet nor court training." Going to the fire, she stood with one hand upon the mantelshelf, looking down into the ruddy hollows. Presently she stooped and gathered up something from the hearth. "You waste paper strangely, Captain Percy," she said. "Here is a whole handful of torn pieces."

She came over to the table, and with a laugh showered the white fragments down upon it, then fell to idly piecing them together. "What were you writing?" she asked. "'To all whom it may concern: I, Ralph Percy, Gentleman, of the Hundred of Weyanoke, do hereby set free from all service to me and mine'" —

I took from her the bits of paper, and fed the fire with them. "Paper is but paper," I said. "It is easily rent. Happily a man's will is more durable."

XVII.

IN WHICH MY LORD AND I PLAY AT BOWLS.

The Governor had brought with him from London, the year before, a set of

boxwood bowls, and had made, between his house and the fort, a noble green. The generality must still use for the game that portion of the street that was not tobacco-planted; but the quality flocked to the Governor's green, and here, one holiday afternoon, a fortnight or more from the day in which I had drunk to the King from my lord's silver goblet, was gathered a very great company. The Governor's match was toward, — ten men to a side, a hogshead of sweet-scented to the victorious ten, and a keg of canary to the man whose bowl should hit the jack.

The season had been one of unusual mildness, and the sunshine was still warm and bright, gilding the velvet of the green, and making the red and yellow leaves swept into the trench to glow like a ribbon of flame. The sky was blue, the water bluer still, the leaves bright-colored, the wind blowing; only the enshrouding forest, wrapped in haze, seemed as dim, unreal, and far away as a last year's dream.

The Governor's gilt armchair had been brought from the church, and put for him upon the bank of turf at the upper end of the green. By his side sat my Lady Temperance, while the gayly dressed dames and the men who were to play and to watch were accommodated with stools and settles or with seats on the green grass. All were dressed in holiday clothes, all tongues spoke, all eyes laughed; you might have thought there was not a heavy heart amongst them. Rolfe was there, gravely courteous, quiet and ready; and by his side, in otterskin mantle, beaded moccasins, and feathered headdress, the Indian chief, his brother-in-law, — the bravest, comeliest, and manliest savage with whom I have ever dealt. There, too, was Master Pory, red and jovial, with an eye to the sack the servants were bringing from the Governor's house; and the commander, with his pretty termagant of a wife; and Master Jeremy Sparrow, fresh from

a most moving sermon on the vanities of this world. Captains, Councilors, and Burgesses aired their gold lace, and their wit or their lack of it; while a swarm of younger adventurers, youths of good blood and bad living, come from home for the weal of England and the woe of Virginia, went here and there through the crowd like gilded summer flies.

Rolfe and I were to play; he sat on the grass at the feet of Mistress Jocelyn Percy, making her now and then some courtly speech, and I stood beside her, my hand on the back of her chair.

The King's ward held court as though she were a king's daughter. In the brightness of her beauty she sat there, as gracious for the nonce as the sunshine, and as much of another world. All knew her story, and to the daring that is in men's hearts her own daring appealed, — and she was young and very beautiful. Some there had not been my friends, and now rejoiced in what seemed my inevitable ruin; some whom I had thought my friends were gone over to the stronger side; many who in secret wished me well still shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders over what they were pleased to call my madness; but for her, I was glad to know, there were only good words. The Governor had left his gilt armchair to welcome her to the green, and had caused a chair to be set for her near his own, and here men came and bowed before her as if she had been a princess indeed.

A stir amongst the crowd, a murmur, and a craning of necks heralded the approach of that other at whom the town gaped with admiration. He came with his retinue of attendants, his pomp of dress, his arrogance of port, his splendid beauty. Men looked from the beauty of the King's ward to the beauty of the King's minion, from her costly silk to his velvet and miniver, from the air of the court that became her well to the towering pride and insolence which to the thoughtless seemed his fortune's

proper mantle, and deemed them a pair well suited, and the King's will indeed the will of Heaven.

I was never one to value a man by his outward seeming, but suddenly I saw myself as in a mirror, — a soldier, scarred and bronzed, acquainted with the camp, but not with the court, roughened by a rude life, poor in this world's goods, the first flush of youth gone forever. For a moment my heart was bitter within me. The pang passed, and my hand tightened its grasp upon the chair in which sat the woman I had wed. She was my wife, and I would keep my own.

My lord had paused to speak to the Governor, who had risen to greet him. Now he came toward us, and the crowd pressed and whispered. He bowed low to Mistress Percy, made as if to pass on, then came to a stop before her, his hat in his hand, his handsome head bent, a smile upon his bearded lips.

"When was it that we last sat to see men bowl, lady?" he said. "I remember a gay match when I bowled against my Lord of Buckingham, and fair ladies sat and smiled upon us. The fairest laughed, and tied her colors around my arm."

The lady whom he addressed sat quietly, with hands folded in her silken lap and an untroubled face. "I did not know you then, my lord," she answered him, quite softly and sweetly. "Had I done so, be sure I would have cut my hand off ere it gave color of mine to" —

"To whom?" he demanded, as she paused.

"To a coward, my lord," she said clearly.

As if she had been a man, his hand went to his sword hilt. As for her, she leaned back in her chair and looked at him with a smile.

He spoke at last, slowly and with deliberate emphasis. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again, my lady, — my Lady Jocelyn Leigh."

I dropped my hand from her chair and stepped forward. "It is my wife to whom you speak, my Lord Carnal," I said sternly. "I wait to hear you name her rightly."

Rolfe rose from the grass and stood beside me, and Jeremy Sparrow, shouldering aside with scant ceremony Burgess and Councilor, came also. The Governor leaned forward out of his chair, and the crowd became suddenly very still.

"I am waiting, my lord," I repeated.

In an instant, from what he had been he became the frank and guileless nobleman. "A slip of the tongue, Captain Percy!" he cried, his white teeth showing and his hand raised in a gesture of deprecation. "A natural thing, seeing how often, how very often, I have so addressed this lady in the days when we had not the pleasure of your acquaintance." He turned to her and bowed, until the feather in his hat swept the ground. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again — Mistress Percy," and passed on to the seat that had been reserved for him.

The game began. I was to lead one side, and young Clement the other. At the last moment he came over to me. "I am out of it, Captain Percy," he announced, with a rueful face. "My lord there asks me to give him my place. When we were hunting yesterday, and the stag turned upon me, he came between and thrust his knife into the brute, which else might have put an end to my hunting forever and a day: so you see I can't refuse him. Plague take it all! and Dorothy Gookin sitting there watching!"

My lord and I stood forward, each with a bowl in his hand. We looked toward the Governor. "My lord first, as becometh his rank," he said. My lord stooped and threw, and his bowl went swiftly over the grass, turned, and rested a foot beyond the jack. I threw. "Nearer the mark by six inches!"

cried the three judges at the other end of the green. My lord and I retreated to our several sides, and Rolfe and West took our places. While they and those that followed bowled, the crowd, attentive though it was, still talked and laughed, and laid wagers upon its favorites; but when my lord and I again stood forth, the noise was hushed, and men and women stared with all their eyes. He delivered, and came not a hand's breadth short of the jack. Saving my throw, it was of both sides the nearest the mark. I followed him. "One is as near as the other!" cried Master Macocke for the judges. A murmur arose from the crowd, and my lord swore beneath his breath. When his turn came again, his bowl touched the jack. He straightened himself, with a smile, and I heard Jeremy Sparrow behind me groan; but my bowl too kissed the jack. The crowd began to laugh with sheer delight, but my lord turned red and his brows drew together. We had but one turn more. While we waited, I marked his black eyes studying every inch of the ground between him and that small white ball, to strike which, at that moment, I verily believe he would have given the King's favor. All men pray, though they pray not to the same god. As he stood there, when his time had come, weighing the bowl in his hand, I knew that he prayed to his daemon, fate, star, whatever thing he raised an altar to and bent before. He threw, and I followed, while the throng held its breath. Master Macocke rose to his feet. "It's a tie, my masters!" he exclaimed.

The excited crowd surged forward, and a babel of voices arose. "Silence, all!" cried the Governor. "Let them play it out!"

My lord threw, and his bowl stopped perilously near the shining mark. As I stepped to my place a low and supplicating "O Lord!" came to my ears from the lips and the heart of the preacher,

who had that morning thundered against the toys of this world. I drew back my arm and threw with all my force. A cry arose from the throng, and my lord ground his heel into the earth. The bowl, spurning the jack before it, rushed on, until both buried themselves in the red and yellow leaves that filled the trench.

I turned and bowed to my antagonist. "You bowl well, my lord," I said. "Had you had the forest training of eye and arm, our fortunes might have been reversed."

He looked me up and down. "You are kind, sir," he said thickly. "'To-day to thee, to-morrow to me.' I give you joy of your petty victory."

He turned squarely from me, and stood with his face downstream. I was speaking to Rolfe and to the few — not even all of that side for which I had won — who pressed around me, when he wheeled.

"Your Honor," he cried to the Governor, who had paused beside Mistress Percy, "is not the *Due Return* high-pooped? Doth she not carry a blue pennant, and hath she not a gilt siren for figurehead?"

"Ay," answered the Governor, lifting his head from the hand he had kissed with ponderous gallantry. "What then, my lord?"

"Then to-morrow has dawned, sir captain," said my lord to me. "Sure, Dame Venus and her blind son have begged for me favorable winds; for the *Due Return* has come again."

The game that had been played was forgotten for that day. The hogshhead of sweet-scented, lying to one side, wreathed with bright vines, was unclaimed of either party; the servants who brought forward the keg of canary dropped their burden, and stared with the rest. All looked down the river, and all saw the *Due Return* coming up the broad, ruffled stream, the wind from the sea filling her sails, the tide with her, the gilt mermaid

on her prow just rising from the rushing foam. She came as swiftly as a bird to its nest. None had thought to see her for at least ten days.

Upon all there fell a sudden realization that it was the word of the King, feathered by the command of the Company, that was hurrying, arrow-like, toward us. All knew what the Company's orders would be, — must needs be, — and the Tudor sovereigns were not so long in the grave that men had forgot to fear the wrath of kings. The crowd drew back from me as from a man plague-spotted. Only Rolfe, Sparrow, and the Indian stood their ground.

The Governor turned from staring downstream. "The game is played, gentlemen," he announced abruptly. "The wind grows colder, too, and clouds are gathering. This fair company will pardon me if I dismiss them somewhat sooner than is our wont. The next sunny day we will play again. Give you God den, gentles."

The crowd stood not upon the order of its going, but streamed away to the river bank, whence it could best watch the oncoming ship. My lord, after a most triumphant bow, swept off with his train in the direction of the guest house. With him went Master Pory. The Governor drew nearer to me. "Captain Percy," he said, lowering his voice, "I am going now to mine own house. The letters which yonder ship brings will be in my hands in less than an hour. When I have read them, I shall perforce obey their instructions. Before I have them I will see you, if you so wish."

"I will be with your Honor in five minutes."

He nodded, and strode off across the green to his garden. I turned to Rolfe. "Will you take her home?" I said briefly. She was so white and sat so still in her chair that I feared to see her swoon. But when I spoke to her she answered clearly and steadily enough, even with a smile, and she would not

lean upon Rolfe's arm. "I will walk alone," she said. "None that see me shall think that I am stricken down." I watched her move away, Rolfe beside her, and the Indian following with his noiseless step; then I went to the Governor's house. Master Jeremy Sparrow had disappeared some minutes before, I knew not whither.

I found Yeardley in his great room, standing before a fire and staring down into its hollows. "Captain Percy," he said, as I went up to him, "I am most heartily sorry for you and for the lady whom you so ignorantly married."

"I shall not plead ignorance," I told him.

"You married, not the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, but a waiting woman named Patience Worth. The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, a noble lady, a kinswoman and a ward of the King, could not marry without the King's consent. And you, Captain Percy, are but a mere private gentleman, a poor Virginia adventurer; and my Lord Carnal is — my Lord Carnal. The Court of High Commission will make short work of this fantastic marriage."

"Then they may do it without my aid," I said. "Come, Sir George, had you wed my Lady Temperance in such fashion, and found this hornets' nest about your ears, what would you have done?"

He gave his short, honest laugh. "It's beside the question, Ralph Percy, but I dare say you can guess what I would have done."

"I'll fight for my own to the last ditch," I continued. "I married her knowing her name, if not her quality. Had I known the latter, had I known she was the King's ward, all the same I should have married her, and she would have had me. She is my wife in the sight of God and honest men. Esteeming her honor, which is mine, at stake, Death may silence me, but men shall not bend me."

"Your best hope is in my Lord of Buckingham," he said. "They say it is out of sight, out of mind, with the King, and, thanks to this infatuation of my Lord Carnal's, Buckingham hath the field. That he strains every nerve to oust completely this his first rival since he himself distanced Somerset goes without saying. That to thwart my lord in this passion would be honey to him is equally of course. I do not need to tell you that, if the Company so orders, I shall have no choice but to send you and the lady home to England. When you are in London make your suit to my Lord of Buckingham, and I earnestly hope that you may find in him an ally powerful enough to bring you and the lady, to whose grace, beauty, and courage we all do homage, out of this coil."

"We give you thanks, sir," I said.

"As you of the Assembly know," he went on, "I have written to the Company, humbly petitioning that I be graciously relieved from a most thankless task, to wit, the governorship of Virginia. My health faileth, and I am, moreover, under my Lord Warwick's displeasure. He waxeth ever stronger in the Company, and if I put not myself out, he will do it for me. If I be relieved at once, and one of the Council appointed in my place, I shall go home to look after certain of my interests there. Then shall I be but a private gentleman, and if I can serve you, Ralph Percy, I shall be blithe to do so; but now, you understand?"

"I understand, and thank you, Sir George," I said. "May I ask one question?"

"What is it?"

"Will you obey to the letter the instructions the Company sends?"

"To the letter," he answered. "I am its sworn officer."

"One thing more," I went on: "the parole I gave you, sir, that morning behind the church, is mine own again when

you shall have read those letters and know the King's will. I am free from that bond, at least."

He looked at me with a frown. "Make not bad worse, Captain Percy," he said sternly.

I laughed. "It is my aim to make bad better, Sir George. I see through the window that the *Due Return* hath come to anchor; I will no longer trespass on your Honor's time." I bowed myself out, leaving him still with the frown upon his face, staring at the fire.

Without, the world was bathed in the glow of a magnificent sunset. Clouds, dark purple and dark crimson, reared themselves in the west to dizzy heights, and hung threateningly over the darkening land beneath. In the east loomed more pallid masses, and from the bastions of the east to the bastions of the west went hurrying, wind-driven cloudlets, dark in the east, red in the west. There was a high wind, and the river, where it was not reddened by the sunset, was lividly green. "A storm, too!" I muttered.

As I passed the guest house, there came to me from within a burst of loud and vaunting laughter and a boisterous drinking catch sung by many voices; and I knew that my lord drank, and gave others to drink, to the orders which the *Due Return* should bring. The minister's house was in darkness. In the great room I struck a light and fired the fresh torches, and found I was not its sole occupant. On the hearth, the ashes of the dead fire touching her skirts, sat Mistress Jocelyn Percy, her arms resting upon a low stool, and her head pillowed upon them. Her face was not hidden: it was cold and pure and still, like carven marble. I stood and gazed at her a moment; then, as she did not offer to move, I brought wood to the fire and made the forlorn room bright again.

"Where is Rolfe?" I asked at last.

"He would have stayed," she answered, "but I made him go. I wished

to be alone." She rose, and going to the window leaned her forehead against the bars, and looked out upon the wild sky and the hurrying river. "I would I were alone," she said in a low voice and with a catch of her breath. As she stood there in the twilight by the window, I knew that she was weeping, though her pride strove to keep that knowledge from me. My heart ached for her, and I knew not how to comfort her. At last she turned. A pasty and a stoup of wine were upon the table.

"You are tired and shaken," I said, "and you may need all your strength. Come, eat and drink."

"For to-morrow we die," she added, and broke into tremulous laughter. Her lashes were still wet, but her pride and daring had returned. She drank the wine I poured for her, and we spoke of indifferent things, — of the game that afternoon, of the Indian *Nantauquas*, of the wild night that clouds and wind portended. Supper over, I called Angela to bear her company, and I myself went out into the night, and down the street toward the guest house.

XVIII.

IN WHICH WE GO OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

The guest house was aflame with lights. As I neared it, there was borne to my ears a burst of drunken shouts accompanied by a volley of musketry. My lord was pursuing with a vengeance our senseless fashion of wasting in drinking bouts powder that would have been better spent against the Indians. The noise increased. The door was flung open, and there issued a tide of drawers and servants headed by mine host himself, and followed by a hail of such minor breakables as the house contained and by Olympian laughter.

I made my way past the indignant host and his staff, and standing upon

the threshold looked at the riot within. The long room was thick with the smoke of tobacco and the smoke of powder, through which the many torches burned yellow. Upon the great table wine had been spilt, and dripped to swell a red pool upon the floor. Underneath the table, still grasping his empty tankard, lay the first of my lord's guests to fall, an up-river Burgess with white hair. The rest of the company were fast reeling to a like fate. Young Hamor had a fiddle, and, one foot upon a settle, the other upon the table, drew across it a fast and furious bow. Master Pory, arrived at the maudlin stage, alternately sang a slow and melancholy ditty and wiped the tears from his eyes with elaborate care. Master Edward Sharpless, now in a high voice, now in an undistinguishable murmur, argued some imaginary case. Peaceable Sherwood was drunk, and Giles Allen, and Pettiplace Clawse. Captain John Martin, sitting with outstretched legs, called now for a fresh tankard, which he emptied at a gulp; now for his pistols, which, as fast as my lord's servants brought them to him new primed, he discharged at the ceiling. The loud wind rattled doors and windows, and made the flame of the torches stream sideways. The music grew madder and madder, the shots more frequent, the drunken voices thicker and louder.

The master of the feast carried his wine better than did his guests, or had drunk less, but his spirit too was quite without bounds. A color burned in his cheeks, a wicked light in his eyes; he laughed to himself. In the gray smoke cloud he saw me not, or saw me only as one of the many who thronged the doorway and stared at the revel within. He raised his silver cup with a slow and wavering hand. "Drink, you dogs!" he chanted. "Drink to the Santa Teresa! Drink to to-morrow night! Drink to a proud lady within my arms and an enemy in my power!"

The wine that had made him mad had maddened those others, also. In that hour they were dead to honor. With shameless laughter and as little spilling as might be, they raised their tankards as my lord raised his. A stone thrown by some one behind me struck the cup from my lord's hand, sending it clattering to the floor and dashing him with the red wine. Master Pory roared with drunken laughter. "Cup and lip missed that time!" he cried.

The man who had thrown the stone was Jeremy Sparrow. For one instant I saw his great figure, and the wrathful face beneath his shock of grizzled hair; the next he had made his way through the crowd of gaping menials and was gone.

My lord stared foolishly at the stains upon his hands, at the fallen goblet and the stone beside it. "Cogged dice," he said thickly, "or I had not lost that throw! I'll drink that toast by myself to-morrow night, when the ship does n't rock like this d——d floor, and the sea has no stones to throw. More wine, Giles! To my Lord High Admiral, gentlemen! To his Grace of Buckingham! May he shortly howl in hell, and looking back to Whitehall see me upon the King's bosom! The King's a good king, gentlemen! He gave me this ruby. D'ye know what I had of him last year? I" —

I turned and left the door and the house. I could not thrust a fight upon a drunken man.

Ten yards away, suddenly and without any warning of his approach, I found beside me the Indian Nantauquas. "I have been to the woods to hunt," he said, in the slow musical English Rolfe had taught him. "I knew where a panther lodged, and to-day I laid a snare, and took him in it. I brought him to my brother's house, and caged him there. When I have tamed him, I shall give him to the beautiful lady."

He expected no answer, and I gave

him none. There are times when an Indian is the best company in the world.

Just before we reached the market place we had to pass the mouth of a narrow lane leading down to the river. The night was very dark, though the stars still shone through rifts in the ever moving clouds. The Indian and I walked rapidly on, — my footfalls sounding clear and sharp on the frosty ground, he as noiseless as a shadow. We had reached the further side of the lane, when he put forth an arm and plucked from the blackness a small black figure.

In the middle of the square was kept burning a great brazier filled with pitched wood. It was the duty of the watch to keep it flaming from darkness to dawn. We found it freshly heaped with pine, and its red glare lit a goodly circle. The Indian, pinioning the wrists of his captive with his own hand of steel, dragged him with us into this circle of light.

"Looking for simples once more, learned doctor?" I demanded.

He mowed and jabbered, twisting this way and that in the grasp of the Indian.

"Loose him," I said to the latter, "but let him not come too near you. Why, worthy doctor, in so wild and threatening a night, when fire is burning and wine flowing at the guest house, do you choose to crouch here in the cold and darkness?"

He looked at me with his filmy eyes, and that faint smile that had more of menace in it than a panther's snarl. "I laid in wait for you, it is true, noble sir," he said in his thin, dreamy voice, "but it was for your good. I would give you warning, sir."

He stood with his mean figure bent cringingly forward, and with his hat in his hand. "A warning, sir," he went ramblingly on. "Maybe a certain one has made me his enemy. Maybe I cut myself loose from his service. Maybe I would do him an ill turn. I can tell you a secret, sir." He lowered his voice

and looked around, as if in fear of eavesdroppers. "In your ear, sir," he said.

I recoiled. "Stand back," I cried, "or you will cull no more simples this side of hell!"

"Hell!" he answered. "There's no such place. I will not tell my secret aloud."

"Nicolo the Italian! Nicolo the Poisoner! Nicolo the Black Death! I am coming for the soul you sold me. There is a hell!"

The thundering voice came from underneath our feet. With a sound that was not a groan and not a screech, the Italian reeled back against the heated iron of the brazier. Starting from that fiery contact with an unearthly shriek, he threw up his arms and dashed away into the darkness. The sound of his madly hurrying footsteps came back to us until the guest house had swallowed him and his guilty terrors.

"Can the preacher play the devil too?" I asked, as Sparrow came up to us from the other side of the fire. "I could have sworn that that voice came from the bowels of the earth. 'Tis the strangest gift!"

"A mere trick," he said, with his great laugh, "but it has served me well on more occasions than one. It is not known in Virginia, sir, but before ever the word of the Lord came to me to save poor silly souls I was a player. Once I played the King's ghost in Will Shakespeare's Hamlet, and then, I warrant you, I spoke from the cellarage indeed. I so frightened players and playgoers that they swore it was witchcraft, and Burbage's knees did knock together in dead earnest. But to the matter in hand. When I had thrown yonder stone, I walked quietly down to the Governor's house and looked through the window. The Governor hath the Company's letters, and he and the Council — all save the reprobate Pory — sit there staring at them and drumming with their fingers on the table."

"Is Rolfe of the Council?" I asked.

"Ay; he was speaking, — for you, I suppose, though I heard not the words. They all listened, but they all shook their heads."

"We shall know in the morning," I said. "The night grows wilder, and honest folk should be abed. Nantauquas, good-night. When will you have tamed your panther?"

"It is now the moon of cohonks," answered the Indian. "When the moon of blossoms is here, the panther shall roll at the beautiful lady's feet."

"The moon of blossoms!" I said. "The moon of blossoms is a long way off. I have panthers myself to tame before it comes. This wild night gives one wild thoughts, Master Sparrow. The loud wind, and the sound of the water, and the hurrying clouds — who knows if we shall ever see the moon of blossoms?" I broke off with a laugh for my own weakness. "It's not often that a soldier thinks of death," I said. "Come to bed, reverend sir. Nantauquas, again good-night, and may you tame your panther!"

In the great room of the minister's house I paced up and down; now pausing at the window, to look out upon the fast darkening houses of the town, the ever thickening clouds, and the bending trees; now speaking to my wife, who sat in the chair I had drawn for her before the fire, her hands idle in her lap, her head thrown back against the wood, her face white and still, with wide dark eyes. We waited for we knew not what, but the light still burned in the Governor's house, and we could not sleep and leave it there.

It grew later and later. The wind howled down the chimney, and I heaped more wood upon the fire. The town lay in darkness now; only in the distance burned like an angry star the light in the Governor's house. In the lull between the blasts of wind it was so very still that the sound of my footfalls

upon the floor, the dropping of the charred wood upon the hearth, the tapping of the withered vines without the window, jarred like thunder.

Suddenly madam leaned forward in her chair. "There is some one at the door," she said.

As she spoke the latch rose and some one pushed heavily against the door. I had drawn the bars across. "Who is it?" I demanded, going to it.

"It is Diccon, sir," replied a guarded voice outside. "I beg of you, for the lady's sake, to let me speak to you."

I opened the door, and he crossed the threshold. I had not seen him since the night he would have played the assassin. I had heard of him as being in Martin's Hundred, with which plantation and its turbulent commander the debtor and the outlaw often found sanctuary.

"What is it, sirrah?" I inquired sternly.

He stood with his eyes upon the floor, twirling his cap in his hands. He had looked once at madam when he entered, but not at me. When he spoke there was the old bravado in his voice, and he threw up his head with the old reckless gesture. "Though I am no longer your man, sir," he said, "yet I hope that one Christian may warn another. The marshal, with a dozen men at his heels, will be here anon."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I was in the shadow by the Governor's window when the parson played eavesdropper. When he was gone I drew myself up to the ledge, and with my knife made a hole in the shutter that fitted my ear well enough. The Governor and the Council sat there, with the Company's letters spread upon the table. I heard the letters read. Sir George Yeardley's petition to be released from the governorship of Virginia is granted, but he will remain in office until the new Governor, Sir Francis Wyatt, can arrive in Virginia. The

Company is out of favor. The King hath sent Sir Edwyn Sandys to the Tower. My Lord Warwick waxeth greater every day. The very life of the Company dependeth upon the pleasure of the King, and it may not defy him. You are to be taken into custody within six hours of the reading of the letter, to be kept straitly until the sailing of the Santa Teresa, and to be sent home aboard of her in irons. The lady is to go also, with all honor, and with women to attend her. Upon reaching London, you are to be sent to the Tower, the lady to Whitehall. The Court of High Commission will take the matter under consideration at once. My Lord of Southampton writes that, because of the urgent entreaty of Sir George Yeardley, he will do for you all that lieth in his power, but that if you prove not yourself conformable there will be little that any can do."

"When will the marshal be here?" I demanded.

"Directly. The Governor was sending for him when I left the window. Master Rolfe spoke vehemently for you, and would have left the Council to come to you; but the Governor, swearing that the Company should not be betrayed by its officers, constrained him to remain. I'm not the Company's officer, so I may tell its orders if I please. A masterless man may speak without fear or favor. I have told you all I know." Before I could speak he was gone, closing the door heavily behind him.

I turned to the King's ward. She had risen from the chair, and now stood in the centre of the room, one hand at her bosom, the other clenched at her side, her head thrown up. She looked as she had looked at Weyanoke, that first night.

"Madam," I said under my breath.

She turned her face upon me. "Did you think," she asked in a low, even

voice, "did you think that I would ever set my foot upon that ship, — that ship on the river there? One ship brought me here upon a shameful errand; another shall not take me upon one more shameful still."

She took her hand from her bosom; in it gleamed in the firelight the small dagger I had given her that night. She laid it on the table, but kept her hand upon it. "You will choose for me, sir," she declared.

I went to the door and looked out. "It is a wild night," I said. "I can suit it with as wild an enterprise. Make a bundle of your warmest clothing, madam, and wrap your mantle about you. Will you take Angela?"

"No," she answered. "I will not have her peril too upon me."

As she stood there, her hand no longer upon the dagger, the large tears welled into her eyes and fell slowly over her white cheeks. "It is for mine honor, sir," she said. "I know that I ask your death."

I could not bear to see her weep, and so I spoke roughly. "I have told you before," I said, "that your honor is my honor. Do you think I would sleep to-morrow night, in the hold of the Santa Teresa, knowing that my wife supped with my Lord Carnal?"

I crossed the room to take my pistols from the rack. As I passed her she caught my hand in hers, and bending pressed her lips upon it. "You have been very good to me," she murmured. "Do not think me an ingrate."

Five minutes later she came from her own room, hooded and mantled, and with a packet of clothing in her hand. I extinguished the torches, then opened the door. As we crossed the threshold, we paused as by one impulse and looked back into the firelit warmth of the room; then I closed the door softly behind us, and we went out into the night.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSION OF HUMOR.

IN The Last Tournament we are told how

"Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table
Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a withered leaf before the hall."

That is the view which many worthy people take of the humorist. He is Sir Dagonet. Among the serious persons who are doing the useful work of the world, discovering its laws, classifying its facts, forecasting its future, this light-minded, light-hearted creature comes with his untimely jests. In their idle moments they tolerate the mock-knight, but when important business is on hand they dismiss him, as did Sir Tristram, with

"Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

This is a survival of the feeling of the unhumorous Middle Ages, when kings and nobles, in order to mitigate the preternatural dullness of their own conversation, were compelled to employ professional jesters. The hired jester suggests a dearth of spontaneous humor, just as the hired mourner suggests a dearth of natural sympathy.

Humor is something more than the capacity to make or enjoy a jest. It is not like looking at the grotesque image in a convex mirror. It is a way of looking at real things; it is a kind of insight into fleeting forms of truth which otherwise might escape us altogether. Thackeray defines humor as "a mixture of love and wit." An old English writer defines wit as "quick wisdom." It is, one might say, wisdom with a hair trigger.

A mixture of love and quick wisdom is a very good thing to have. It has a high intellectual and moral value. To be destitute of the sense of humor is a serious misfortune, particularly as no

adequate provision has been made by society for persons belonging to this defective class. There are few, however, in whom the affliction is total. Almost everyone has some sense of humor, just as there is gold in sea water, though not enough to make its extraction commercially profitable.

This is a big world, and it is serious business to live in it. It makes many demands. It requires intensity of thought and strenuousness of will and solidity of judgment. Great tasks are set before us. We catch fugitive glimpses of beauty, and try to fix them forever in perfect form, — that is the task of art. We see thousands of disconnected facts, and try to arrange them in orderly sequence, — that is the task of science. We see the ongoing of eternal force, and seek some reason for it, — that is the task of philosophy.

But when art and science and philosophy have done their best, there is a great deal of valuable material left over. There are facts that will not fit into any theory, but which keep popping up at us from the most unexpected places. Nobody can tell where they come from or why they are here; but here they are. Try as hard as we may for perfection, the net result of our labors is an amazing variety of imperfectnesses. We are surprised at our own versatility in being able to fail in so many different ways. Everything is under the reign of strict law; but many queer things happen, nevertheless. What are we to do with all the waifs and strays? What are we to do with all the sudden incongruities which mock at our wisdom and destroy the symmetry of our ideas?

The solemnly logical intelligence ignores their existence. An amateur philosopher once gave me an essay in which he proved that animals suffer no pain.

I ventured to point out a few indications to the contrary. He replied: "Impossible! Animals suffer no pain; if they did, it would be contrary to my system of philosophy."

More sensitive natures allow themselves to be worried by these incongruities which they cannot ignore. It seems to them that whenever they are in earnest the world conspires to mock them. Continually they feel that intellect and conscience are insulted by little whippersnappers of facts that have no business to be in an orderly universe. They can expose a lie, and feel a certain superiority in doing it; but a little unclassified, irreconcilable truth drives them to their wits' end.

Just here comes in the beneficent mission of humor. It takes these unassorted realities that are the despair of the sober intelligence, and it extracts from them pure joy. One may have learned to enjoy the sublime, the beautiful, the useful, the orderly, but he misses something if he has not also learned to enjoy the incongruous, the illusive, and the unexpected. Artistic sensibility finds its satisfaction only in the perfect. Humor is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect. Its objects are not so high—but there are more of them.

There are a great many ideas that have a very insecure tenure. They hold their place by a sort of squatter sovereignty. By and by science will come along and evict them, but in the meantime these homely folk make very pleasant neighbors. All they ask is that we shall not take them too seriously.

That a thing is not to be taken too seriously does not imply that it is either unreal or unimportant; it only means that it is not to be taken that way. There is, for example, a pickaninny on a Southern plantation. The anthropologist measures his skull, and calls it by a long Latin name. The psychologist carefully records his nervous reactions. The pedagogical expert makes

him the victim of that form of inquisition known as "child study." The missionary perplexes himself in vain attempting to get at his soul. Then there comes along a person of another sort. At the first look, a genial smile of recognition comes over the face of this new spectator. He is the first one who has seen the pickaninny. The one essential truth about a black, chubby, kinky-haired pickaninny is that, when he rolls up his eyes till only the whites are visible, he is irresistibly funny. This is what theologians term "the substance of doctrine" concerning the pickaninny.

When Charles Lamb slipped on the London pavement, he found delight in watching the chimney sweep who stood laughing at his misfortune. "There he stood irremovable, as though the jest were to last forever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight." There were many middle-aged London citizens who could no more appreciate that kind of pleasure than a Hottentot could appreciate an oratorio. That is only saying that the average citizen and the average Hottentot have, as Wordsworth mildly puts it, "faculties which they have never used."

At its lowest, humor, like everything else, is a coarse and unfriendly thing. Caliban, lying in the mire, had his own idea of the amusing. It consisted in catching crickets and other small grigs and pinching them.

"In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,

And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should laugh."

But by and by the cruel cackle of Caliban gives way to a mirth that is human and genial, quenching our thirst "like a beaker full of the warm south." The coarse man, with an undeveloped

sense of humor, laughs at others; it is a far finer thing for a person to be able to laugh at himself. When a man comes to appreciate his own blunders, he has found an inexhaustible supply of innocent enjoyment.

The pleasure of humor is of a complex kind. There are some works of art that can be enjoyed by the man of one idea. To enjoy humor one must have at least two ideas. There must be two trains of thought going at full speed in opposite directions, so that there may be a collision. Such an accident does not happen in minds under economical management, that run only one train of thought a day.

It is noteworthy, also, that humor is one of the few mental processes that we can carry on only when we are awake. In our sleep we have certain æsthetic sensibilities. We dream of beautiful objects and are conscious of a vague sublimity; we have ethical emotions, such as remorse for sins we never committed; we can philosophize, too, after a fashion quite transcendental. But there is one thing we cannot do in our sleep: no matter how incongruous our ideas are, we cannot realize that they are absurd. In order to pass that judgment we must be awake.

Psychologists speak of "the association of ideas." It is a pleasant thought; but the fact is that it is a difficult matter to get ideas to associate in a neighborly way. In many minds the different groups are divided by conventional lines, and there are aristocratic prejudices separating the classes from the masses. The Working Hypothesis, honest son of toil that he is, does not expect so much as a nod of recognition from the High Moral Principle who walks by in his Sunday clothes. The steady Habit does not associate with the high-bred Sentiment. They do not belong to the same set. Only in the mind of the humorist is there a true democracy. Here everybody knows everybody. Even the prig-

gish Higher Thought is not allowed to enjoy a sense of superiority. Plain Common Sense slaps him on the back, calls him by his first name, and bids him not make a fool of himself.

Of the two ingredients which Thackeray mentions, the first, love, is that which gives body; the addition of wit gives the effervescence. The pleasure of wit lies in its unexpectedness. In humor there is the added pleasure of really liking that which surprises us. It is like meeting an old friend in an unexpected place. "What, you here?" we say. This is the kind of pleasure we get from Dr. Johnson's reply to the lady who asked why he had put a certain definition in his dictionary: "Pure ignorance, madam."

The fact is that long ago we made the acquaintance of one whom Bunyan describes as "a brisk young lad named Ignorance." He is a dear friend of ours, and we are on very familiar terms with him when we are at home; but we do not expect to meet him in fine society. Suddenly we turn the corner, and we see him walking arm in arm with so great a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson. At once we are at our ease in the presence of the great man; it seems we have a mutual acquaintance.

Another element in real humor is a certain detachment of mind. We must not be afraid, or jealous, or angry; in order to take a really humorous view of any character, we must be in a position to see all around it. If I were brought before Fielding's Squire Western on charge of poaching, and if I had a pheasant concealed under my coat, I should not be able to appreciate what an amusing person the squire is. I should be inclined to take him very seriously.

The small boy who pins a paper to the schoolmaster's coat tail imagines that he has achieved a masterpiece of humor. But he is not really in a position to reap the fruits of his perilous adventure. It is a fearful and precarious

joy which he feels. What if the schoolmaster should turn around? That would be tragedy. Neither the small boy nor the schoolmaster gets the full flavor of humor. But suppose an old friend of the schoolmaster happens just then to look in at the door. His delight in the situation has a mellowness far removed from the anxious, ambiguous glee of the urchin. He knows that the small boy is not so wicked as he thinks he is, and the schoolmaster is not so terrible as he seems. He remembers the time when the schoolmaster was up to the same pranks. So, from the assured position of middle age, he looks upon the small boy that was and upon the small boy that is, and finds them both very good, — much better, indeed, than at this moment they find each other.

It is this sense of the presence of a tolerant spectator, looking upon the incidents of the passing hour, which we recognize in the best literature. Books that are meant simply to be funny are very short-lived. The first reception of a joke awakens false expectations. It is received with extravagant heartiness. But when, encouraged by this hospitality, it returns again and again, its welcome is worn out. There is something melancholy in a joke deserted in its old age.

The test of real literature is that it will bear repetition. We read over the same pages again and again, and always with fresh delight. This bars out all mere jocosity. A certain kind of wit, which depends for its force on mere verbal brilliancy, has the same effect. The writers whom we love are those whose humor does not glare or glitter, but which has an iridescent quality. It is the perpetual play of light and color which enchants us. We are conscious all the time that the light is playing on a real thing. It is something more than a clever trick; there is an illumination.

Erasmus, in dedicating his *Praise of Folly* to Sir Thomas More, says: —

“I conceived that this would not be least approved by you, inasmuch as you are wont to be delighted with such kind of pleasantry as is neither unlearned nor altogether insipid. Such is your sweetness of temper that you can and like to carry yourself to all men a man of all hours. Unless an overweening opinion of myself may have made me blind, I have praised folly not altogether foolishly. I have moderated my style, that the understanding reader may perceive that my endeavor is to make mirth rather than to bite.”

Erasmus has here described a kind of humor that is consistent with seriousness of purpose. The characteristics he notes are good temper, insight into human nature, a certain reserve, and withal a gentle irony that makes the praise of folly not displeasing to the wise. It is a way of looking at things characteristic of men like Chaucer and Cervantes and Montaigne and Shakespeare, and Bunyan and Fielding and Addison, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb and Walter Scott. In America, we have seen it in Irving and Dr. Holmes and James Russell Lowell.

I have left out of the list one whom nature endowed for the supreme man of humor among Englishmen, — Jonathan Swift. Charles Lamb argues against the common notion that it is a misfortune to a man to have a surly disposition. He says it is not his misfortune; it is the misfortune of his neighbors. It is our misfortune that the man who might have been the English Cervantes had a surly disposition. Dean Swift's humor would have been irresistible, if it had only been good humor.

One of the best examples of humor pervading a work of the utmost seriousness of purpose is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is not a funny book; the humor is not tacked on as a moral is tacked on to a fable, nor does it appear by way of an interlude to relieve the tension of the mind. It is so

deeply interfused, so a part and parcel of the religious teaching, that many readers overlook it altogether. One may read the book a dozen times without a smile, and after that he may recognize the touch of the born humorist on every page. Bunyan himself recognized the quality of his work: —

"Some there be that say he laughs too loud,
And some do say his head is in a cloud.

One may, I think, say both his laughs and
cries

May well be guessed at by his wat'ry eyes.
Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth
ache."

There speaks the real humorist; not the merry andrew laughing at his meaningless pranks, but one whose quick imagination is at play when his conscience is most overtaken. Even in the Valley of Humiliation, where the fierce Apollyon was wont to fright the pilgrims, they heard a boy singing cheerily, —

"He that is down need fear no fall."

And Mr. Great Heart said: "Do you hear him? I dare say that boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet." It is a fine spirit that can find time, on such a strenuous pilgrimage, to listen to these wayside songs.

Take the character sketch of Mr. Fearing: —

"Now as they walked together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing that came on a pilgrimage out of his parts?

"*Honest.* Yes, very well, said he. He was a man that had the root of the matter in him, but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met in all my days.

"*Great Heart.* Why, he was always afraid he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of that had but the least appearance of

opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring in the Slough of Despond for about a month together. . . . Well, after he had lain in the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured and so got over; but when he was over he would scarce believe it. He had, I believe, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough he carried everywhere with him. . . . When he came to the Hill Difficulty he made no stick at that; nor did he much fear the lions; for you must know his trouble was not about such things as those. . . . When he was come at Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men at the fair. . . . He was a man of choice spirit though he kept himself very low."

Poor Mr. Fearing! We all have been made uncomfortable by him. But we love Bunyan for that touch about the lions, for we know it is true. Easy things go hard with Mr. Fearing; but give him something difficult, like going up San Juan hill in the face of a withering fire, and Mr. Fearing can keep up with the best Rough Rider of them all. It takes Mr. Great Heart to do justice to Mr. Fearing.

It is the mission of a kindly humor to take a person full of foibles and weaknesses and suddenly to reveal his unsuspected nobleness. And there is considerable room for this kind of treatment; for there are a great many lovable people whose virtues are, not chronic, but sporadic. These virtues grow up, one knows not how, without visible means of support in the general character, and in defiance of moral science; and yet it is a real pleasure to see them.

There are two very different kinds of humor. One we naturally describe as a flavor, the other as an atmosphere. We speak of the flavor of the essays of Charles Lamb. It is a discovery we make very much as Bobo made the discovery of roast pig. The mind of Charles Lamb was like a capacious kettle hang-

ing from the crane in the fireplace; all sorts of savory ingredients were thrown into it, and the whole was kept gently simmering, but never allowed to come to the boil.

Lamb says, "C. declares that a man cannot have a good conscience who refuses apple dumpling, and I confess that I am of the same opinion." I am inclined to pass that kind of judgment on the person who does not have a comfortable feeling of satisfaction in reading for the twentieth time *The Complaint on the Decay of Beggars*, and the *Praise of Chimney Sweepers*.

Charles Lamb is not jocose. He likes to theorize. Now, your prosaic theorist has a very laborious task. He tries to get all the facts under one formula. This is very ticklish business. It is like the game of Pigs in Clover. He gets all the facts but one into the inner circle. By a dexterous thrust he gets that one in, and the rest are out.

Lamb is a philosopher who does not have this trouble. He does not try to fit all the facts to one theory. That seems to him too economical, when theories are so cheap. With large-hearted generosity he provides a theory for every fact. He clothes the ragged exception with all the decent habiliments of a universal law. He picks up a little ragamuffin of a fact, and warms its heart and points out its great relations. He is not afraid of generalizing from insufficient data; he has the art of making a delightful summer out of a single swallow. When we turn to the essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, we do not think of asking for statistics. If one tailor was melancholy, that was enough to justify the generalization. When we find a tailor who is not melancholy, it will be time to make another theory to fit his case.

This is the charm of Lamb's letter to the gentleman who inquired "whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable know-

ledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet amounts to, by dint of persevering application and good masters, may hope to arrive within a presumable number of years at that degree of attainment that would entitle the possessor to the character of a *learned man*." The answer is candid, serious, and exhaustive. No false hopes are encouraged. The difficulties are plainly set forth. "However," it is said, "where all cannot be compassed, much may be accomplished; but I must not, in fairness, conceal from you that you have much to do." The question is thoroughly discussed as to whether it would be well for him to enter a primary school. "You say that you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is nowhere to be had but in the public school. But have you considered the nature of the emulation belonging to those of tender years which you would come in competition with?"

Do you think these dissertations a waste of time? If you do, it is sufficient evidence that you sadly need them; for they are the antitoxin to counteract the bacillus of pedantry. Were I appointed by the school board to consider the applicants for teachers' certificates, after they had passed the examination in the arts and sciences, I should subject them to a more rigid test. I should hand each candidate Lamb's essays on *The Old and New Schoolmaster* and on *Imperfect Sympathies*. I should make him read them to himself, while I sat by and watched. If his countenance never relaxed, as if he were inwardly saying, "That's so," I should withhold the certificate. I should not consider him a fit person to have charge of innocent youth.

Just as we naturally speak of the flavor of Charles Lamb, so we speak of the atmosphere of Cervantes or of Fielding. We are out of doors in the sunshine. All sorts of people are doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; and we are glad that we are there to see them. It is one of the

" charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow ;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
But a tempest cannot blow."

Incidents which in themselves are unpleasant and irritating, characters which presented in just a little different way might be repulsive, add to our good cheer and satisfaction. The great thing is that we feel that we are among friends. No writer can produce this effect unless he is really moved by a friendly spirit.

Dickens is an example of the way in which a man's humor is limited to the sphere of his sympathies. How genial is the atmosphere which surrounds Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Sam Weller! Whatever they do, they can never go wrong. But when we turn to the American Notes or to the American part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, we are conscious of a difference. There is no atmosphere to relieve the dreariness. Mr. Jefferson Brick is not amusing; he is odious. The people on the Ohio River steamer do not make us smile by their absurdities. Dickens lets us see how he despises the whole lot. He is fretful and peevish. He fails utterly to catch the humor of the frontier. He is unable to follow out the hint which Mark Tapley gave when, looking over the dreary waste of Eden on the Mississippi, he said apologetically, "Eden ain't all built yet."

To an Englishman that does not mean much, but to an American it is wonderfully appealing. *Martin Chuzzlewit* saw only the ignominious contrast between the prospectus and the present reality. Eden was a vulgar fraud, and that was the end of it. The American, with invincible optimism, looking upon the same scene, sees something more! He smiles, perhaps, a little cynically at the incongruity between the prospectus and the present development, and then his fancy chuckles at what his fancy sees in the future. "Eden ain't all built yet," — that's a fact. But just think what Eden will be when it is all built!

By the way, there is one particularly good thing about the atmosphere: it prevents our being hit by meteors. The meteor, when it strikes the upper air, usually ignites, and that is the end of it. There are some minds that have not enough atmosphere to protect them. They are pelted continually; whatever is unpleasant comes to them in solid chunks. There are others more fortunately surrounded, who escape this impact. All that is seen is a flash in the upper air. They are none the worse for passing through a meteoric shower of petty misfortunes.

Our view of our fellow men is much pleasanter, and, I think, not less true, when we see their shortcomings through an atmosphere which softens some of their angularities. That fine old English divine, Dr. South, has a sermon in which he defends the thesis that it is a greater guilt to enjoy the contemplation of our neighbor's sins than to commit the same sins in our own proper person. That seems to me very hard doctrine. We ought not to enjoy our own sins; if we must not enjoy our neighbor's, what can we enjoy?

I am inclined to make a distinction. There are some faults which ought to be taken seriously at all times, but there are others which the neighbors should be allowed to enjoy, if they can. They belong to comedy, not to tragedy.

Shakespeare, in the sixty-sixth sonnet, in his enumeration of the things which make him tired of life, mingles the lesser with the greater evils: —

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be
gone."

Now, some of these things are distinctly tragical, but others may be described as

moral incongruities. In certain moods they are intolerable, but Shakespeare did not always feel that way.

Suppose you had asked Shakespeare: "Now, honor bright, do you always want to die to be saved from the sight of 'needy nothing trimm'd in jollity'? Is that the way you feel when Justice Shallow slaps Sir John Falstaff on the back and says, 'Ha! It was a merry night, Sir John'? Are you really irritated beyond endurance because in this world, where many virtuous people have a hard time, such trifling fellows as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are trimmed in jollity and have their cakes and ale? When folly puts on doctor-like airs, is it always disagreeable to you? Would you have Dogberry put off the watch, to give place to some worthy man who could pass the civil service examination?"

I am afraid that you would find much of your sympathy misplaced. Shakespeare would turn to you as Touchstone did to Corin when he was asked how he liked the shepherd's life:—

"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

The Shakespearean philosophy of life has room in it for all sorts of people, and they are not all in their right places. There are amazing incongruities between station and character. It is not a very orderly world, and not at all like what we expected when we came into it, and yet we cannot take a very gloomy view of it. In respect to itself it is a good world, yet in respect that it is not finished it leaves much to be desired. Yet in respect that it leaves much to be desired and much to be done by us, it is perhaps better *for us* than if it were finished. In respect that many things happen that are opposed to our views of the eternal fitness of things, it is a perplexing world. Yet in respect that we have a happy faculty for enjoying the occasional unfitness of things, it is delightful. On the whole, we sum up with Touchstone, "It suits my humor well."

The contest of wits between the inventors of projectiles and the makers of armor plate seemed at one time settled by Harvey's process for rendering the surface of the resisting steel so hard that the missiles hurled against it were shattered. The answer of the gunmakers was made by attaching a tip of softer metal to the shell. The soft tip received the first shock of the impact, and it was found that the penetrating power of the shell was increased enormously. The scientific explanation I have forgotten. I may, however, hazard an anthropomorphic explanation. If there is any human nature in the atoms of steel, I can see a great advantage in having the softer particles go before the hard, to have a momentary yielding before the inevitable crash. When they are hurtling through the air, tense and strained by the initial velocity till it seems that they must fly apart, it is a great thing to have a group of good-humored, happy-go-lucky atoms in the front, who call out cheerily: "Come along, boys! Don't take it too hard; we're in for it." And sure enough, before they have time to fall apart they are in. Those whose thoughts and purposes have most penetrated the hard prejudices of their time have learned this lesson.

Your unhumorous reformer, with painful intensity of moral self-consciousness, cries out:—

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

He takes himself and his cause always with equal seriousness. He hurls himself against the accumulated wrongs and the invincible ignorance of the world, and there is a great crash; but somehow, the world seems to survive the shock better than he does. It is a tough old world, and bears a great deal of pounding. Indeed, it has been pounded so much and so long that it has become quite solid.

Now and then, however, there comes along a reformer whose zeal is tipped

with humor. His thought penetrates where another man's is only shattered. That is what made Luther so effective. He struck heavy blows at the idols men adored. But he was such a genial, whole-souled iconoclast that those who were most shocked at him could not help liking him—between times. He would give a smashing blow at the idol, and then a warm hand grasp and a hearty "God bless you" to the idolater; and then idolater and iconoclast would be down on the floor together, trying to see if there were any pieces of the idol worth saving. It was all so unexpected and so incongruous and so shocking, and yet so unaffectedly religious and so surprisingly the right thing to do, that the upshot of it all was that people went away saying, "Dr. Martin is n't such a bad fellow, after all."

Luther's Table Talk penetrated circles which were well protected against his theological treatises. Men were conscious of a good humor even in his invective; for he usually gave them time to see the kindly twinkle in his eye before he knocked them down.

In order to engage Karlstadt in a controversy, Luther drew out a florin from his pocket and cried heartily, "Take it! Attack me boldly!" Karlstadt took it, put it in his purse, and gave it to Luther. Luther then drank to his health. Then Karlstadt pledged Luther. Then Luther said, "The more violent your attacks, the more I shall be delighted." Then they gave each other their hands and parted. One can almost be reconciled to theological controversy, when it is conducted in a manner so truly sportsmanlike.

Luther had a way of characterizing a person in a sentence, that was much more effective than his labored vituperation (in which, it must be confessed, he was a master). Thus, speaking of the attitude of Erasmus, he said, "Erasmus stands looking at creation like a calf at a new door." It was very un-

just to Erasmus, and yet the picture sticks in the mind; for it is such a perfect characterization of the kind of mind that we are all acquainted with, which looks at the marvels of creation with the wide-eyed gaze of bovine youthfulness, curious, not to know how that door came there, but only to know whether it leads to something to eat.

The humor of Luther suggests that of Abraham Lincoln. Both were men of the people, and their humor had a flavor of the soil. They were alike capable of deep dejection, but each found relief in spontaneous laughter. The surprise of the grave statesmen when Lincoln would preface a discussion with a homely anecdote of the frontier was of the same kind felt by the sixteenth-century theologians when Luther turned aside from his great arguments, which startled Europe, to tell a merry tale in ridicule of the pretensions of the monks.

If I were to speak of the humorist as a philosopher, some of the gravest of the philosophers would at once protest. Humor, they say, has no place in their philosophy; and they are quite right. Indeed, it is doubtful if a humorist would ever make a good, systematic philosopher. He is a modest person. He is only a gleaner following the reapers; but he manages to pick up a great many grains of wisdom which they overlook.

Dante pictures the sages of antiquity as forever walking on a verdant mead, "with eyes slow and grave, and with great authority in their looks;" as if, in the other world, they were continually oppressed by the wisdom they had acquired in this. But I can imagine a gathering of philosophers in a different fashion. Gravely they have come, each bearing his ponderous volume, in which he has explained the universe and settled the destiny of mankind. Then, suddenly, in contrast with their theories, the reality is disclosed. The incorrigible pedants and dogmatists turn away in sullen disappointment; but from all

true lovers of wisdom there arises a peal of mellow laughter, as each one realizes the enormous incongruity between what he knew and what he thought he knew.

The discovery that things are not always as they seem is one that some people make in this world. They get a glimpse of something that is going on behind the scenes, and their smile is very disconcerting to the sober spectators around them.

Sometimes it is the bitter smile of disillusion. Matthew Arnold wrote of Heine:—

"The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men,—
Their vaunts, their feats, — let a sardonic
smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine."

But there is another kind of smile evoked by the incongruity between the appearance and the reality. It is the smile that comes when behind some mask that had affrighted us we recognize a familiar and friendly face.

The smile of Heine was not more characteristic than the smile of Emerson. Emerson's was the smile, not of disillusion, but of recognition. Emerson's philosophy was dissolved in humor. He was not less, but more of a humorist, because the incongruities in which he delighted were not of his own invention, but were involved in the very nature of things. They were the result, not of the play of fancy, but of the free play of reason. To his quick insight, the actual world was no more like the formal descriptions of the system makers than the successive attitudes of a galloping horse as caught by the camera are like the pose of the equestrian statue. His mind caught the instantaneous views of the world as it was continually dissolving and recombining before him. It was all

very surprising, and he smiled as he saw how much better things turned out than might have been expected.

"Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
Endless dirges to decay.

And yet it seemeth not to me
That the high gods love tragedy;
For Saadi sat in the sun.

Sunshine in his heart transferred,
Lighted each transparent word.

And thus to Saadi said the Muse:
'Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing, — Fortune seeketh thee.

On thine orchard's edge belong
All the brags of plume and song.

Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find:
Behold, he watches at the door!
Behold his shadow on the floor!"

In the book of Proverbs, Wisdom says, "I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence." But there is another member of the household. It is Humor, sister of serene Wisdom and of the heavenly Prudence. She does not often laugh, and when she does it is mostly at her sister Wisdom, who cannot long resist the infection. There is not one set smile upon her face, as if she contemplated an altogether amusing world. The smiles that come and go are shy, elusive things, but they cannot remain long in hiding.

Wisdom, from her high house, takes wide views, and Prudence peers anxiously into the future; but gentle Humor loves to take short views; she delights in homely things, and continually finds surprises in that which is most familiar. Wisdom goes on laborious journeys, and comes home bringing her treasures from afar; and Humor matches them, every one, with what she has found in the dooryard.

Samuel M. Crothers.

JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

"Where the gods have asked for one gift,
I have ever given them twain."

IN the following pages the story of the remarkable life of the late John Murray Forbes is told in brief, at the request of the editor of *The Atlantic*, by one who had the privilege of knowing him as a friend for forty years. Its moral is, what power and help may be in a good private citizen in a republic. How great a force, and always for good, this man has been in his state and in his country few have known. For, with regard to his own work, at least, it was an axiom with him, "So the thing is done, it is no matter who does it."

He came of a clan long notable in Scotland. Though not in the direct line of Forbes of Culloden, "the Lord President," whose name shines conspicuous with the clear light of sense and virtue out of the cruel history of his time, they might have been brothers, so great is the likeness of their public services and correspondence. The letters of the American Forbes show an equally ardent, wise, and unselfish servant of his country with the author of the Culloden Papers, in an even greater national crisis. Though he wrote or inspired many an editorial, or even bill in the state or national legislature, his own name appeared only at the end of private letters. Fortunately, he lived long enough to have leisure at last to have written down for his grandchildren his memories of an active life, including many letters. He had no plan of publishing these recollections; but their range is so wide, the events of which they treat are so varied and important, and the correspondents so interesting that a selection from them, with many of the letters, will soon be given to the public, edited by his daugh-

ter. From these I have been kindly allowed to quote.

Mr. Forbes's active life — a ten-man-power activity — lasted through the latter two thirds of the nineteenth century, and was concerned in large issues of foreign and domestic trade, transportation by land and sea, the development of the great West, the anti-slavery question, the civil war and all its problems, with finance and tariff and good government. Thus he was brought into relations with leading men in commerce and with the statesmen and the reformers of the age, and socially with great numbers of people. So manifold and so varied were the tasks to which, especially in the years of the civil war, he set his mind and his helpful shoulder that they can be hardly more than catalogued in the short space of a magazine article.

In the last century Reverend John Forbes came from Scotland to Florida, and married Dorothea Murray. Their son, Ralph Bennet Forbes, settled near Boston, and married Margaret, the sister of Colonel Thomas H. and James Perkins, leading citizens and merchants of Boston in the beginning of this century.

Mr. Ralph Forbes's business called him to France, and thither his spirited wife followed him with her two boys¹ during the war of 1812, in a little schooner which had the misfortune to be captured by an English warship. Mrs. Forbes was courteously treated by her captors, and at last safely reached her husband in Bordeaux. In that city, on the 23d of February, 1813, John Murray Forbes was born. He used to say, "I am assured my title to citizenship is as good as anybody's," in spite of his foreign birth. It turned out well for his country that he had, and improved, this

known as a captain of clipper ships, a merchant, and an excellent citizen.

¹ Thomas and Robert Bennet Forbes. The former died in China; the latter was well

right to serve her. The voyage of this young citizen to America with his family on their return, when he was three months old, was more long, hazardous, and uncomfortable than their outward passage, lasting many weeks, during which time they were in action with British vessels, and later were captured by one.

Mr. Ralph Forbes then settled in Milton. He is said to have been a man of energy and courage, generous and kind, but not successful in business. When he died, after a long sickness, his brave wife found herself with a family of seven children, only three of them boys, in narrow circumstances. Self-denial, mutual help, and the necessity of early and vigorously taking up the burden of life proved the best of tutors to her sons. Their uncles, James and Thomas H. Perkins, gave the boys in succession places in their countingroom on Commercial Wharf, and young Thomas was soon sent to their branch house in China, while Bennet went to sea before the mast, and showed ability which gave him command of a ship before he was of age.

John was sent to school first at Andover, but later to the excellent Round Hill School at Northampton. Mr. Cogswell, the master, had seen the world, and seems to have been a man of large pattern, and withal sympathetic with boys. George Bancroft was the assistant master. The boys' physical development was considered to an unusual degree for that day. They took walking journeys in the vacations, and wrestling was encouraged, and young Forbes was taught to ride, an accomplishment that he was to use almost daily for the next seventy years. The boy's letters to his mother, while simple and affectionate, seem mature, and show his sense of the responsibilities that awaited him. At fifteen he left the school to begin his life's work. Mr. Cogswell had found out in the three years the quality of metal that was in

John Forbes and the use he had made of his opportunities. He wrote thus to his mother: "It is not mere length of time in which he has been my pupil that attaches me strongly to him; a stronger tie is the uncommon worth and irreproachable character he has maintained in this relation."

The boy went straight from school to begin at the foot of the mercantile ladder in the countingroom of his uncles. He stayed with them nearly two years, making long days in office, warehouse, and on the wharves, seldom having a chance for the long walk to his Milton home. He was in correspondence with his brother Tom in China, who shared with John his right to make small ventures in their uncles' ships; so that when, after two years, John himself sailed for China in the *Lintin*, of which his brother Robert Bennet was master, he had a little capital of one thousand dollars nursed up from the result of these ventures.

Meantime, Tom, the gallant and promising head of the family, had been lost in a typhoon while on a trip from Macao to Canton. John arrived in Hong Kong in November, 1830, and was taken as a clerk into the house of Russell and Company, into which the business of the Perkinses was now merged. Mr. Augustine Heard, of Boston, was an active manager. But an interesting experience was in store for the young clerk. He was introduced and recommended by Mr. Cushing, of Boston, to Hou-quah, the chief of the company which then conducted all the foreign trade in China. Hou-quah, who had loved Tom Forbes, at once took his young brother into his full confidence, had him read and write his letters, charter and load ships, and handle for him vast amounts of property. For this man, whose portrait hung for years in his Boston office, Mr. Forbes had great regard.

Two years of active work in an enervating climate told on young Forbes, and he returned to recruit his health. The

voyages in those days, by slow-sailing vessels around the Cape of Good Hope, made long and dull chapters in eager and busy lives. Danger had its turn, but unless severe disaster required manning the pumps, there were often continuous weeks of quiet sailing in those four months' voyages. Mr. Forbes, happily, had other than the business side to his mind. He rejoiced in the sea in its active moods, but in the calms or the trade-wind sailing he betook himself to books; his taste for literature was good, and withal, like old Duncan of Culloiden, he had a spice of romance in his character, and he loved poetry, ballads and song. Copying these into his commonplace book was a resource to him on his voyages, and in the drive of his busy later life he often quoted fragments of them.

Mr. Forbes remained only a year at home, during which time he was married to Miss Hathaway, of New Bedford, and he sailed for China in March, 1834, meaning so to arrange his affairs that he could live at home. But on his arrival, in August, in Hong Kong he was confronted by a most embarrassing problem. He found that, by an arrangement made without his knowledge some time before by his cousin, Mr. Cushing, he had already been a partner in the house of Russell and Company since the first of January, and was from that time entitled to his share of the profits, if he would ratify the agreement and consent to stay. It was a brilliant offer to a youth of twenty-one, yet it seemed almost impossible for him to accept. Hong Kong was no place for his wife; the long rough voyage and the climate were forbidding. On the other hand, the interests of the Boston allies of the house seemed imperatively to demand his remaining; for Mr. Augustine Heard, though ill, said that, unless young Forbes did so, he would stay until he died. Houqua too would put in his business with the firm, on the condition that Mr. Forbes

would give it his personal attention. So he reluctantly agreed to remain three years. The work, though interesting, was severe, and the life a making-the-best-of-it. In the selections from his *Old Scrap Book* that Mr. Forbes amused himself with printing in his later years occurs a picture of the life, modeled on Byron's

"Know ye the land where the vine and the myrtle;"

beginning,

"Know ye the land where the bamboo and queue are,"

and ending,

"Where the flowers have no smell, and no flavor the fruit,

And 't is stupid to talk, and there 's nothing to shoot;

Where the earth is burnt-mud, and the sky is all blaze,

Where the dew is death-fog, and the air is red haze?

'T is the land of the East; 't is the region of curry

That slowly we come to, and leave in a hurry.

Know ye the land? My good friend, if you do,

By the Lord, I don't envy you; I know it too!"

Mr. Forbes's three years of service to win his freedom to return were a good training school. The relations of mutual respect and regard between him and Houqua continued. In his notes he speaks of the strict honor and fair dealing of the Chinese merchants. He sailed for home in March, 1837, having arranged to attend to Russell and Company's business in the United States for three years. His home-coming was not to be restful. He landed in the midst of the consternation occasioned by the great panic of 1837. The three great London houses through which most of the Chinese-American business was done had failed. Russell and Company had drawn large bills on them, and the goods represented by these sums, on their arrival, had depreciated because of the panic. Mr. Forbes had to strain every

resource to raise money to keep the firm's credit good. He succeeded, and the house rode out the storm.

He began his family life in Milton, building a house on the hill above the Neponset, where, a broad tidal river, it winds through the marshes to join the harbor, while the Blue Hill range made a noble horizon to the south and west. For the remaining sixty years of his life Milton Hill was his home. He soon built a comfortable brick house farther from the road. The bare pasture hillside he sheltered on the north and beautified with trees, and so wisely that, by his middle life, it seemed in winter as if his house were in a favored climate, yet in summer the sea breeze cooled it. He could see his ships come up the harbor, and Boston was within seven miles, which, from youth to age, rain or shine, he usually covered on horseback. The house of J. M. Forbes and Company was principally occupied with the China trade in the succeeding years, when the American clipper ships on racing models distanced all competition, often bringing back the first news of their own arrival at Hong Kong. They had the cream even of the English carrying business, and no passenger willingly took an English ship. As a merchant he was unusually successful, and the judgment and, more than that, the character of this young man had so impressed themselves on Russell and Company that he was constantly consulted by them, and often asked to arbitrate points in dispute.

But Mr. Forbes was not born to confine himself to matters of private business, however large. His knowledge, interests, and sympathies were wide, and the citizen soon began to be as apparent as the man of affairs. In 1843 he was appointed by the Boston merchants to draw up their answer to a circular sent them by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, asking suggestions for the mission about to be sent out to culti-

vate friendly relations with the empire of China. Such matters he looked at largely and humanely. His letter, written a few years later to a member of Congress, against any naval coercion of the Japanese into commercial intercourse, is important reading at the present crisis of our country, and makes one mourn the more the loss of this good man.

"A smaller force," he wrote, "may butcher thousands of men in petticoats and sink their arks, and the officers may call their Chinese junks 'men-of-war' and sing pæans over their glorious victory; but the glory will be all the navy will ever get. . . . and the conservative Whig government will have the discredit of an unsuccessful intervention in the affairs of a people whom even John Bull has been ashamed to attack."

In 1846 the failure of the potato crop caused the terrible famine in Ireland, and American sympathies were aroused. Mr. Forbes obtained from the government the use of the Jamestown, and, with his brother, Robert Bennet Forbes, as captain, she carried Boston's generous and abundant relief.

When, in 1836, he had received in China a suggestion from his brother Bennet to put some money into railroads, he wrote with speed, saying, "By no means invest any funds of mine in railway stocks, and I advise you to keep clear of them." In his notes written in his later years he says, "My judgment was sound in 1836 when I kept out of railroads," and proceeds to tell how ten years later he took hold of them, little dreaming of the load he was assuming when he became president of one. He met James F. Joy and John W. Brooks, the one a bright lawyer, and the other a very able engineer; they induced him to take an interest with a few merchants of New York and Boston in buying from the state of Michigan forty miles of primitive strap-iron railroad at seventy cents on a dollar. Until the

close of his life, fifty-two years thereafter, he never was out of the railroad harness; but then the directors of the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system said that to his far-seeing energy, his courage and sagacity, it owed a large measure of its success. The Michigan Central, his first railroad venture, was taken, poor, ill built, running a short way in thinly settled country, and opposed by many of the inhabitants. The "C. B. & Q.," its humble extension, is now a valued property, with seven thousand miles of well-laid road, a perfect equipment and organization, connecting the great Indian-corn country with the markets of the world. It was Mr. Forbes's nature, like a good draught horse, when he felt resistance, to put his shoulders to the collar to pull, and pull through. The words of one of the old partners of Russell and Company with regard to Mr. Forbes's relation to business may well be quoted: "He never seemed to me a man of acquisitiveness, but very distinctly one of constructiveness. His wealth was only an incident. I have seen many occasions when much more money might have been made by him in some business transaction but for this dominant passion for building up things. The good, also, which he anticipated for business and settlers through opening up the country always weighed much with him."

Mr. Forbes kept things in their proper relations; remembered that he was a man, and business his horse, — kept it *under* the saddle. Thus mounted, he looked at things from an advantageous point of view and largely. Therefore, in the long struggle between two different civilizations, political and ethical codes, that was steadily going on to its crisis in civil war, he heeded more and more, year by year, the call of the country to the good citizen. The brave defense of free speech in Faneuil Hall by young Wendell Phillips, till then unknown, after the murder of Lovejoy in 1837, won

Mr. Forbes's admiration. He left the Whig party when, on the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster deserted the cause of freedom, and in his letters he steadily strove to present the urgent issues of the time plainly and soberly to his friends and business correspondents, North and South, and in the other hemisphere. When one recalls the timid and respectful attitude toward the slaveholders of the Boston Whigs of culture and wealth, who had applauded the mobbing of Garrison, it is pleasant to read Mr. Forbes's letter, written just after Buchanan's election to the presidency in 1856, to a gentleman in Darien, Georgia. In this he clearly shows, and in a most friendly way, how the course of the South in trying to increase the area of slavery, not only within the Union, but by plans of seizing the continent and islands between the United States and Panama, is arousing, surely and rapidly, the instincts of the American people against this aristocratic and oligarchical scheme, and warns him that unless the South is content with her great present power she will surely be defeated in 1860. Mr. Forbes himself considered the wrong and mischief of slavery, but could show to one who did not, in the most good-natured and firm manner, the practical situation. At least he won his correspondent's respect as no "dough-faced" Northerner.

In these days, the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad had been built by Eastern capital to supersede the "prairie schooner" in carrying the swarming emigration across northern Missouri. Its stock stood in the name of three trustees, of whom Mr. Forbes was chairman; as his daughter rightly says, he was responsible for the wise *business* conduct of the road, and, however indignant he might be at border ruffianism, he could not, in justice to the stockholders, proclaim his distaste for pro-slavery methods in the market place. Nevertheless, he was a good Free-Soiler, and was one of those who supplied money and Sharp's rifles

to the brave young New Englanders who, sent by the Kansas Aid Society, were thronging over this very road to the territory to keep its fertile soil free from the noxious plant of slavery. Thus it happened strangely, in May, 1859, that John Brown, fresh from his victories over the invading ruffians of Missouri, spent the night under Mr. Forbes's roof, and told of the border strife to his neighbors, who were invited in to see the old Covenanter; and the next night the pro-slavery governor of Missouri occupied unwittingly the same bed that, the night before, had held the man for whose head he and the President had offered a great sum.

Mr. Forbes's wide business connection, his wider interests, and his social habit brought him into relations with the best minds of the country, and this helped him to appreciate the trend of events. It is interesting to learn that he was a correspondent of de Tocqueville, managed his business affairs in this country, and later those of his widow. Mr. Forbes was on good terms with Sumner; he knew but distrusted Seward. With Agassiz, Dr. Howe, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and Whittier he was in friendly relation. Fanny Kemble was a lifelong friend. For years he went to hear the preaching of his friend Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury. Mr. Emerson, on coming home from his Boston lectures, would often tell how "that good creature John Forbes was there, with his brother Bennet, and wanted to take me out to Milton with him." Dr. Holmes, in his younger days, was a frequent and cheery guest at the island which must now be mentioned.

At the shoulder of Cape Cod, like beads on the sleeve of Massachusetts, stretch to the southwest the Elizabeth Islands. Naushon, the largest of these, was bought in 1837 by Mr. Swain, of New Bedford, and Mr. Forbes. Its position between the mild waters of the Bay and the Sound, its two sheltered harbors, the noble beech woods at each end,

and broad breezy sheep downs between make it a perfect summer home. After Mr. Swain's death Mr. and Mrs. Forbes spent long summers at the Mansion House, gathering many friends under its roof for forty-one years. But from this Hesperis, just won, he was urgently called. The financial panic of 1857 sent him to England to borrow two millions of the Barings for the Michigan Central Railroad. His name and character won on "onerous terms," indeed, what was hard for most Americans to obtain then on any terms.

Mr. Forbes, sent by Massachusetts to the electoral college, voted for Lincoln in 1860. At the beginning of the next stormy year, Virginia asked her sister states to send delegates to a "Peace Congress" at Washington to devise means to avert a civil war. Mr. Forbes went as a Massachusetts delegate, but tells in his journal that he found the Southerners in the convention were ready to receive any concessions from us, "in the hope that it might do some good," but to promise nothing; "were asking the majority to yield to the minority all the great principles for which we were contending." Our delegates saw that nothing was to be gained except, by spinning out the debate, time for the North to make some little preparation for the sure outbreak on the part of the better prepared South. Mr. Forbes therefore left the debate to others, and turned his mind to the threatening emergencies. Even on his way down he had talked with S. M. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and found that he was ready to get President Lincoln safely to Washington, skillfully evading the rebel plots, and also planning the Annapolis route to Washington which was used for our troops when the railroad bridges were burned. With Mr. William Aspinwall and Lieutenant Fox, afterward Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Forbes concerted a plan to reinforce and supply Fort

Sumter, which delighted General Scott, but unhappily leaked out and was marred because there were still some officials in the Navy Department in sympathy with the Rebellion.

Two years before Mr. Forbes had made the acquaintance of John A. Andrew, and had been greatly pleased with him. From the moment of the outbreak of the war, Mr. Forbes, without any official position, strengthened the governor's hands with service, counsel, money, and moral support. He was well seconded by his friend Colonel Henry Lee, of Governor Andrew's staff. The call for troops came April 14; next day four regiments were nearly ready. General Scott wished the two for Baltimore to come through by rail. Mr. Forbes remembered Mr. Felton's warnings about the Baltimore route, and knew the urgent need of their speedily reaching Fortress Monroe, the key to the campaign, then held by only two companies of regulars. He and his brother, the captain, bought a chart, hurried to the State House, and pointed out the situation and the need. Governor Andrew took the responsibility of sending the troops by water. Mr. Forbes telegraphed to Scott's chief of staff, and instantly set to work to find vessels and captains. The work was well and quickly done. His telegram to Mr. Borden, at Fall River, I borrow, as illustrating the energy of his work and the tact which insured coöperation: "We send the four hundred men at two. Count upon your hurrying up. Must go right on board and start to-night, even at some extra cost. Massachusetts must keep up her end, *and you are the man to do it.*" Seeing the need of immediate preparation of much hard-tack, he respectfully brought it to the governor's attention. The concluding sentence of his letter shows a wisdom that would have been useful in last year's campaign in Cuba: "You cannot be too careful in getting a working business man for the commissariat. It will save the state thousands

of dollars and save *us* our credit when accounts come to be settled after enthusiasm boils past." The governor promptly acted on his advice.

Now followed a time of anxiety. What might not the South attempt against Massachusetts, their leading adversary? What more natural than that privateers should strike at the commerce of New England and New York, or capture the troopships? Southern pirates were rumored to be off our coast. The governor bought the Pembroke and Cambridge, Mr. Forbes and the merchants of Boston furnishing one half of the money, the banks the other, and guns were borrowed from the Navy Yard. These steamers were to be armed transports. Mr. Forbes was practically, for the time, a Secretary of the Navy for Massachusetts, and on at least one occasion actually was empowered by Secretary Welles to send out a vessel to try to capture the old slaver *Echo*, now rebel privateer off our coast. Foreseeing trouble with England and France unless an effective blockade should be kept up around the Confederacy, Mr. Forbes addressed to the Naval Committee of Congress a memorial on the subject of the necessity of a volunteer navy as early as July, 1861. He draughted the bill to establish this, which was passed, and he, Commodore Hudson of the navy, and Mr. Delano of New Bedford were appointed a commission to buy and fit for the sea vessels for this purpose. The commissioners rendered without pay services invaluable in their results, and withal unearthed many abuses and frauds practiced against the government by citizens more grasping than patriotic.

In 1812 our privateers had saved us. Mr. Forbes remembered this, but strove in a volunteer navy to keep the good element, — the utilizing the hardy courage and unsurpassed seamanship of our mariners, — and leave out the irresponsible and barbarous element; yet he thought it unwise in our government, with Eng-

land and France unfriendly, to abandon the right of privateering, unless we at the same time could secure international agreement to the humane principle, not yet established, that all private property should be exempt from capture on sea. The gigantic war on our hands furnished questions enough, but it was all important not to have a foreign war added. Mr. Forbes wrote constantly admirable letters to strong and well-disposed Englishmen, in perfect temper, but manly and plain, to make them see the issues rightly. Commodore Wilkes's seizure of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate agents, had made the situation very dangerous then, as the building in England of ironclads for the Confederacy did later.

At home, emergencies, new but instant, came daily. The Southern prisons were filled with Northern men, among them Mr. Forbes's friends and relations. His skill managed to get funds even into Libby Prison to relieve their wants. The medical service of the army was swamped by the demands resulting from the heavy fighting, and more from exposure and climate. Mr. Forbes was active among the original promoters of the Sanitary Commission, which came to the help of the government in its pressing need. He also did an excellent deed in organizing an attack on the mere seniority system in the medical departments in the army. The ways and means question was urgent before the first year was out, and became increasingly so, and his influence was felt and his help sought in dealing with it. In all these matters Mr. Forbes kept his eye on the remote results, not allowing himself to be blinded by the momentary. One question — puzzling and distasteful to politicians, yet by no means to be avoided, and growing with each month — was the attitude of the government toward slavery in the concrete. Mr. Forbes early urged the registration of the escaped blacks within our lines, and

that the fact that they had been employed by the government in defensive works should give them freedom, and did all that he could to stir up members of Congress to stop that body from timid legislation in the interests of slavery.

Early in 1862, Mr. Forbes, overworked and suffering from a heavy cold, went to the sea islands of South Carolina, then newly occupied by our troops, among them the First Massachusetts Cavalry, in which his oldest son, the late Colonel William H. Forbes, was a lieutenant. The Freedmen's Commission, a body of devoted young men and women, under the guidance of Mr. Edward L. Pierce, were just establishing themselves there, in the face of ridicule and disfavor of many officers, to begin their work of caring for the helpless negroes and preparing them to do for themselves. Mr. Forbes personally looked into the work of the commission, and defended them there and at Washington.

That summer the New England Loyal Publication Society was established, with Mr. Forbes as its president. A weekly paper was sent out by this company of patriotic and eminent Boston men, edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, for the sake of educating and stirring public opinion. Akin to this was the work of the Committee of Correspondence for the Vigorous Prosecution of the War, — the sending good newspaper clippings to local journals, irrespective of party, all over the land. Mr. Forbes was ever striving to show, to men at Washington, in the country at large, and abroad, the real issue, in which patriots of all stripes were vitally interested, namely, that the Rebellion was a struggle of a Class against the People.

But each month brought new and important tasks. Public opinion against slavery was making astonishing growth. The soldier sons of conservative Whigs of Beacon Street had grown in manhood and knowledge in one term of the school of war, and saw slavery in its true light.

The time seemed ripe, and Mr. Forbes formed a Committee of One Hundred for Promoting the Use of Negroes as Soldiers, which raised one hundred thousand dollars. With a view of weakening and alarming the enemy by the very raising of these troops, recruiting offices were opened near the border to attract slaves and new-freed men. Major George L. Stearns, of Medford, did a noble and remarkable work in the recruiting of the now celebrated Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth Massachusetts regiments and the Fifth Cavalry. The keeping the regiments in the field full became harder as the war wore on; the drafts became necessary to eke out volunteering to fill the quotas of the towns, and bounties rose high. A Massachusetts Recruiting Board was formed, of which Mr. Amos Lawrence was an active member. Of this Mr. Forbes became president, bringing his sound business methods to bear on the matter for the benefit of the state.

The Emancipation Proclamation, eagerly hoped for from the President at this time, as the weight of wisdom and right which would turn the doubtful scales of war, was opposed by some of the President's advisers. Mr. Forbes drew up a manly and earnest address to him on the greatness of the crisis and the act which he might do, commending and encouraging him, and begging him not only to issue it, but to see to its being carried out by all branches of the service. This was signed by the presidential electors of 1860, and sent to him.

Perhaps the most signal of the services of this good citizen to his hard-pressed country was his mission to England in the darkest time of the war. The high tide of rebellion had not yet been checked at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, the wholesale sacrifice of our troops at Fredericksburg was recent, and the great failure of Chancellorsville was just coming on. Our finances were embarrassed. In the shipyards of Liverpool

ironclad rams, against which our ports were defenseless, were being built, unchecked, for our foe. This unfriendly act Mr. Forbes had been anxiously watching. He knew that the rams could break the blockade, and that then England and France would probably interfere to close the war. In March, 1863, he was abruptly summoned by telegram from Secretary Chase to come to New York. Next day he met there the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy. They asked him to sail for England on the third day thereafter; to act there in company with Mr. William Aspinwall for the best interests of the United States, especially in the matter of stopping the ironclads and in placing ten million dollars of the new 5-20 bonds. The commissioners *were asked to write their own instructions*. Mr. Forbes accordingly wrote them, and they were signed by the Secretary of the Navy. He sailed promptly, Mr. Aspinwall following with the bonds a week later. Our minister, Mr. Adams, and our consuls were doing all they could, but had limited means, and the former was hampered by the duties and necessities of his position. He gave cordial aid as far as he could. The episode is long and most interesting, and can best be read in Mr. Forbes's own straightforward and unassuming words, in his forthcoming reminiscences. Suffice it to say here that the commissioners failed to sell bonds abroad at that unpromising time, but that Mr. Forbes obtained a very large loan on the security of a portion of the bonds from his friends the Barings; that he watched the vessels being built for the South closely, and acquired through our efficient consuls much information that might be important in influencing the British government, or in case the matter should come into the courts; that the commissioners even tried to buy the vessels, but in vain. Mr. Forbes was in constant correspondence with the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy, and with Governor Andrew.

He bought some cannon for Massachusetts' defense. Through all that dark spring, with no good news from home, he did everything that was possible to enlighten the opinion of the English governing and influential classes, first, on the real character of the struggle, and second, on the short-sightedness and danger to themselves thereafter (as they were belligerent ten times to where we were once) of establishing the principle that vessels of war may be built for one belligerent in a neutral port, receive their armament and crews just outside the three-mile limit, and go on to destroy the commerce of the other. His clear showing of this matter, in a letter, after his return, and how, if England broke the blockade, we could work havoc on her commerce, was thought by a member of Parliament, who went with it to Lord Palmerston, to have caused the seizure by the government of the rams just before they sailed, possibly to bombard Boston. Mr. Forbes, however, always spoke of his work in England very modestly, and claimed no great success. He had with tact explained to the government, through friendly members of Parliament, what Lowell had said in Hosea Biglow's lay : —

"We own the ocean, tu, John :
 You mus' n' take it hard,
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It 's, jest your own back-yard.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
 Ef *thet* 's his claim,' sez he,
 'The fencin' stuff 'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.
 Ez wal ez you an' me.' "

Mr. Forbes returned home to work with even increased energy for the country. We find him in constant correspondence with the Cabinet members. The death of his brave young friend Colonel Robert Shaw only increased his interest in the negro regiments. Years later, he was chairman of the committee that put up the splendid memorial to Shaw and his soldiers in Boston. He was the friend of the freedmen, too, dur-

ing and after the war ; helped generously in all efforts toward making them able to help themselves.

The President, at this time, appears to have been troubled by misgivings as to embarrassments and disaffection that might result from his great word of emancipation that had gone forth at the beginning of the year. Surrounded by politicians, he was in need of confirming and strengthening words from the people. Mr. Forbes saw this, and loyally strove to bring support to the chief. He wrote directly to him, begging him in this pass to use his great power and eloquence in putting before the people, North and South, and the world, a statement of "the true issue of the existing struggle : that we are fighting for democracy, or — to get rid of technical names — for liberal institutions." In his letter, and later through an English friend of our cause, who was going to Washington, he strove to show Mr. Lincoln that the anti-slavery policy had just saved us from the recognition of the Confederacy by England and other European powers.

In the autumn of 1864 a general election was to occur. In it the question of carrying through to the end a war for principle that had proved long and terrible was to be referred to the people. Greater issues than merely saving the Union and putting down rebellion had shown themselves, and, while many were discouraged, the blood of their martyrs had but hallowed the cause to the best people of the North. At this time, Mr. Forbes, though believing in the honesty of purpose of Lincoln and his strength with the people, felt great doubts as to putting at the helm of state again "a pilot who takes his orders from the crew, instead of a leader who directs its course." But when the nomination was once made he worked as the greatness of the issue demanded. A peace party was being formed. Horace Greeley, Secretary Seward, and Vallandigham (from the border) were planning a compro-

mise with the South which might speedily end the war, with its real issues unsettled. In fear lest the President might be shaken from his faith in a firm and bold war policy by these signs of weakness at the North, Mr. Forbes wrote to Secretary Fox, begging him, if he shared his own feeling, to show his letter to the President, as coming from one who had no political aspirations, "no *isms*, and who only wants safety for free institutions and a true peace." The letter has the real eloquence of a patriot who had given, or was ready to give, everything to his country. "Peace negotiation is the Copperheads' thunder; let us not try to steal it, but with all firmness and moderation insist upon war until the rights of the *People*, North and South, are safe from subversion. I have everything at stake in the army: my son and son-in-law are there; my younger son training to go. All the young men that I love and value are there, or incapacitated. I want peace for their sakes. I *hate* war for its own sake; but I solemnly protest against crying 'Peace' when there is no peace. It only means a short truce, defeat at the election, and then prolonged war with an invigorated enemy, perhaps strengthened with foreign alliances." Secretary Fox later wrote that he had shown the letter to Lincoln, who, he said, read few newspapers, but gathered the feeling of the people from letters, and was thankful for expressions of opinion from earnest men who were not self-seekers.

Among Mr. Forbes's reminiscences is an interesting account of his seeking out Peter Cooper in this dangerous crisis, and of their riding about together in the latter's buggy, making arrangements for the "great meeting of the period," in New York, the credit of which he gives to Cooper, from which went forth the word "No compromise" that decided the issue of the election and the war. During this stress of public as well as private work, Mr. Forbes and his wife

had to bear the distress of knowing that their son, Major William H. Forbes, who had been taken fighting gallantly against Mosby in the previous May, was enduring the privations of the prison at Columbia.

Mr. Forbes was a valued and frequent counselor of three successive Secretaries of the Treasury, and now, as the war drew to an end, on the question of government bonds of small enough amount to be within reach of common people, of contraction of the currency, and of work in the direction of a return to specie payment. Many a matter that there is not space to touch on claimed his attention and efficient service. Meantime he was in correspondence with officers in the service, especially Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, for whom Mr. Forbes had an almost romantic regard. The older and the younger man were very near to each other in their wisdom and bravery, one in the council and one in the field, and the death, in the moment of victory, of Lowell at the battle of Cedar Creek was a heavy blow to his friend. The end of 1864 brought the relief of Major Forbes's release from the South on parole, and his exchange was arranged in time to let him be present with his regiment at the great closing scene of the war at Appomattox.

The ending of the war, in which Mr. Forbes had willingly and silently borne so large a part, brought respite from the excessive work and strain, but in peace times the activity of several men was his. The great railroad system in which he was interested had required care and thought in the financial depression of the war; now its rapid growth required daring and foresight. But this and his manifold business claims did not justify him to himself in ceasing to watch and work for the country's welfare. The problems involved in reconstruction, especially the financial ones, claimed attention. The abuses that ever attend the

arbitrary war power and the long supremacy of one party now began to breed corruption. Mr. Forbes had been a Massachusetts elector at large in 1872, and was an active member of the executive committee of the Republican party during the administrations of Hayes and Garfield. The long strife for honest money and honest public service began in those days, and for both of these causes he was a champion steady and strong. Almost the only speech in public of his life was his strong plea in Faneuil Hall for civil service reform in 1876. Mr. Forbes was a delegate to the national convention in 1880, and it has been said that President Garfield owed his election to him more than to any other man. Again in 1884 he was sent to the Chicago convention. The nomination there, against which he strove strongly, of a man with such a record as Blaine convinced Mr. Forbes that the time was come for independent action, to rebuke the demoralization spreading in the party whose course had been so noble through the great crisis of the country. As he left the Whigs in 1850 for conscience, so he left the Republicans. He saw with regret, and opposed, the increasing and improper use of money in political campaigns, and also of abusive personalities. As an independent thereafter he used his strong and wholesome influence, feeling, as long as his powers remained, the duty to work and never despair for the country. He did much toward the support of honest newspapers, and spoke anonymously through many an editorial.

During the war Mr. Forbes was chosen into the Saturday Club of Boston. Surprise having been expressed that a man supposed to be purely devoted to business should be proposed for membership in that company of men eminent in letters and statesmanship, the friend who nominated him said he would soon show what he was. Mr. Forbes was for thirty years one of the leaders of the club. Later, the officers of the army

that had fought for freedom chose him a member of their Loyal Legion, and he enjoyed their meetings. I have known him leave the heated hall at the end of a Reform Club banquet to mount his horse and ride alone, in darkness and arctic cold, the seven miles of icy road to Milton, when past threescore and ten. His ready and good-natured wit, and especially his tact, doubled his power to serve a cause. This appears conspicuously through his correspondence. Good instances are his letter to Sumner, when the latter was joining the movement to make Greeley President, and his friendly letter to Wendell Phillips, showing him that real democracy was broader than mere anti-slavery, and that by striving for the first he could best help the negro too.

Trade and travel by sea appealed in youth and age to this man, who, like his ancestors of northeastern Scotland, probably with Viking blood in their veins, always lived within sight of a blue horizon. He was much stirred up at seeing American ships excluded from the carrying trade, — "protected to death." On this subject he published two pamphlets. "*The laws of trade are immutable*," he said. "So long as our people set them at defiance in this particular, the American shipowner and merchant must be content with a very insignificant portion. . . . If left to free trade and competition, we shall revive."

As a business man, Mr. Forbes claimed to be very conservative. It is certain that the standard of business honor in his house and that with which he had been connected in China was high. He was enterprising and open to new ideas, but yet wary. His axioms with regard to investments, especially of trust funds, with which he was much concerned, are valuable. Some letters on these subjects in his memoir will be found interesting. But his distinguishing characteristic in business was that he was master, not slave, of his work; and while it brought success in full measure in its kind, it did

not stand in the way of the real success. His wealth accumulated, but not because it was hoarded. It was used freely for patriotism, for kindness, for help, for comfort, and never for show. Mr. Forbes was glad of the right chance to serve and help, but he reserved the right of selection. He gave wisely, generously, and ingeniously all through life, whether in money or pleasure or service, or all. With all his great performance as man of affairs, private and public, he found time to be at his best in the family and as a host, for his hospitality was great and continued.

At his home were comfort and abundance, but always refinement and simplicity; the hours were early, and amusement was also kept in its place, — a recreation, not a business. Whether in work or in play, the example of the master of the house was inspiring; for after concentrated thought, rapid writing on matters of great moment, he would perhaps call "to horse," and for pace and distance put younger men to the blush. Weather he ignored; rode in rain and sun, and at sea his spirits rose with the wind. His yachts were not for ornament or racing, but for use, often to speed the private or public business. Some of his most important letters on public or financial matters were written in his yacht's cabin, in a gale. A calm was a sore trial to him, as "loafing" was impossible. Traits in Mr. Forbes's character and habits remind one of Julius Cæsar. Storm and obstacle existed to be overcome. His prudence lay, not in avoidance, but in good management, taking the essence out of dangers. But at home or afield Mr. Forbes reminded his guests of one of the best of the old cavaliers, or Highland chiefs in Scott's novels, which he loved so well; yet to the high mind, courage, and generosity was added a democratic spirit. In the large hospitality that he exercised, beautifully seconded by his wife and family, the widest range of persons shared, — the

man of letters, of science, the statesman, the poet, the artist, the reformer; in short, men and women of character and virtue, who were doing the work of the world in their various ways. The idle, the selfish, and the unsound were conspicuously absent. But the beginners were there, students and clerks, boys and girls, the children of his old friends; for the loyalty of his unforgetting friendships extended over three generations.

It was at Naushon, stretching its seven miles of "good greenwood" and billowy sheep downs between the blue Bay and Sound, under the soft shimmering air of the South Shore, that the hospitality reached its perfection; and the Island Book at the old Mansion House holds the record, in prose or verse or picture, of the scores of people who found it the Island of the Blest. It was, for the owners felt that they held its beauty and its healing airs in trust. Not only did Agassiz, Holmes, Grant and Sheridan and Cleveland, find refreshment there, but wounded officers, many a convalescent from severe illness, tired teachers and clerks and housekeepers, an endless train of young people, came, and went away the richer. None were abashed; their self-respect was increased, and their modesty too. The life was simple and out of doors; the dress coat and butler were unknown. Young men, and girls too, were drawn out, to see what they could do; it was assumed that they were efficient, so they learned to be. They were put on a horse for the first time, given an oar in a pull across Wood's Hole, a billhook to clear a path with Mr. Forbes, who later might ask them to copy a letter or to do a commission for him in town on their return. He talked with them quietly; saw if they had courage and common sense in such chances as occur on land or sea, and whether they could observe and report accurately, beginning with the direction of the wind when he first came down in the morning. This treatment and their observa-

tion of his own astonishing performance put every one on his mettle. The young man, questioned by Mr. Forbes, riding through the woods, felt as if he were in the ballad where the Earl before the charge did him the honor to ask,

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rid'st beside my rein,
Wert thou Glenallan's Earl this day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?"

and was ready to answer,

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
My spur should be in my horse's side
And my bridle on his mane!"

Thomas Carlyle held modern education lightly, saying that to see a real Master, whether of war or policy or a trade, was worth all the schools, and praised the mediæval method which sent the youth from his home to serve a knight, first as page and then as squire, so that when he won his spurs he should know well how the first gentleman of the shire conducted himself in the castle, the field, the council, in every chance of peace or war. A week under Mr. Forbes's roof was of more worth than a year of college to many a boy; moreover, if he stood the kindly tests well, the young man often found a gate to life unexpectedly opened to him thereafter. It is said that Secretary Stanton, who already knew the patriotism and astonishing resources of this good citizen, when he saw his tireless riding said to his daughter, "What a major general that man would make!" It certainly was not of his military carriage that the Secretary spoke, for Mr. Forbes, though a fearless rider, with a firm seat and delicate hand, was not an ornamental figure on horseback. He loved an intelligent, spirited horse, however, with good, if not pure blood. The names of his horses, taken from Scott or the ballads, showed the strain of romance that ran through his fabric. But neither his horses nor guns nor boats were too good to use. It often happened that an invalid, or a pro-

fessional man, or an impecunious youth in his neighborhood was asked, *as a favor*, to keep one of his horses exercised or trained, if it was young; and if old, to see that it had a good home and regular use while it lived. His yachts, rather than that they should lie at the wharf, were often put at the use of others for an excursion, sometimes of railroad employees or of his servants. It was pleasant to see the willing and zealous, not obsequious, service that Mr. Forbes, by his manifest force, intelligence, and kindly tact, received wherever he went. It was not for fees, though these were generous. Always plainly clothed, and confident, and human in address, he did not disaffect workmen in advance.

Mr. Forbes was a great traveler, yet business always accompanied pleasure. He was temperate, and not too curious in his meat and drink, and he defined intemperance as "eating or drinking what you did n't want because it was there, or because you had paid for it." He slept and worked well on cars and ships, and at a pinch any smack or wagon would serve to speed him on his way. But in travel it was noticeable that he usually took some one outside his family along, often an invalid, explaining how pleasant and serviceable the friend's company would be. Also, — and his son, the colonel, inherited the trait, — he naturally looked out for lone women, sick or unprotected persons, in the same conveyances with him. On his voyage of life, his great ship took the small craft round him in tow as a matter of course.

Repose was left out of Mr. Forbes's composition. Varied activity was a necessity. He worked to the end. In the last ten years, bodily infirmities that would have made another man bedridden closed in upon him. Yet he worked on, and until his death remained chairman of the directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, giving sound advice on matters connected with railways even when in other things his

mind was growing dim. His eyes were darkened and his ears failed, but still his active mind made him strive to work. Even in the last year of his life, when he was almost blind and painfully infirm, he rode his fine horse out on the hills of Naushon, attended of course by one or more persons, and would lie and sleep for a time under the great beech trees. When the news of the war with Spain was read to him, he said, "No, this is no war for humanity. It is a political game to keep a party in power," and wished to hear no more of the sorry business.

In the late days of September last he sadly bade farewell to the Mansion House, and sailed out of the harbor of his loved island, knowing that he should not return. Years before, he had said that the thought of having his shell laid away in that bright forest, after the

spirit had left it, would be pleasant to him, if he ever wasted a thought on its disposition, but added, "Yet I have no feeling on the subject, and would rather the poor mortal form should be forgotten, and only the picture of the inner man, lighted by such spirit and such affection as his friends could throw round it, remain for their memory." He died on the 12th of October, 1898, at the age of eighty-five years. The words said of his kinsman in the eighteenth century may well be said of him: "Our great pride and consolation is in the ever dear honor and open heart of Forbes. For him no descendant will ever have to blush or be ashamed. . . . His principles were as pure as his understanding was enlightened, and his concern for his country was not so much as suspected to be quickened by any regard to his own power or emolument."

Edward Waldo Emerson.

THE GERMANS AND THE AMERICANS.

THE surprises of the last year, with all their unexpected side issues, have accustomed the world to read about Germany and America in the same newspaper paragraph. Alarming reports have come from Samoa and from the Philippines, and more than once serious conflicts have seemed near. All this, however, is politics: why should a student of psychology concern himself with it? But may we not be deceiving ourselves if we think that the trouble really has been in the harbors of Manila and Apia? Has it not been rather the mental state of the two nations that was the only possible source of any danger? If a big wave had swallowed the Philippines and a volcano had pulverized Samoa, would anything have been changed so long as the emotional attitude of the two peoples had remained the same? At present no cloud is on

the horizon, but any day may bring a change; the object of quarrel is insignificant, and the mental attitude everything. If Americans and Germans like each other, the whole of China will be too small to cause a conflict; but if there is antipathy between them, the tiniest rock in the ocean may suffice to bring on a war which shall set the globe ablaze. Does not that give an excuse to the psychologist who, far as he is from the mysteries of politics, ventures to take an impartial view of this interesting emotional situation?

To live up to all the opportunities of scholarly display which this chapter of social psychology offers, I ought to go back to the sixteenth century, or at least to Frederick the Great, whose enthusiasm for the American struggle for independence furnishes plenty of material for

all those who like such an introduction. But from then till now the time is so long, and my space here is so short, that it may perhaps be better to ask what the situation was yesterday. I think it was decidedly better than it is to-day, and the day before yesterday it was perfect. Of course I do not mean that the two nations then loved each other dearly, but there was not the slightest tendency toward mutual dislike and not the remotest reason for friction. The Germans of a generation ago did not look much beyond the ocean in any case, and the German imagination pictured the land rather than the nation, — the land where gold was lying in the streets, and where every newcomer still found the chance of a free life. The American as a special type of man had not been discovered; neither favorable nor unfavorable information about him was diffused, simply because nobody asked for it. On the American side it was somewhat different. Millions of German immigrants had poured into the land, and had become an honest and most industrious part of the population. Moreover, while they were bringing the spirit of the German working classes, thousands of young Americans were going abroad to bring home the spirit of educated Germany. German music and German philosophy, German joyousness and German university spirit, came to these shores; and yet, just as the American land of gold and liberty remained to the imagination of the German something far and strange, so the Teutonic land of thinkers and poets remained to the American imagination remote and vague. No one thought of comparison or of rivalry, because the two worlds seemed of different dimensions.

But all this has changed overnight: the dreamy German and the adventurous American are sitting close together on the same bench, feeling that they must be either friends or foes. Wonderfully as the cables and twin-screw

steamers have diminished the distance in space between the two peoples, the diminution of the inner mental distance has been still more surprising and unexpected on both sides. Germany has become strong, rich, and powerful, and its politics have turned into realistic paths. On the other hand, the United States, since the country has come to maturity economically, has put its gigantic resources into the service of education and art and science. They are both thus moving in the same sphere, and the question is merely, Will they move shoulder to shoulder, or be ever at variance? Their feelings and emotions, even their moods, will decide about that: how do they feel to-day?

No sincere observer can deny that the two peoples do not like each other. It is not real hate nor even animosity which separates them; it is a kind of antipathy, a half-ethical, half-aesthetic aversion. It would be superficial and wrong to deny this feeling, and to maintain that their dislike means commercial rivalry; both are too fair and broad-minded — indeed, I may say, too idealistic — to dislike each other on account of wheat and sugar and pork; they might struggle about the tariff, but tariff struggles become noisy and undignified affairs only because the masses lack mutual respect. They do not like each other because they do not regard each other as gentlemen: the American thinks the German servile and reactionary, narrow-minded and narrow-hearted; the German thinks the American greedy and vulgar, brutal and corrupt. As long as the people feel like that, all the diplomacy of the two governments can merely apply plasters to the wounds, but can never thoroughly heal them. Only one course is open for an organic improvement: the two nations must learn to understand each other and to feel the inner accord of their real natures, or at least to overcome hostile prejudices.

Caricature of the Germans is popular

from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it is not necessary to seek it in the comic papers, for the editorials of the great newspapers furnish as good a supply; and the funny German in a second-class American theatre is much less amusing than that absurd creature which in parlor gossip and club talk is quite seriously substituted for the inhabitant of the fatherland. An American who has never been abroad invited me, the other day, to a German luncheon. I had to work my way through a series of so-called German dishes, which I had never tasted or smelled before; and when finally imported sauerkraut appeared, and I had to confess that I had never tried the stuff in my life, and had never seen any one else eating it, my host assured me that I did not know anything about Germany: it was the favorite dish of every Prussian. The habits of this Prussian sauerkraut eater are well known. He goes shabbily dressed, never takes a bath, drinks beer at his breakfast, plays skat, smokes a long pipe, wears spectacles, reads books from dirty loan libraries, is rude to the lower classes and slavishly servile to the higher, is innocent of the slightest attempt at good form in society; considering it as his object in life to obey the policeman, to fill blanks with bureaucratic red tape, and to get a title in front of his name. Most of this genus fill their time with training parade step in the barrack courts; the others either make bad lyrical poems, or live immoral lives, or sit in prison on account of daring to say a free word in politics. But their chief characteristic comes out in their relations to women and to the government. With calculating cruelty, they force women to remain uneducated and without rights; in marriage they treat them like silly playthings or servant girls; a woman with intellectual or æsthetic interests is, like everything which suggests progress, a horror to their minds. And lastly, their government: it is hard to understand why, but it is a

fact that they insist on living without any constitution, under an absolute autocrat, and it is their chief pride that their monarch is an irresponsible busybody, whose chief aim is to bother his patient subjects.

This is the "Dutchman" in American eyes; but how does the Yankee look in the imagination of my countrymen? In the German language the adjective "American" is usually connected with but three things. The Germans speak of American stoves, and mean a kind of stove which I have never seen in this country; they speak of American duels, and mean an absurd sort of duel which was certainly never fought on this continent; and finally, they speak of American humbug, and mean by it that kind of humbug which flourishes in Berlin just as in Chicago. But the American man is of course very well known. He is a haggard creature, with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, who drinks whiskey and chews tobacco, spits, fights, puts his feet on the table, and habitually rushes along in wild haste, absorbed by a greedy desire for the dollars of his neighbors. He does not care for education or art, for the public welfare or for justice, except so far as they mean money to him. Corrupt from top to toe, he buys legislation and courts and government; and when he wants fun, he lynches innocent negroes on Madison Square in New York, or in the Boston Public Garden. He has his family home usually in a sky scraper of twenty-four stories; his business is founded on misleading advertisements; his newspapers are filled with accounts of murders, and his churches swarm with hypocrites.

It is true that on both sides of the ocean there are some who know a little better; but if the millions who enjoy the New York Journal and the Berliner Lokalanzeiger have such character sketches in mind, how small is the influence on public opinion of that little set which relies on the New York Evening

Post and the *Nationalzeitung*! And even these best classes, are they really so much freer from prejudice? After all, the American clings to the belief that the German is reactionary and subservient, without a manly desire for freedom and independence, — that his Emperor is a crank, and the average subject no gentleman; while the American remains to German eyes dollar-thirsty and corrupt, vulgar and selfish, — on the whole, also, no gentleman. So when an English cable agency sends news to Germany that the Americans have fallen upon the poor Cubans to fill the pockets of Senators, and are killing in the Philippines mostly women and children, and sends news to America that the Germans slyly interfere with the navy in Mahila, or sell arms to the Filipinos, or stir up the Samoans, is it surprising that the worst finds the readiest belief, and that public opinion in both countries cries, "How dare they, the rascals!"

That which alone seems surprising is that the brambles of prejudice can grow so exuberantly while the ocean steamers are crowded, going and coming. The hundreds of students who go yearly to German universities, the thousands of American sight-seers who go every summer on pilgrimages from Heidelberg to Cologne, the millions of German immigrants who have been poured into this country, and the billions of newspaper pages which are printed on both sides every year, — are they all unable to disseminate the truth? But we cannot deny that the psychological conditions are more favorable to the survival of the false view, in spite of the blessed work of the Associated Press. The Americans who cross the ocean cannot see much of Germany and cannot teach much about America. A friend assured me once that there is only one classification of Americans which it is worth while to make, — those who have been abroad and those who have not. I cannot agree with him. I have met many whose minds have

spanned the world, though they have never left the New England states; and many more who have strolled over the whole of Europe, and yet are as narrow and provincial as if they had never looked over the fence of their own back yards. A man may heartily enjoy the architecture of Nürnberg or Hildesheim, the paintings of Dresden, the operas of Baireuth, the scenery of the Black Forest, and the uniforms of the lieutenants of the guard, and yet leave the country with all the absurd prejudices which he carried there. We are inclined by psychological laws to perceive merely that which we expect to perceive; we do not voluntarily suppress the remainder, but it does not exist for us at all. Germany has no freedom: thus the most harmless policeman on the street corner appears to be a tyrant, and brings before the mind of the traveler the terrors of mediævalism. And when the bicycles must have a number by day and a lantern by night, who can help thinking sentimentally of the free home over the sea, where everybody has the liberty to run over his fellow; and where the landlady gives chops for breakfast, and not eggs alone; and where plenty of blankets, not feather beds, await you; and where ice water flows and mince pies abound. The little differences trouble the stranger and they swell in his imagination, while every good thing that does not fit with his anticipations fades away and is soon forgotten. Very few Americans come into a sufficiently intimate contact with the real German life to get their traditional errors eradicated.

But the usual Europe trotter, on the other hand, does not help much to propagate the belief in American culture. He goes his way quietly, and no one will blame him for enjoying the view from Heidelberg Castle down to the Neckar Valley without making a speech for the glory of his country. He remains unobserved; but when a puffed-up parvenu from the West comes along, with noisy

manners, he is observed, and he alone, though one among scores, is then "the American;" and if he puts his feet on the table in the hotel corridor, there are certainly a dozen men in the neighborhood who will never after relinquish the opinion that all Americans are hopelessly vulgar and disgusting.

The Germans who travel to America either are on a journey or have come to stay. The first group contains few: they go, for the most part, from New York through Florida and the City of Mexico to San Francisco, and through the Yellowstone Park, Chicago, and Quebec back to Hoboken. If they have done that in six months, they write only one or two magazine articles about the Americans; but if they have succeeded in doing it in six weeks, then they write a book, and a big one. They have of course seen everything: they have shaken hands with the President, have witnessed a prize fight at an athletic club, visited the stockyards and the Indian schools, studied polygamy in Utah and the Chinese quarters in San Francisco; they have even met some one in the Pullman car who knew all about the silver question and the next presidency. And when they have added their own experiences in the barber shops and in the barrooms, the book will contain all that Germans can desire to know about America. They have not the remotest idea that this nation can show greater achievements than its hotels and railways. They have seen all the Baedeker stars, and do not guess that the tourist attractions of this country represent its real energies much less than do those of Europe. Europe, with its relics of history and art, may speak to the eye; America speaks to the understanding; whatever national life is here apparent to the eye is mostly but an imitation of Europe. The traveler is accustomed to open his eyes only, and to close his ears; he descants for the thousandth time on the Rocky Mountains and Niagara, but he does not learn

anything about the inner life, with its mountains of accomplishment and its cataraacts of problems. There are plenty of excellent German monographs about special economical features of American life which can be studied from the outside; the studies on the more internal functions of education or religion are much more superficial, and nothing which really analyzes the inner man with full understanding has ever been carried home by the German traveler. He is too rare a guest to add anything by his appearance here to American ideas about the Germans. He remains the more unobserved because there is no lack of German nature already at hand to be inspected under the most various conditions; for New York and Chicago have each more Germans than any German city except Berlin. Thus only the Germans who live here are able to represent their native country in the New World, and to take back to Germany true ideas about the inner American life. How has it happened that even these millions have not dispelled the dense fog of Continental ignorance about the Yankees? How has it happened that the real America is still as undiscovered by the educated German as if Columbus had never crossed the ocean?

The German immigrant can justly claim to be a respectable and very desirable element of the American population: he has stood always on the side of solid work and honesty; he has brought skill and energy over the ocean, and he has not forgotten his music and his joyfulness; he is not second to any one in his devotion to the duties of a citizen in peace and in war, and without his aid many of America's industrial, commercial, and technical triumphs would be unknown. But all that does not disprove the fact that he is somewhat unfit to judge fairly the life which surrounds him. First, he belongs almost always to a social stratum in which the attention is fully absorbed by the exter-

nal life of a country, and which is without feeling for the achievements of its mental life; he was poor in his fatherland, and lives comfortably here, and thus he is enthusiastic over the material life, praises the railroads and hotels, the bridges and mills, but does not even try to judge of the libraries and universities, the museums and the hospitals. On the other hand, he feels socially in the background; he is the "Dutchman," who, through his bad English, through his habits and manners, through his tastes and pleasures, is different from the majority, and therefore set apart as a citizen of second rank, — if not slighted, at least kept in social isolation. On the side of the German, the result of this situation is an entire ignorance of the Anglo-American life: he may go his way here for thirty years without ever breaking bread at the table of any one outside of the German circle; he may even have become rich, and yet he is not quite in the social current. His ignorance is therefore too easily coupled with unfairness; the German who feels himself slighted tends to minimize the effect of the unfriendly attitude of the Anglo-American by sharp and contemptuous criticism: everything which seems strange is in his talk distorted into a defect, and every real weakness grows to a vice. Of course, there are not a few exceptions, not a few who are fully received, even if we disregard that less worthy class which buys recognition by disavowal of the fatherland, of whom some, in the interest of city politics, are said to be ambitious of becoming Irishmen. The large mass, however, continues in that social separation which makes its judgment an odd mixture of ignorance as to the inner life, unfairness as to the personal qualities, and blind admiration for the wealth and economic greatness of this country. In such a form the gossip of a hundred thousand family letters and saloon conversations pours into Germany, and naturally reinforces there, through that which it

praises almost as much as through that which it blames, the feeling of antipathy toward the United States. And worst of all, in this atmosphere live nearly all those journalists, from the editor to the penny-a-liner, who fill the eight hundred German-American newspapers and supply most of the papers in Germany.

These men are not only unfit to judge Americans; they are also, unfortunately, unfit to correct the traditional ideas of Americans about Germans. If they lived up to their highest duty, they would work out in themselves the noblest type of German character, in order to impress Americans with the best of the German nature, and thus make moral conquests for their old home. But this they have not done. While the fine generation of 1848 has gradually passed away, no new set has come in which has felt itself called upon to add to the glory of the fatherland; and it is bad enough that they themselves are satisfied to praise honesty and obedience to law as their virtues instead of feeling them a matter of course. What characterizes the German at home, the tendency to idealism and the desire for intellectual life, has evaporated; the artisan or the farmer, whose highest wish at home would have been to send his son to the gymnasium, and perhaps even to the university, is here glad if his boy becomes a clever business clerk as quickly as possible. It seems as if he imitated by preference the bad features of his surroundings, and sought to unite American weaknesses to German defects. The exceptions merely confirm the rule that the average German-American stands below the level of the average German at home. This is hardly a result of the bad quality of the immigrants; on the contrary, the factors which determine the individual to cross the ocean make it probable that, in most cases, the stronger and more energetic personalities seek the wider field of a new country; the lowering of the average must

be the result of the new conditions of life, and not of the selection of the material.

It seems, then, that the German-Americans have done but little to make the Germans understand America better, and perhaps still less to make the Americans understand the real Germans; they have given little help toward awakening in the two nations the feeling of mutual sympathy; and yet, as we have said, this alone is the way for an organic improvement of their political relations. If they had lived up to their duties in the last twenty years as they did in the fifties and sixties, the branches of the Teutonic race would have been united by a more cordial feeling, and many occurrences of the last two years would have been impossible.

The superficial observer may perhaps be inclined to think that, instead of avoiding the bad feelings, it is just as well simply to suppress the outer effects of these feelings. It is this defective logic which made it possible, lately, for the West to witness a gigantic German movement, starting with a mass meeting of protest in Chicago and spreading over wide districts, — a movement which is easy to explain, hard to excuse, and still harder to correct. Its occasion was the Anglo-American alliance. Under favorable emotional conditions this alliance would contain in itself the possibility of a general Teutonic unity as against the Romanic and Slavic nations, the strong and healthful nations against the decadents; but under the pressure of prejudices and dislikes it may be turned against Germany. To change the feelings and remove the prejudices, therefore, would be the wise policy of the friends of Germany. To protest against the alliance in threatening language, and to force on the administration a break with England by means of the weight of two and a half million German voters, would be the short-sighted policy of those who believe they cure an

evil by suppressing its external symptoms. Just this the statesmen of the Windy City have insisted upon doing. The slight possible advantages of a political combination would be too dearly bought by the increase of bitter feelings which might at any date bring up more threatening complications than an alliance between the United States and England; and while the movement has gained the enthusiasm of the Irish politicians on account of their animosity to England, this very sympathy has helped to increase the irritation instead of curing it.

No, it is the duty of the German-Americans, if they think not only of their personal position as American citizens, but of the relations between the two countries, to keep away from every demonstration which sharpens the bad feelings between the two nations, and to be mediators in their disputes. They must embody in themselves the best side of the German spirit, and they must open the eyes of Germans at home to what is best in the American nature. They alone have seen both countries with loving eyes and loyal hearts, and they ought therefore to be able to do justice to the true intentions of both parties. In their hands is the flag of truce. Their work must of course be futile if they ignore the facts and tell fairy tales about the two countries. What is needed is nothing but the truth, freed from the traditional phrases of short-sighted prejudices.

Not as a discussion, but as an illustration, I may perhaps be allowed to point out a few such prejudices which strike me as an impartial observer. Take, for instance, the traditional German opinion that the Americans have no idealism, but are selfish realists. The belief that Americans have no spark of idealism in their souls has done more harm to the relations of Continental nations with the United States than any protective tariff or any commercial competition; it has surrounded every act of America with

a fringe of selfishness and meanness by which even the most harmless action becomes repugnant to sound feelings, and by which the most guileless man is made a prey to the newspapers of Europe. Granted that an American action can never have idealistic motives, it is not difficult to distort daily occurrences and historical events so that everything appears disgusting to a country which believes itself to have a prior claim upon every sort of idealistic feeling, and this emotion of the crowd then becomes the spring of political reactions. I think this attitude is utterly groundless. More than that, I think the true American is an idealist through and through. I perceive, to be sure, that his idealism is often loose and lax and ineffective, but it remains idealism, nevertheless, and he deceives himself when he poses as a realist, like his English cousin. What most quickly misleads is, doubtless, his consuming interest in money-making, together with the sharp struggle for existence, the gigantic scale of his undertakings, his hasty impulsive movements, his taste for strong sensational stimuli, his spoils politics, and the influence of corporations upon his legislation. But is not all that merely the surface view? The American is not greedy for money; if he were, he would not give away his wealth with such a liberal hand, and would not put aside all the unidealistic European schemes of money-making which exclude individual initiative, as, for instance, the pursuit of dowries. The American runs after money primarily for the pleasure of the chase. In a country where political conditions have excluded titles and orders and social distinctions in general, money is in the end the only means of social discrimination, and financial success becomes thus the measurement of the ability of the individual and of his power to realize himself in action. That the struggle for existence is sharper here than in Europe is simply a fairy tale. In

a country where the greatest enterprises are undertaken in the service of charity, and where the natural resources of the land are inexhaustible, even the lowest classes do not struggle for existence, but, seen from the Continental standpoint, merely for comfort: of this the lyrical character of the discussions of social problems here compared with their dramatic character in Germany gives the fullest evidence.

The manners and tastes of individuals are also easily misinterpreted. Those hasty, pushing movements look like an overflow of realistic energies, but they are simply the outcome of a lack of coördination and adjustment. The quiet movements of the Englishman are expressions of strength and energy; the hasty movements of the Yankee and his motor restlessness, manifested in the use of rocking-chairs and chewing-gum, are mere imperfections of the motor co-ordinating centres, an inability to suppress and to inhibit. In the same way, the demand for strong stimuli is not at all a symptom of over-irritation, as those usually claim it to be who consider American life a nerve-wearing clash of selfish energies. No, it is only insufficient training through the lack of æsthetic traditions. While over-irritation would demand that the stimuli grow stronger and stronger, experience shows that they soften and become more refined from year to year, stamping to-day as vulgar the acknowledged pleasure of yesterday. But the most amusing misunderstanding arises when the American himself thinks that he proves the purely practical character of his life by the eagerness with which he saves his time, on the ground that time is money. It strikes me that, next to the public funds, nothing is so much wasted here as time. Whether it is wasted in reading the endless newspaper reports of murder trials or in sitting on the baseball grounds, in watching a variety show or in lying in bed, in waiting for the

elevator or in being shaved after the American fashion, in attending receptions or in enjoying committee meetings, is quite unessential. The whole scheme of American education is possible only in a country which is rich enough not to need any economy of time, and which can therefore allow itself the luxury of not asking at what age a young man begins to earn his own living. The American shopkeeper opens his store daily one hour later than the German tradesman, and the American physician opens his office three years later than his German colleague of equal education. This may be very good, but it is a prodigality of time which the Germans would be unable to imitate.

Still another prolific source of European comment is the anti-idealistic character of American politics; but the critics overlook certain essential points when they deduce from it the intellectual state of the average citizen. They do not understand that, for economic reasons, the newspapers, for instance, have a function here very different from that in Germany. The German paper is the tutor of the public, the American paper is its servant. It is not fair simply to compare them, and to consider them as mirrors of their readers. Moreover, the critics overlook the fact that the machine politicians themselves are not the representative men of this country. The same complex historical reasons which have made the party spoils system and the boss system practically necessary forms of government have often brought representatives of very vulgar instincts into conspicuous political places; but that does not mean that the higher instincts are absent. And finally, it must be considered that politics, in the narrower sense of the word, problems of government and of international relations, which occupy the central place in European public life, have been here, at least in the last thirty years, entirely in the background as compared with

economic questions. These economic questions, the tariff or silver or trusts, naturally appeal to the selfish interests of different groups, and schemes and methods which would be low if applied to controversies genuinely political do not exclude idealism if applied to economic struggles. Wherever such and similar factors are eliminated, the American in politics proves himself the purest idealist, the best men come to the front, the most sentimental motives dominate, and almost no one dares to damage his cause by appealing to selfish instincts. Recent events have once more proved that beyond question. Whatever the Senators and sugar men may have thought about it, the people wanted the Cuban war for sentimental reasons; and if the uninformed Continental papers maintain that the desire for war had merely selfish reasons, they falsify history. Is not the whole debate over expansion carried on with highly idealistic arguments on both sides? Did not even the Anglo-American alliance get hold of the nation when the masses found an idealistic halo for it, discovering that those Englishmen whom they wanted to fight two years before were of the same blood and the same traditions as themselves? Is it not entirely sentimental to use Washington's Farewell Address to-day as a living argument with which to determine practical questions? Even the most natural selfish and practical instinct can be overcome, with the typical American, by a catchy sentimental argument.

This high spirit of the individual in politics repeats itself much more plainly in private life, where helpfulness and honesty seem to me the most essential characteristics of the American. Helpfulness shows itself in charity, in hospitality, in projects for education or for public improvements, or in the most trivial services of daily life; while silent confidence in the honesty of one's fellow men controls practical relations here in a way

which is not known in cautious Europe, and could not have been developed if that confidence were not justified. Add to it the American's gratefulness and generosity, his humor and his fairness; consider the vividness of his religious emotion, his interest in religious and metaphysical speculation, his eagerness always to realize the best results of science, and the purity of the relations of the sexes; in short, look around everywhere without prejudice, and you cannot doubt that behind the terrifying mask of the selfish realist breathes the idealist who is controlled by a belief in ethical values. Undeniably, every one of these characteristics may develop into an absurdity: gratitude may transform the capture of a merchant vessel into a naval triumph, speculative desire may run into the blind alleys of spiritualism, fairness may lead to the defense of the most cranky schemes, and the wish for steady improvements may chase the reformer from one fad to another; and yet it is all at bottom the purest idealism. Whenever I have written about America for my German countrymen, I have said: "You are right to hate that selfish, brutal, vulgar, corrupt American who lives in your imagination; but the true American is at least as much an idealist as yourself, and Emerson comes nearer representing his spirit than do the editorial writers of the *New York Journal*."

To-day I am writing for American readers only, and they would not show that fairness which I have just praised if they allowed me to prove the fallacy of prejudices merely when the prejudices exist on the other side, and not when they are themselves at fault. I may therefore be permitted to touch at least one of the many preconceived ideas with which the Americans regard the German nation. I choose, as one case among many, the settled opinion that the Germans, the poor suffering subjects of Emperor William, have no liberty; that the men oppress the women, the higher classes

oppress the lower classes, the nobility oppresses the people, the army oppresses the civilians, and the Emperor oppresses all together. It must seem to the American newspaper reader as if India and Russia and Turkey had combined to invent the machinery of German civilization, in which the soldiers are tortured, the laborers imprisoned, the radicals treated as criminals, the women treated as slaves or as dolls, and the king treated as infallible. To be sure, such a text is not unknown in Germany itself; the orators of the Social Democratic party would heartily applaud it, but it would not be the most effective party cry of the demagogues if the spirit of freedom were not the deepest element of the German nature, and the warning that their freedom is threatened the most exciting stimulus. Those, however, who do not wish for a distortion of the facts are sure that there is no people under the sun with more valuable inner freedom than the Germans, who, since Luther and Kant, have started every great movement toward freedom, and who would not have been at the head of the world of science for centuries had not freedom of thought been their life element, and the German university the freest place on earth.

Moreover, if I consider the outer forms of life, I do not hesitate to maintain that Germany is even in that respect freer than the United States. The right to insult the President, and to cross the railroad tracks where it is dangerous, and to ignore the law if a great trust stands behind one, is not freedom, but lack of social development, the survival of a lower civilization, a pseudo-freedom whose symptoms, fortunately, are disappearing from year to year in this country, also. Freedom is not absence of limitations, not licentiousness; freedom and duty are never in opposition, but demand each other. The social intercourse of the well-mannered is not less free than that of ill-bred men, though they obey

many more rules, and the expression of thought is not less free when we obey the laws of good language; no, it is freer than the expression of those who speak slang. That people is freest whose forms of life secure the fullest possible development of each individual, and only the highest differentiation of social prescriptions can bring such true freedom, not the liberty of the primeval forest. Germans live under more complicated and systematized rules than Americans, and for this very reason they have greater freedom than is possible in the less restrained rush of American life.

The most typical case is, of course, that of the political government. The American takes it for granted that the republican state form represents a higher level than the monarchical one, and that therefore the German who comes to these shores must feel as if he were coming out into the fresh air from a prison. But if I say that I have never been a more thoroughgoing monarchist than during my stay in America, I can really not claim to be an exception. The educated Germans at home feel that it is with the monarchy as with the church. Too many men are adherents of the church from low motives, from fear and superstition and laziness. When such narrow-minded persons become free-thinkers and reject the church, they manifest individual progress; but that does not mean that destructive skepticism represents the highest possible relation to the church, and that to become an adherent of the church means falling back to the lower stage. On the contrary, the step from skeptical enlightenment to an ethical belief is in every respect progress: it is the step from rationalism to idealism, from the thinking of the pre-Kantian eighteenth century to the post-Kantian nineteenth century, from materialism to idealism in philosophy. The church can thus stand for the lowest and for the highest, and those who are in the middle, and have not yet reached the

last stage may well think that the highest is below their level. Just this manifoldness of stages, we maintain, characterizes the forms of states. To be sure, the mob is monarchical from low motives, and those who hold, with the logic of the eighteenth century, that the business of the state must be in the hands of a man whom the majority has selected certainly represent a higher moral stratum than those who support the throne from selfishness and laziness and cowardice. But again a higher standpoint is possible. The state is not really understood if it is looked upon simply as the psychophysical mechanism which, from a naturalistic point of view, it appears to be. Seen from an historical point of view, the state becomes a system of teleological relations, in which, not causes and effects, but duties and ideals are at work, and where, not the products of intellectual calculation, but the symbols of historical emotions are the centres acknowledged. The belief in monarchy means the belief in symbols which characterizes historical thinking as over against naturalistic thinking. And a monarch as the historical symbol of the emotional ideals of a nation, wholly outside of the field of political struggles and elections, needs that symbolic protection against reproach which appears, seen from a purely materialistic point of view, as a ridiculous punishment of *lèse-majesté*. The same is true of all the symbolic values which radiate from the centre; the titles and degrees and decorations representing social differentiation seem childish to an eye which sees the world merely as a naturalistic mechanism, but invaluable to the eye which traces the outlines of the historical spirit in the world. Without differentiation there can be no complicated social life; until the stage of symbolic thinking is reached, quantitative differences must furnish the tags, and money furnish the only standard. But the flag is more than a piece of cloth, and the higher development

of symbols means a higher civilization. The American who, from the standpoint of his naturalistic thinking, looks down contemptuously on the German social and political organization hinders, so it seems to the foreigner, the progress of his own country: America has become too great to stop at a philosophy of government characteristic of the eighteenth century. An heroic revival is at hand, imperialism awakens echoes throughout the land, and days are near when Americans will understand better what we mean by the symbols of German history, and that it is not lack of freedom that prevents us from believing overmuch in majority votes and the dogma of equality.

But I am not at all afraid to turn the discussion from the philosophical to the practical side, from the idea of monarchy to the present Emperor. I think there is no other man with whom the American newspapers have been so successful in substituting the caricature for the real portrait. The irony of the case lies in the fact that the hundreds of amusing stories about the Emperor all come from the camp of those bureaucrats who dislike the impulsiveness of the young head, because a passive monarch is more convenient for them. There is nothing more incompatible with the American spirit than the temper of those bureaucrats whose petty purposes the papers here have furthered, while there is nothing more in accord with the American mood than the true nature of the Kaiser. The one living American whose personality most closely resembles that of the Emperor William is the brilliant young governor of New York, whom many Americans hail as the future President. The Germans feel in the same way: if Germany were to become a republic, the people would shudder at the thought of having one of the parliamentary leaders of to-day or an average general become President, but they would elect the present Emperor with enthusiasm as the first President; he is the

most interesting, energetic, talented, industrious, and conscientious personality of our public life. Those, however, who maintain that the Emperor is an autocrat do not understand how closely the German monarchy, not only through the constitutional and parliamentary limitations imposed upon it, but still more in its inner forces, is identical with the national will. I do not care to discuss here whether the Spanish war was necessary, whether the annexation of the Philippines was desirable, or whether Alger was a good minister; I know only that the German Emperor would not have been able to retain a minister for a year against unanimous public opinion, or to make war and to create colonies when but a short time before the public soul had revolted against the idea of war and aggressive annexation. A President with such vast powers, parties in the grasp of bosses, city administrations under the whip of spoilsmen, the economic world under the tyranny of trusts, and all together under the autocracy of yellow-press editors — No, I love and admire America, but Germany really seems to me freer.

I have tried to show that it is equally one-sided and unfair for the Germans to maintain that the Americans have no idealism, and for the Americans to maintain that the Germans have no sense of freedom; the two cases served merely as chance illustrations, instead of which I could have chosen a dozen others. Wherever we look we find the same fact: that the two great nations see each other through distorting spectacles, and do not understand each other's real features. They misinterpret mere gestures, and therefore do not see the deeper similarity of their natures and their ideals. All this, of course, does not suggest that they are without important differences, but the differences seem to me much more the results of outer conditions than of character. In the outer conditions no stronger contrast is possible: the

Americans with a new national culture in an undeveloped realm of immense material resources; the Germans in a realm of limited resources, but with an old traditional culture. An old traditional culture signifies a system of institutions in which the best spirit of past efforts is condensed, and into which the individual is put by birth. The individual may be low-minded, and yet he must move in the given tracks, and is thus shaped to ends nobler than his own. The result is that, in Germany, the institutions are often better than the individuals, the forms of civilization higher than their wearers, the public conscience wider awake than the private. In the United States, with its new culture, just the opposite condition must prevail: the individuals are better, much better, than the institutions; the individuals are thoroughly idealistic, while the external forms of social life are by no means penetrated to the same degree with the idealistic spirit; they are still too often the survivals of the time when the new land had to be opened in a severe struggle for livelihood, and the commercial resources had to be developed at all costs. Consequently, these forms are now on as great a scale as the resources themselves, but they appeal still too often to the lower instincts, and too often tend to pull men down instead of raising them up. The individual conscience is here higher than the public conscience; individual initiative and responsibility are wonderful, but the encouragement and inspiration which come to the individual from his public institutions are inadequate.

The psychical effect of this situation is a necessary one. In Germany, where the institutions take the lead, the result is that the average man too easily believes he has fulfilled his duty when he appears to satisfy the public requirements, and the spirit of individual initiative therefore slumbers. In America

this danger certainly does not exist, but the dangers resulting from the lack of inspiring energy in the centre are not less. Instead of reinforcing the highest emotions, the institutions adjust themselves to the lower instincts, and the psychological effect is that the higher energies are repressed, and the feeling of duty becomes less urgent in public life. We see the newspapers crowded with matter adapted to the lowest tastes of the mob, political results determined by appeals to the most selfish desires, the theatres relying upon the cheapest vaudeville, — everywhere the same willingness to do what the public likes, and nowhere the question what the public ought to have. And this spirit must slowly undermine every public function. We see how the churches are filled and sermons made attractive by sensational and trivial matters; we see how the kindergarten method creeps under the mantle of the elective system into all our educational institutions and conquers the schools. The pupils learn what they like to learn, till the go-as-you-please system paralyzes the feeling of obligation and lowers the tone of the whole community. Such a system inevitably provides a hothouse of mediocrity; where there exists no social premium upon the highest efforts toward ideal interests, where no general appreciation stimulates individual energies, there is no maximum effect to be expected. The good personal material secures a high average, but no great men. I do not mean that men of the first rank can be made at will by the social spirit alone; a Goethe, a Kant, or a Beethoven cannot come with every generation, and even Germany, since the death of Bismarck, Richard Wagner, and Helmholtz, has brought forth no really great men; the social soil must sometimes lie fallow, too. But Germany has still in Mommsen and Virchow, in Boecklin and Menzel, in Bunsen and Hauptmann, in Koch and Roentgen, and many others, eminent

men of the second rank, who are not equaled by any poet, artist, scholar, or scientist now living in America. Above all, no one of these men would have reached the same height of achievement under the conditions provided by American institutions. Everywhere we find in this country fair solid work, nowhere a masterpiece; ten thousand excellent public lectures every winter, and not a single great thought. It cannot be otherwise. There is no social premium provided by the public institutions upon ideal greatness; consequently, the best minds turn to banking and railroading and law; and while in Germany, for instance, the highest ambition of the best families is to see their sons in the service of learning, here the graduate schools represent a lower social stratum of the universities than the college or the law schools.

Germany, then, needs more sense of initiative and of responsibility in its individuals, and America needs more sense of duties and ideals in its public institutions. Germany must become more democratic, and America more aristocratic. It is, to be sure, not democracy after Bebel's prescriptions, nor aristocracy after Astor's ideas, that is required; we need the democracy which makes every man ethically responsible for himself, and the aristocracy which considers the individual as existing, not for himself, but only in his relation to those public institutions in which the duties and ideals of the nation are centralized. Time will bring the change to both countries, and it is interesting to observe the numerous symptoms which indicate that this reciprocal movement toward aristocratic develop-

ment here, and toward democratic strengthening there, will be brought about in both countries most directly by the same political means, the policy of expansion. The colonial transmarine development of the German Empire is taking away that narrowness of its citizens which too much depressed the spirit of individual initiative; it is widening the horizon, and giving to the individual that increased self-respect which is the noblest endowment of democracy, and which will secure the safest basis to the national monarchy. The expansion policy of America, on the other hand, must reinforce the spirit of public responsibility, must give through its international consequences an absolutely new position to the government and to military life and diplomacy, must stimulate new energies in public service, and so create an aristocratic spirit which may in time bring to us a national art and poetry and science and philosophy, and thus weave the golden thread of greatness into a glorious democracy.

Whether it takes the short cut through expansion or chooses a longer way, in any case time will bring about the change in Germany as well as in America; but those who know both countries cannot fail to see how much this movement would be reinforced, and how much energy would be saved in the process, if the two nations were to influence each other more directly and learn from each other more willingly. They feel it, therefore, their profound duty to help remove the foolish, narrow-minded prejudices on both sides of the ocean, and with them the mood that occasions petty quarrels and unnecessary friction.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

WESTERN EUROPE.

VII.

IN the meantime affairs in Russia took quite a new turn. The war which Russia began against Turkey in 1877 had ended in general disappointment. There was in the country, before the war broke out, a great deal of enthusiasm in favor of the Slavonians. Many believed, also, that a war of liberation in the Balkans would result in a move in the progressive direction in Russia itself. But the liberation of the Slavonian populations was only partly accomplished. The tremendous sacrifices which had been made by the Russians were rendered ineffectual by the blunders of the higher military authorities. Hundreds of thousands of men had been slaughtered in battles which were only half victories, and the concessions wrested from Turkey were brought to naught at the Berlin congress. It was also widely known that the embezzlement of state money went on during this war on almost as large a scale as during the Crimean war.

It was under these circumstances that one hundred and ninety-three persons, arrested since 1873, in connection with our agitation, were brought before a high court at the end of 1877. The accused, supported by a number of lawyers of talent, won at once the sympathies of the great public. They produced a very favorable impression upon St. Petersburg society; and when it became known that most of them had spent three or four years in prison, waiting for this trial, and that no less than twenty-one of them had either put an end to their lives by suicide or become insane, the feeling grew still stronger in their favor, even among the judges themselves. The court pronounced very heavy sentences upon

a few, and relatively lenient ones upon the remainder; saying that the preliminary detention had lasted so long, and was so hard a punishment in itself, that nothing could justly be added to it. It was confidently expected that the Emperor would still further mitigate the sentences. It happened, however, to the astonishment of all, that he revised the sentences only to increase them. Those whom the court had acquitted were sent into exile in remote parts of Russia and Siberia, and from five to twelve years of hard labor were inflicted upon those whom the court had condemned to short terms of imprisonment. This was the work of the chief of the Third Section, General Mézentsoff.

At the same time, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, General Trépoff, noticing, during a visit to the house of detention, that one of the political prisoners, Bogolúboff, did not take off his hat to greet the omnipotent satrap, rushed upon him, gave him a blow, and, when the prisoner resisted, ordered him to be flogged. The other prisoners, learning the fact in their cells, loudly expressed their indignation, and were in consequence fearfully beaten by the police. The Russian political prisoners bore without murmuring all hardships inflicted upon them in Siberia or through hard labor, but they were firmly decided not to tolerate corporal punishment. A young girl, Véra Zasúlích, who did not even personally know Bogolúboff, took a revolver, went to the chief of police, and shot at him. Trépoff was only wounded. Alexander II. came to look at the heroic girl, who must have impressed him by her extremely sweet face and her modesty. Trépoff had so many enemies at St. Petersburg that they managed to

bring the affair before a common-law jury, and Véra Zasúlich declared in court that she had resorted to arms only when all means for bringing the affair to public knowledge and obtaining some sort of redress had been exhausted. (Even the London Times had refused to mention it.) Then, consulting nobody about her intentions, she went to shoot Trépoff. Now that the affair had become public, she was quite happy to know that he was but slightly wounded. The jury acquitted her unanimously; and when the police tried to rearrest her, as she was leaving the court house, the young men of St. Petersburg, who stood in crowds at the gates, saved her from their clutches. She went abroad, and soon was among us in Switzerland.

This affair produced quite a sensation throughout Europe. I was at Paris when the news of the acquittal came, and had to call that day on business at the offices of several newspapers. I found the editors fired with enthusiasm, and writing powerful articles to glorify the girl. Even the serious *Revue des Deux Mondes* wrote, in its review of the year, that the two persons who had most impressed public opinion in Europe during 1878 were Prince Gortchakóff at the Berlin congress and Véra Zasúlich. Their portraits were given side by side in several almanacs.

Upon the workers in Europe the act of Véra Zasúlich produced a tremendous impression, and, without any plot having been formed, four attempts were made against crowned heads in close succession. The worker Hoedel and Dr. Nobiling shot at the German Emperor; a few weeks later, a Spanish worker, Oliva Moncási, followed with an attempt to shoot the King of Spain, and the cook Passanante rushed with his knife upon the King of Italy. The governments of Europe could not believe that such attempts upon the lives of three kings should have occurred without there being at the bottom some international

conspiracy, and they jumped to the conclusion that the Jura Federation and the International Workingmen's Association were responsible.

More than twenty years have passed since then, and I may say most positively that there was absolutely no ground whatever for that supposition. However, all the European governments fell upon Switzerland, reproaching her with harboring revolutionists who organized such plots. Paul Brousse, the editor of our Jura newspaper, the *Avant-Garde*, was arrested and prosecuted. The Swiss judges, seeing there was not the slightest foundation for connecting Brousse or the Jura Federation with the recent attacks, condemned Brousse to only a couple of months' imprisonment, for his articles; but the paper was suppressed, and all the printing offices of Switzerland were asked by the federal government not to publish this or any similar paper. The Jura Federation thus remained without an organ.

Besides, the politicians of Switzerland, who looked with an unfavorable eye on the anarchist agitation in their country, acted privately in such way as to compel the leading Swiss members of the Jura Federation either to retire from public life or to starve. Brousse was expelled from Switzerland. James Guillaume, who for eight years had maintained against all obstacles the official organ of the federation, and made his living chiefly by teaching, could obtain no employment, and was compelled to leave Switzerland and remove to France. Adhémar Schwitzguébel found no work in the watch trade, and, burdened as he was by a large family, had to retire from the movement. Spichiger was in the same condition, and emigrated. It thus happened that I, a foreigner, had to undertake the editing of the organ of the federation. I hesitated, of course, but there was nothing else to be done, and with two friends, Dumatheray and Herzig, I started a new paper at Ge-

neva, in February, 1879, under the title of *Le Révolté*. I had to write most of it myself. We had twenty-three francs (less than four dollars) to start the paper, but we all set to work to get subscriptions, and succeeded in issuing our first number. It was moderate in tone, but revolutionary in substance, and I did my best to write it in such a style that complicated historical and economical questions should be accessible to every intelligent worker. Six hundred was the utmost limit which the edition of our previous papers had ever attained. We printed two thousand copies of *Le Révolté*, and in a few days not one was left. The paper was a success, and still continues, at Paris, under the name of *Temps Nouveaux*.

Socialist papers have often a tendency to become mere annals of complaints about existing conditions. The oppression of the laborers in the mine, the factory, and the field is related; the misery and sufferings of the workers during strikes are told in vivid pictures; their helplessness in the struggle against employers is insisted upon: and this succession of hopeless efforts, related in the paper, exercises a most depressing influence upon the reader. To counterbalance that effect, the editor has to rely chiefly upon burning words by means of which he tries to inspire his readers with energy and faith. I thought, on the contrary, that a revolutionary paper must be, above all, a record of those symptoms which everywhere announce the coming of a new era, the germination of new forms of social life, the growing revolt against antiquated institutions. These symptoms should be watched, brought together in their intimate connection, and so grouped as to show to the hesitating minds of the great number the invisible and often unconscious support which advanced ideas find everywhere, when a revival of thought takes place in society. To make one feel sympathy with the throbbing of the human

heart all over the world, with its revolt against age-long injustice, with its attempts at working out new forms of life, — this should be the chief duty of a revolutionary paper. It is hope, not despair, which makes successful revolutions.

Historians often tell us how this or that system of philosophy has accomplished a certain change in human thought, and subsequently in institutions. But this is not history. The greatest social philosophers have only caught the indications of coming changes, have understood their inner relations, and, aided by induction and intuition, have foretold what was to occur. It may also be easy to draw a plan of social organization, by starting from a few principles and developing them to their necessary consequences, like a geometrical conclusion from a few axioms; but this is not sociology. A correct social forecast cannot be made unless one keeps an eye on the thousands of signs of the new life, separating the occasional facts from those which are organically essential, and building the generalization upon that basis.

This was the method of thought that I endeavored to familiarize my readers with, using plain comprehensible words, so as to accustom the most modest of them to judge for himself whereunto society is moving, and himself to correct the thinker if the latter comes to wrong conclusions. As to the criticism of what exists, I went into it only to disentangle the roots of the evils, and to show that a deep-seated and carefully-nurtured fetishism with regard to the antiquated survivals of past phases of human development, and a widespread cowardice of mind and will, are the main sources of all evils.

Dumatheray and Herzig gave me full support in that direction. Dumatheray was born in one of the poorest peasant families in Savoy. His schooling had not gone beyond the first rudiments of a primary school. Yet he was one of the

most intelligent men I ever met. His appreciations of current events and men were so remarkable for their uncommon good sense that often they were prophetic. He was also one of the finest critics of the current socialist literature, and was never taken in by the mere display of fine words or would-be science. Herzig was a young clerk, born at Geneva; a man of suppressed emotions, shy, who would blush like a girl when he expressed an original thought, and who, after I was arrested, when he became responsible for the continuance of the journal, by sheer force of will learned to write very well. Boycotted by all Geneva employers, and fallen with his family into sheer misery, he nevertheless supported the paper till it became possible to transfer it to Paris.

To the judgment of these two men I could trust implicitly. If Herzig frowned, muttering, "Yes—well—it may go," I knew that it would not do. And when Dumartheray, who always complained of the bad state of his spectacles when he had to read a not quite legibly written manuscript, and therefore generally read proofs only, interrupted his reading by exclaiming, "Non, ça ne va pas!" I felt at once that it was not the proper thing, and tried to guess what thought or expression provoked his disapproval. I knew there was no use asking him, "Why will it not do?" He would have answered: "Ah, that is not my affair; that's yours. It won't do; that is all I can say." But I felt he was right, and I simply sat down to rewrite the passage, or, taking the composing stick, set up in type a new passage instead.

For the first year we had to rely entirely upon ourselves; but gradually Elisée Reclus took a greater interest in the work, and finally joined us, giving more life than ever to the paper after my arrest. Reclus had invited me to aid him in the preparation of the volume of his monumental Geography which dealt with the Russian dominions in Asia.

He had learned Russian, but thought that, as I was well acquainted with Siberia, I might be helpful; and, as the health of my wife was poor, and the doctor had ordered her to leave Geneva with its cold winds at once, we removed early in the spring of 1880 to Clarens, where Elisée Reclus lived at that time. We settled above Clarens, in a small cottage overlooking the blue waters of Lake Geneva, with the pure snow of the Dent du Midi in the background. A streamlet that thundered like a mighty torrent after rains, carrying away immense rocks and digging for itself a new bed, ran under our windows, and on the slope of the hill opposite rose the old castle of Châtelard, of which the owners, up to the revolution of the *burla papei* (the burners of the papers) in 1799, levied upon the neighboring peasants servile taxes on the occasion of births, marriages, and deaths. Here, aided by my wife, with whom I used to discuss every event and every proposed paper, and who was a severe literary critic of my writings, I produced the best things that I wrote for the paper, among them the address To the Young, which was spread in hundreds of thousands of copies in all languages. In fact, I worked out here the foundation of nearly all that I wrote later on. Contact with educated men of similar ways of thinking is what we anarchist writers, scattered by proscription all over the world, miss, perhaps, more than anything else. At Clarens I had that contact with Elisée Reclus and Lefrançais; and although I worked much for the Geography, I could produce even more than usual for the anarchist propaganda.

VIII.

In Russia, the struggle for freedom was taking a more and more acute character. Several political trials had been brought before high courts,—the trial of "the hundred and ninety-three," of "the fifty," of "the Dolgúshin cir-

cles," and so on, — and in all of them the same thing was apparent. The youth had gone to the peasants and the factory workers, preaching socialism to them; socialist pamphlets, printed abroad, had been distributed; appeals had been made to revolt — in some vague, indeterminate way — against the oppressive economical conditions. In short, nothing was done that does not occur in socialist agitations in every other country of the world. No traces of conspiracy against the Tsar, or even of preparations for revolutionary action, were found; in fact, there were none. The great majority of our youth were at that time hostile to such action. Nay, looking now over that movement of the years 1870–78, I can say in full confidence that most of them would have felt satisfied if they had been simply allowed to live by the side of the peasants and the workers, to teach them, to collaborate in any of the thousand capacities — private or as a part of the local self-government — in which an educated and earnest man or woman can be useful to the masses of the people. I knew the men, and say so with full knowledge of them.

Yet the sentences were ferocious, — stupidly ferocious, because the movement, which had grown out of the previous state of Russia, was too deeply rooted to be crushed down by mere brutality. Hard labor for six, ten, twelve years in the mines, with subsequent exile to Siberia for life, was a common sentence. There were such cases as that of a girl who got nine years' hard labor and life exile to Siberia, for giving one socialist pamphlet to a worker: that was all her crime. Another girl of fourteen, Miss Gukóvskaya, was transported for life to a remote village of Siberia, for having tried, like Goethe's Klärchen, to excite an indifferent crowd to deliver Koválsky and his friends when they were going to be hanged, — an act the more natural in Russia, even from the authorities' standpoint, as there is no capital

punishment in our country for common-law crimes, and the application of the death penalty to "politicals" was then a novelty, a return to almost forgotten traditions. Thrown into the wilderness, this young girl soon drowned herself in the Yeniséi. Even those who were acquitted by the courts were banished by the gendarmes to little hamlets in Siberia and Northeast Russia, where they had to starve on the government's monthly allowance, one dollar and fifty cents (three rubles). There are no industries in such hamlets, and the exiles were strictly prohibited from teaching.

As if to exasperate the youth still more, their condemned friends were not sent direct to Siberia. They were locked up, first, for a number of years, in central prisons, which made them envy the convict's life in Siberia. These prisons were awful indeed. In one of them — "a den of typhoid fever," as the priest of that particular jail said in a sermon — the mortality reached twenty per cent in twelve months. In the central prisons, in the hard-labor prisons of Siberia, in the fortress, the prisoners had to resort to the strike of death, the famine strike, to protect themselves from the brutality of the warders, or to obtain conditions — some sort of work, or reading, in their cells — that would save them from being driven into insanity in a few months. The horror of such strikes, during which men and women refused to take any food for seven or eight days in succession, and then lay motionless, their minds wandering, seemed not to appeal to the gendarmes. At Khárkoff, the prostrated prisoners were tied up with ropes and fed by force, artificially.

Information of these horrors leaked out from the prisons, crossed the boundless distances of Siberia, and spread far and wide among the youth. There was a time when not a week passed without disclosing some new infamy of that sort, or even worse.

Sheer exasperation took hold of our young people. "In other countries," they began to say, "men have the courage to resist. An Englishman, a Frenchman, would not tolerate such outrages. How can we tolerate them? Let us resist, arms in hands, the nocturnal raids of the gendarmes; let them know, at least, that since arrest means a slow and infamous death at their hands, they will have to take us in a mortal struggle." At Odessa, Koválsky and his friends met with revolver shots the gendarmes who came one night to arrest them.

The reply of Alexander II. to this new move was the proclamation of a state of siege. Russia was divided into a number of districts, each of them under a governor general, who received the order to hang offenders pitilessly. Koválsky and his friends — who, by the way, had killed nobody by their shots — were executed. Hanging became the order of the day. Twenty-three persons perished in two years, including a boy of nineteen, who was caught posting a revolutionary proclamation at a railway station: this act — I say it deliberately — was the only charge against him. He was a boy, but he died like a man.

Then the watchword of the revolutionists became "self-defense:" self-defense against the spies who introduced themselves into the circles under the mask of friendship, and denounced members right and left, simply because they would not be paid if they did not accuse large numbers of persons; self-defense against those who ill treated prisoners; self-defense against the omnipotent chiefs of the state police.

Three functionaries of mark and two or three small spies fell in that new phase of the struggle. General Mézentsoff, who had induced the Tsar to double the sentences after the trial of the hundred and ninety-three, was killed in broad daylight at St. Petersburg; a gendarme colonel, guilty of something worse than that, had the same fate at

Kieff; and the governor general of Khárkoff — my cousin, Dmitri Kropotkin — was shot as he was returning home from a theatre. The central prison, in which the first famine strike and artificial feeding took place, was under his orders. In reality, he was not a bad man, — I know that his personal feelings were somewhat favorable to the political prisoners; but he was a weak man and a courtier, and he hesitated to interfere. One word from him would have stopped the ill treatment of the prisoners. Alexander II. liked him so much, and his position at the court was so strong, that his interference very probably would have been approved. "Thank you; you have acted according to my own wishes," the Tsar said to him, a couple of years before that date, when he came to St. Petersburg to report that he had taken a peaceful attitude in a riot of the poorer population of Khárkoff, and had treated the rioters very leniently. But this time he gave his approval to the jailers, and the young men of Khárkoff were so exasperated at the treatment of their friends that one of them shot him.

However, the personality of the Emperor was kept out of the struggle, and down to the year 1879 no attempt was made on his life. The person of the Liberator of the serfs was surrounded by an aureole which protected him infinitely better than the swarms of police officials. If Alexander II. had shown at this juncture the least desire to improve the state of affairs in Russia; if he had only called in one or two of those men with whom he had collaborated during the reform period, and had ordered them to make an inquiry into the conditions of the country, or merely of the peasantry; if he had shown any intention of limiting the powers of the secret police, his steps would have been hailed with enthusiasm. A word would have made him "the Liberator" again, and once

more the youth would have repeated Hérzen's words : "Thou hast conquered, Galilean." But just as during the Polish insurrection the despot awoke in him, and, inspired by Katkóff, he resorted to hanging, so now again, following the advice of his evil genius, Katkóff, he found nothing to do but to nominate special military governors—for hanging.

Then, and then only, a handful of revolutionists,—the Executive Committee,—supported, I must say, by the growing discontent in the educated classes, and even in the Tsar's immediate surroundings, declared that war against absolutism which, after several attempts, ended in 1881 in the death of Alexander II.

Two men, I have said already, lived in Alexander II., and now the conflict between the two, which had grown during all his life, assumed a really tragic aspect. When he met Solovióff, who shot at him and missed the first shot, he had the presence of mind to run to the nearest door, not in a straight line, but in zigzags, while Solovióff continued to fire; and he thus escaped with but a slight tearing of his overcoat. On the day of his death, too, he gave a proof of his undoubted courage. In the face of real danger he was courageous; but he continually trembled before the phantasms of his own imagination. Once he shot an aide-de-camp, when the latter had made an abrupt movement, and Alexander thought he was going to attempt his life. Merely to save his life, he surrendered entirely all his imperial powers into the hands of those who cared nothing for him, but only for their lucrative positions.

He undoubtedly retained an attachment to the mother of his children, even though he was then with the Princess Dolgorúki, whom he married immediately after the death of the Empress. "Don't speak to me of the Empress; it makes me suffer too much," he more than once said to Lóris Mélikoff. And

yet he entirely abandoned the Empress Marie, who had stood faithfully by his side while he was the Liberator; he let her die in the palace in abject neglect. A well-known Russian doctor, now dead, told his friends that he, a stranger, felt shocked at the neglect with which the Empress was treated during her last illness,—deserted, of course, by the ladies of the court, who reserved their courtesies for the Princess Dolgorúki. Even the most elementary prescriptions of nursing and cleanliness were not attended to.

When the Executive Committee made the daring attempt to blow up the Winter Palace itself, Alexander II. took a step which had no precedent. He created a sort of dictatorship, vesting unlimited powers in Lóris Mélikoff. This general was an Armenian, to whom Alexander II. had once before given similar dictatorial powers, when the bubonic plague broke out on the Lower Vólga, and Germany threatened to mobilize her troops and put Russia under quarantine if the plague were not stopped. But as no new attempts followed immediately after that explosion, the Tsar regained confidence, and a few months later, before Mélikoff had been allowed to do anything, he was dictator no more: he was simply minister of the interior. The sudden attacks of sadness of which I have already spoken, during which Alexander II. reproached himself with the reactionary character that his reign had assumed, now took the shape of violent paroxysms of tears. He would sit weeping by the hour, bringing Mélikoff to despair. Then he would ask his minister, "When will your constitutional scheme be ready?" If, two days later, Mélikoff said that it was now ready, the Emperor seemed to have forgotten all about it. "Did I mention it?" he would ask. "What for? We had better leave it to my successor. That will be his gift to Russia."

When rumors of a new plot reached him, he was ready to undertake some-

thing; but when everything seemed to be quiet among the revolutionists, he turned his ear again to his reactionary advisers, and let things go. Every moment Mélikoff expected dismissal.

In February, 1881, Mélikoff reported that a new plot had been laid by the Executive Committee, but its plan could not be discovered by any amount of searching. Thereupon Alexander II. decided that a sort of consultative assembly of delegates from the provinces should be called. Always under the idea that he would share the fate of Louis XVI., he described this gathering as an *Assemblée des Notables*, like the one convoked by Louis XVI. before the National Assembly in 1789. The scheme had to be laid before the council of the state, but then again he hesitated. It was only on the morning of March 1 (13), 1881, after a final warning by Lóris Mélikoff, that he ordered it to be brought before the council on the following Thursday. This was on Sunday, and he was asked by Mélikoff not to go out to the parade that day, there being danger of an attempt on his life. Nevertheless, he went. He wanted to see the Grand Duchess Catherine (daughter of his aunt, Hélène Pávlovna, who was one of the leaders of the emancipation party in 1881), and to carry her the welcome news, perhaps as an expiatory offering to the memory of the Empress Marie. He is said to have told her, "*Je me suis décidé à convoquer une Assemblée des Notables.*" However, this belated and half-hearted concession had not been announced, and on his way back to the Winter Palace he was killed.

It is known how it happened. A bomb was thrown under his iron-clad carriage, to stop it. Several Circassians of the escort were wounded. Rysakóff, who flung the bomb, was arrested on the spot. Then, although the coachman of the Tsar earnestly advised him not to get out, saying that he could drive him still in the slightly damaged carriage, he in-

sisted. He felt that his military dignity required him to see the wounded Circassians, to condole with them as he had done with the wounded during the Turkish war, when a mad storming of Plevna, doomed to end in a terrible disaster, was made on the day of his fête. He approached Rysakóff and asked him something; and as he passed close by another young man, Grinevétsky, the latter threw a bomb between himself and Alexander II., so that both of them should be killed. They lived but a few hours.

There Alexander II. lay upon the snow, profusely bleeding, abandoned by every one of his followers! All had disappeared. It was cadets, returning from the parade, who lifted the suffering Tsar from the snow and put him in a sledge, covering his shivering body with a cadet mantle and his bare head with a cadet cap. And it was one of the terrorists, Emeliánoff, with a bomb wrapped in a paper under his arm, who, at the risk of being arrested on the spot and hanged, rushed with the cadets to the help of the wounded man. Human nature is full of these contrasts.

Thus ended the tragedy of Alexander II.'s life. People could not understand how it was possible that a Tsar who had done so much for Russia should have met his death at the hands of revolutionists. To me, who had the chance of witnessing the first reactionary steps of Alexander II. and his gradual deterioration, who had caught a glimpse of his complex personality, — that of a born autocrat, whose violence was but partially mitigated by education, of a man possessed of military gallantry, but devoid of the courage of the statesman, of a man of strong passions and weak will, — it seemed that the tragedy developed with the unavoidable fatality of one of Shakespeare's plays. Its last act was already written for me on the day when I heard him address us, the promoted officers, on June 13, 1862, immediately after the first executions in Poland.

IX.

A wild panic seized the court circles at St. Petersburg. Alexander III., who, notwithstanding his colossal stature and force, was not an overcourageous man, refused to move to the Winter Palace, and retired to the palace of his grandfather, Paul I., at Gatchina. I know that old building, planned as a Vauban fortress, surrounded by moats and protected by watch towers, from the tops of which secret staircases lead to the Emperor's study. I have seen the trap doors in the study, for suddenly throwing an enemy on the sharp rocks in the water underneath, and the secret staircase leading to underground prisons and to an underground passage which opens on a lake. All the palaces of Paul I. had been built on a similar plan. An underground gallery was dug round the Anichkoff palace of Alexander III., and was supplied with automatic electric appliances to protect it from being undermined by the revolutionists.

A secret league for the protection of the Tsar was started. Officers of all grades were induced by triple salaries to join it, and to undertake voluntary spying in all classes of society. Comical scenes followed, of course. Two officers, without knowing that they both belonged to the league, would entice each other into a disloyal conversation, during a railway journey, and then proceed to arrest each other, only to discover at the last moment that their pains had been labor lost. This league still exists in a more official shape, under the name of Okhrána (Protection), and from time to time frightens the present Tsar with all sorts of concocted "dangers," in order to maintain its existence.

A still more secret organization, the Holy League, was formed at the same time, under the leadership of the brother of the Tsar, Vladimir, for the purpose of opposing the revolutionists in different ways, one of which was to kill those

of the refugees who were supposed to have been the leaders of the late conspiracies. I was of this number. The grand duke violently reproached the officers of the league for their cowardice, regretting that there were none among them who would undertake to kill such refugees; and an officer, who had been a page de chambre at the time I was in the corps of pages, was appointed by the league to carry out this particular work. Skóbeleff, the hero of the Turkish war, was asked to join this league, but he blankly refused. It appears from Lóris Mélikoff's posthumous papers, part of which were published by a friend of his at London, that when Alexander III. came to the throne, and hesitated to convoke the Assembly of Notables, Skóbeleff even made an offer to Lóris Mélikoff and Count Ignátieff ("the lying Pasha," as the Constantinople diplomatists used to nickname him) to arrest Alexander III., and compel him to sign a constitutional manifesto; whereupon Ignátieff is said to have denounced the scheme to the Tsar, and thus to have obtained his nomination as prime minister, in which capacity he resorted to various stratagems in order to paralyze the revolutionists.

The fact is that the refugees abroad did not interfere with the work of the Executive Committee at St. Petersburg. To pretend to direct conspiracies from Switzerland, while those who were at St. Petersburg acted under a permanent menace of death, would have been sheer nonsense; and as Stepniák and I wrote several times, none of us would have accepted the doubtful task of forming plans of action without being on the spot. But of course it suited the plans of the St. Petersburg police to maintain that they were powerless to protect the Tsar because all plots were devised abroad, and their spies—I know it well—amply supplied them with the desired reports.

A few months after the death of Alexander II. I was expelled from Switzerland, by order of the federal council. I

did not take umbrage at this. Assailed by the monarchical powers on account of the asylum which Switzerland offered to refugees, and menaced by the Russian official press with a wholesale expulsion of all Swiss governesses and ladies' maids, who are numerous in Russia, the rulers of Switzerland, by banishing me, gave some sort of satisfaction to the Russian police. But I very much regret, for the sake of Switzerland itself, that that step was taken. It was a sanction given to the theory of "conspiracies concocted in Switzerland," and it was an acknowledgment of weakness, of which Italy and France took advantage at once. Two years later, when Jules Ferry proposed to Italy and Germany the partition of Switzerland, his argument must have been that the Swiss government itself had admitted that Switzerland was "a hotbed of international conspiracies." This first concession led to more arrogant demands, and has certainly placed Switzerland in a far less independent position than it might otherwise have occupied.

The decree of expulsion was delivered to me immediately after I had returned from London, where I was present at an anarchist congress in July, 1881. After that congress I had stayed for a few weeks in England, writing the first articles on Russian affairs from our standpoint for the *Newcastle Chronicle*. The English press, at that time, was an echo of the opinions of Madame Novikóff, — that is, of Katkóff and the Russian state police, — and I was most happy when Mr. Joseph Cowen agreed to give me the hospitality of his paper in order to state our point of view.

I had just joined my wife in the high mountains where she was staying, near the abode of Elisée Reclus. We sent the little luggage we had to the next railway station and went on foot to Aigle, enjoying for the last time the sight of the mountains that we loved so much. We crossed the hills by taking short cuts

over them, and laughed when we discovered that the short cuts led to long windings; and when we reached the bottom of the valley, we tramped along the dusty road. The comical incident which always comes in such cases was supplied by an English lady. A richly dressed dame, reclining by the side of a gentleman in a hired carriage, threw several tracts to the two poorly dressed tramps, as she passed them. I lifted the tracts from the dust. She was evidently one of those ladies who believe themselves to be Christians, and consider it their duty to distribute religious tracts among "dissolute foreigners." Thinking we were sure to overtake the lady at the railway station, I wrote on one of the pamphlets the well-known verse relative to the rich and the kingdom of God, and similarly appropriate quotations about the Pharisees being the worst enemies of Christianity. When we came to Aigle, the lady was taking refreshments in her carriage. She evidently preferred to continue the journey in this vehicle along the lovely valley, rather than to be shut up in a stuffy railway train. I returned her the pamphlets with politeness, saying that I had added to them something that she might find useful for her own instruction. The lady did not know whether to fly at me, or to accept the lesson with Christian patience. Her eyes expressed both impulses in rapid succession.

My wife was about to pass her examination for the degree of Bachelor of Science at the Geneva University, and we settled, therefore, in a tiny town of France, Thonon, situated on the Savoy coast of the Lake of Geneva, and stayed there a couple of months.

As to the death sentence of the Holy League, a warning reached me from one of the highest quarters of Russia. Even the name of the lady who was sent from St. Petersburg to Geneva to be the head centre of the conspiracy became known to me. So I simply communicated the

fact and the names to the Geneva correspondent of the Times, asking him to publish them if anything should happen, and I put a note to that effect in *Le Révolté*. After that I did not trouble myself more about it. My wife did not take it so lightly, and the good peasant woman, Madame Sansaux, who gave us board and lodgings at Thonon, and who had learned of the plot in a different way (through her sister, who was a nurse in the family of a Russian agent), bestowed the most touching care upon me. Her cottage was out of town, and whenever I went to town at night — sometimes to meet my wife at the railway station — she always found a pretext to have me accompanied by her husband with a lantern. "Wait only a moment, Monsieur Kropotkin," she would say; "my husband is going that way for purchases, and you know he always carries a lantern!" Or else she would send her brother to follow me at a distance, without my noticing it.

X.

I must now conclude this rather long autobiography with a short sketch of my subsequent life.

In October or November, 1881, as soon as my wife had passed her examination, we removed from Thonon to London, where we stayed nearly twelve months. Few years separate us from that time, and yet I can say that the intellectual life of London and of all England was quite different then from what it became a little later. Every one knows that in the forties England stood almost at the head of the socialist movement in Europe; but during the years of reaction that followed, that great movement, which had deeply affected the working classes, and in which all that is now represented as scientific or anarchist socialism had already been said, came to a standstill. It was forgotten in England as well as on the Continent, and what the French writers describe as "the third

awakening of the proletarians" had not yet begun in Britain. The labors of the agricultural commission of 1871, Arch's propaganda amongst the agricultural laborers, and the efforts of the Christian socialists certainly were preparing the way; but the outburst of socialist feeling in England which followed the publication of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* had not yet taken place.

The year that I then passed in London was a year of real exile. For one who held advanced socialist opinions, there was no atmosphere to breathe in. There was no sign of that animated socialist movement which I found so largely developed on my return in 1886. Burns, Champion, Hardie, and the other labor leaders were not yet heard of; the Fabians did not exist; Morris had not declared himself a socialist; and the trade unions, limited in London to a few trades only, were hostile to socialism. The only active and outspoken representatives of the socialist movement were Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman, with a very few workers grouped round them. They had held in the autumn of 1881 a small congress, and we used to say jokingly — but it was very nearly true — that Mrs. Hyndman had received all the congress in her house. Moreover, the more or less socialist radical movement which was certainly going on in the minds of men did not assert itself frankly and openly. That considerable number of educated men and women who appeared in public life four years later, and, without committing themselves to socialism, took part in various movements connected with the well-being or the education of the masses, and who have now created in almost every city of England and Scotland a quite new atmosphere of reform and a new society of reformers, had not then made themselves felt. They were there, of course; they thought and spoke; all the elements for a widespread movement were in existence; but, finding none of those centres of attraction

which the socialist groups subsequently became, they were lost in the crowd; they did not know one another, or remained unconscious of their own selves.

Tchaykovsky was then in London, and, as in years past, we began a socialist propaganda in the radical clubs. Aided by a few English workers whose acquaintance we had made at the congress of 1881, or whom the prosecutions against John Most had attracted to the socialists, we went to the clubs, speaking about Russian affairs, the movement of our youth toward the people, and socialism in general. We had ridiculously small audiences, seldom consisting of more than a dozen men. Occasionally some gray-bearded Chartist would rise from the audience and tell us that all we were saying had been said forty years before, and was greeted then with enthusiasm by crowds of workers, but that now all was dead, and there was no hope to revive it.

Mr. Hyndman had just published his excellent exposition of Marxist socialism under the title of *England for All*; and I remember, one day in the summer of 1882, earnestly advising him to start a socialist paper. I told him what small means we had when we started *Le Révolté*, and predicted a certain success if he would make the attempt. But so gloomy was the general outlook that even he thought the undertaking would be absolutely hopeless unless he had the means to defray all its expenses. Perhaps he was right; but when, less than three years later, he started *Justice*, it found a hearty support among the workers, and early in 1886 there were three socialist papers, and the Social Democratic federation was an influential body.

In the summer of 1882, I spoke, in broken English, before the Durham miners at their annual gathering; I delivered lectures at Newcastle, Glasgow, and Edinburgh about the Russian movement, and was received with enthusiasm, a crowd of workers giving hearty cheers

for the nihilists, after the meeting, in the street. But my wife and I felt so lonely at London, and our efforts to awaken a socialist movement in England seemed so hopeless, that in the autumn of 1882 we decided to remove again to France. We were sure that in France I should soon be arrested; but we often said to each other, "Better a French prison than this grave."

Those who are prone to speak of the slowness of evolution ought to study the development of socialism in England. Evolution is slow; but its rate is not uniform. It has its periods of slumber and its periods of sudden progress.

XI.

We settled once more in Thonon, taking lodgings with our former hostess, Madame Sansaux. A brother of my wife, who was dying of consumption, and had come to Switzerland, joined us.

I never saw such numbers of Russian spies as during the two months that I remained at Thonon. To begin with, as soon as we had engaged lodgings, a suspicious character, who gave himself out for an Englishman, took the other part of the house. Flocks, literally flocks of Russian spies besieged the house, seeking admission under all possible pretexts, or simply tramping in pairs, trios, and quartettes in front of the house. I imagine what wonderful reports they wrote. A spy must report. If he should merely say that he has stood for a week in the street without noticing anything mysterious, he would soon be put on the half-pay list or dismissed.

It was then the golden age of the Russian secret police. Ignatieff's policy had borne fruit. There were two or three bodies of police competing with one another, each having any amount of money at their disposal, and carrying on the boldest intrigues. Colonel Sudéikin, for instance, chief of one of the branches, — plotting with a certain Degáeff, who after all killed him. — de-

nounced Ignátieff's agents to the revolutionists, and offered to the terrorists all facilities for killing the minister of the interior, Count Tolstói, and the Grand Duke Vladimir; adding that he himself would then be nominated minister of the interior, with dictatorial powers, and the Tsar would be entirely in his hands. This activity of the Russian police culminated, later on, in the kidnapping of the Prince of Battenberg from Bulgaria.

The French police, also, were on the alert. The question, "What is he doing at Thonon?" worried them. I wrote articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and I continued to edit *Le Révolté*. But what reports could be made out of that? One day the local gendarme paid a visit to my landlady. He had heard from the street the rattling of a sewing machine, and wished to report that I had in my house a secret printing press. So he came in my absence and compelled the landlady to sew on her machine, while he listened inside the house and outside, to make sure that the rattling he had heard was the same.

"What is he doing all day?" he asked the landlady.

"He writes."

"He cannot write all day long."

"He saws wood in the garden at mid-day, and he takes walks every afternoon between four and five." It was in November.

"Ah, that's it! When the dusk is coming?" (*A la tombée de la nuit?*) And he wrote in his notebook, "Never goes out except at dusk."

I could not well explain at that time this special attention of the Russian spies; but it must have had some connection with the following. When Ignátieff was nominated prime minister, advised by the ex-prefect of Paris, Andrieux, he hit on a new plan. He sent a swarm of his agents into Switzerland, and one of them undertook the publication of a paper which slightly advocated

the extension of provincial self-government in Russia, but whose chief purpose was to combat the revolutionists, and to rally to its standard those of the refugees who did not sympathize with terrorism. This was certainly a means of sowing division. Then, when nearly all the members of the Executive Committee had been arrested in Russia, and a couple of them had taken refuge at Paris, Ignátieff sent an agent to Paris to offer an armistice. He promised that there should be no further executions on account of the plots during the reign of Alexander II., even if those who had escaped arrest fell into the hands of the government; that Chernyshévsky should be released from Siberia; and that a commission should be nominated to review the cases of all those who had been exiled to Siberia without trial. On the other side, he asked the Executive Committee to promise to make no attempts against the Tsar's life until his coronation was over. Perhaps the reforms in favor of the peasants, which Alexander III. intended to make, were also mentioned. The agreement was made at Paris, and was kept on both sides. The terrorists suspended hostilities. Nobody was executed for complicity in the former conspiracies; those who were arrested later on under this indictment were immured in the Russian Bastille at Schlüsselburg, where nothing was heard of them for fifteen years, and where most of them still are. Chernyshévsky was brought back from Siberia, and ordered to stay at Astrakhan, where he was severed from all connection with the intellectual world of Russia, and soon died. A commission went through Siberia, releasing some of the exiles, and specifying terms of exile for the remainder. My brother Alexander received from it an additional five years.

While I was at London, in 1882, I was told one day that a man who pretended to be a *bona fide* agent of the Russian government, and could prove it, wanted

to enter into negotiations with me. "Tell him that if he comes to my house I will throw him down the staircase," was my reply. Probably the result was that while Ignatieff considered the Tsar guaranteed from the attacks of the Executive Committee, he was afraid that the anarchists might make some attempt, and wanted to have me out of the way.

XII.

The anarchist movement had undergone a considerable development in France during the years 1881 and 1882. It was generally believed that the French mind was hostile to communism, and within the International Workingmen's Association "collectivism" was preached instead. It meant then the possession of the instruments of production in common, each separate group having to settle for itself whether the consumption of produce should be on individualistic or communistic lines. In reality, however, the French mind was hostile only to the monastic communism, to the *phalanstère* of the old schools. When the Jura Federation, at its congress of 1880, boldly declared itself anarchist-communist,—that is, in favor of free communism,—anarchism won wide sympathy in France. Our paper began to spread in that country, letters were exchanged in great numbers with French workers, and an anarchist movement of importance rapidly developed at Paris and in some of the provinces, especially in the Lyons region. When I crossed France in 1881, on my way from Thonon to London, I visited Lyons, St. Etienne, and Vienne, lecturing there, and I found in these cities a considerable number of workers ready to accept our ideas.

By the end of 1882 a terrible crisis prevailed in the Lyons region. The silk industry was paralyzed, and the misery among the weavers was so great that crowds of children stood every morning at the gates of the barracks, where the

soldiers gave away what they could spare of their bread and soup. This was the beginning of the popularity of General Boulanger, who had permitted this distribution of food. The miners of the region were also in a very precarious state.

I knew, of course, that there was a great deal of fermentation, but during the eleven months I had stayed at London I had lost close contact with the French movement. A few weeks after I returned to Thonon I learned from the papers that the miners of Monceau-les-Mines, incensed at the vexations of the ultra-Catholic owners of the mines, had begun a sort of movement; they were holding secret meetings, talking of a general strike; the stone crosses erected on all the roads round the mines were thrown down or blown up by dynamite cartridges, which are largely used by the miners in underground work, and often remain in their possession. The agitation at Lyons also took on a more violent character. The anarchists, who were rather numerous in the city, allowed no meeting of the opportunist politicians to be held without obtaining a hearing for themselves,—storming the platform, as a last resource. They brought forward resolutions to the effect that the mines and all necessities for production, as well as the dwelling houses, ought to be owned by the nation; and these resolutions were carried with enthusiasm, to the horror of the middle classes.

The feeling among the workers was growing every day against the opportunist town councilors and political leaders and the press, who made light of a very acute crisis, and undertook nothing to relieve the widespread misery. As is usual at such times, the fury of the poorer people turned especially against the places of amusement and debauch, which become only the more conspicuous in times of desolation and misery, as they impersonate for the worker the egotism and

dissoluteness of the wealthier classes. A place particularly hated by the workers was the underground café at the Théâtre Bellecour, which remained open all night, and where, in the small hours of the morning, one could see newspaper men and politicians feasting and drinking in company with gay women. Not a meeting was held but some menacing allusion was made to that café, and one night a dynamite cartridge was exploded in it by an unknown hand. A worker who was occasionally there, a socialist, jumped to blow out the lighted fuse of the cartridge, and was killed, while a few of the feasting politicians were slightly wounded. Next day a dynamite cartridge was exploded at the doors of a recruiting bureau, and it was said that the anarchists intended to blow up the huge statue of the Virgin which stands on one of the hills of Lyons. One must have lived at Lyons or in its neighborhood to realize the extent to which the population and the schools are still in the hands of the Catholic clergy, and to understand the hatred that the male portion of the population feels toward the clergy.

A panic now seized the wealthier classes of Lyons. Some sixty anarchists — all workers, and only one middle-class man, Emile Gautier, who was on a lecturing tour in the region — were arrested. The Lyons papers undertook at the same time to incite the government to arrest me, representing me as the leader of the agitation, who had come on purpose from England to direct the movement. Russian spies began to parade again in conspicuous numbers in our small town. Almost every day I received letters, evidently written by spies of the international police, mentioning some dynamite plot, or mysteriously announcing that consignments of dynamite had been shipped to me. I made quite a collection of these letters, writing on each of them "Police Internationale," and they were taken away by the police when they made a search in my house.

But they did not dare to produce these letters in court, nor did they ever restore them to me.

Not only was the house searched, but my wife, who was going to Geneva, was arrested at the station in Thonon, and searched. But of course absolutely nothing was found to compromise me or any one else.

Ten days passed, during which I was quite free to go away, if I wished to do so. I received several letters advising me to disappear, — one of them from an unknown Russian friend, perhaps a member of the diplomatic staff, who seemed to have known me, and wrote that I must leave at once, because otherwise I would be the first victim of the extradition treaty which was about to be concluded between France and Russia. I remained where I was; and when the Times inserted a telegram saying that I had disappeared from Thonon, I wrote a letter to the paper, giving my address, and declaring that since so many of my friends were arrested I had no intention of leaving.

In the night of December 21 my brother-in-law died in my arms. Three or four hours later, as the dull winter morning was dawning, gendarmes came to my house to arrest me. Seeing in what a state my wife was, I asked permission to remain with her till the burial was over, promising upon my word of honor to be at the prison door at a given hour; but it was refused, and the same night I was taken to Lyons. Elisée Reclus, notified by telegraph, came at once, bestowing on my wife all the gentleness of his golden heart; friends came from Geneva; and although the funeral was absolutely civil, which was a novelty in that little town, half of the population was at the burial, to show my wife that the hearts of the poorer classes and the simple Savoy peasants were with us, and not with their rulers. When my trial was going on, the peasants used to come from the mountain villages to town,

to get the papers and to see how my affair stood before the court.

Another incident which profoundly touched me was the arrival at Lyons of an English friend, who brought with him a considerable sum of money for the purpose of obtaining my release on bail; he suggested to me at the same time that I need not care in the least about the bail, but must leave France immediately. He managed in some mysterious way to see me freely, — not in the double-grated iron cage in which I was given interviews with my wife, — and he seemed to be as much affected by my refusal to accept the offer as I was by that touching token of friendship on the part of a person whom I had learned to esteem so highly in London in 1881.

There was no possibility of prosecuting the arrested anarchists for the explosions. It would have required bringing us before a jury, which in all probability would have acquitted us. Consequently, the government adopted the Machiavellian course of prosecuting us for having belonged to the International Workingmen's Association. There is in France a law, passed immediately after the fall of the Commune, under which men can be brought before a simple police court for having belonged to that association. The maximum penalty is five years' imprisonment; and a police court is always sure to pronounce the sentences which are wanted by the government.

The trial began at Lyons in the first days of January, 1883, and lasted about a fortnight. The accusation was ridiculous, as every one knew that none of the Lyons workers had ever joined the International, and it entirely fell through, as may be seen from the following episode. The only witness for the prosecution was the chief of the secret police at Lyons, an elderly man, who was treated at the court with the utmost respect. His report, I must say, was quite correct as concerns the facts. The an-

archists, he said, had taken hold of the population, they had rendered opportunist meetings impossible, they preached communism and anarchism. Seeing that so far he had been fair in his testimony, I ventured to ask him a question: "Did you ever hear the name of the International Workingmen's Association spoken at Lyons?"

"Never," he replied sulkily.

"When I returned from the London congress of 1881, and did all I could to have the International reconstituted in France, did I succeed?"

"No. They did not find it revolutionary enough."

"Thank you," I said, and turning toward the procureur added, "There's all your prosecution thrown to the ground by your own witness!"

Nevertheless, we were all condemned for having belonged to the International. Four of us got the maximum sentence, five years' imprisonment and four hundred dollars' fine; the remainder got from four years to one year. In fact, they never tried to prove anything concerning the International. It was quite forgotten. We were simply asked to speak about anarchism, and so we did. Not a word was said about the explosions; and when one or two of the Lyons comrades wanted to clear this point, they were bluntly told that they were not prosecuted for that, but for having belonged to the International, — to which I alone belonged.

Very soon after that condemnation the presiding magistrate got his reward. He was promoted to the magistracy of an assize court. As to the procureur and another magistrate, — one hardly would believe it, — the Russian government offered them the Russian cross of Sainte-Anne, and they were allowed by the republic to accept it! The famous Russian alliance had its origin in the Lyons trial.

This trial — during which most brilliant anarchist speeches, reported by all

the papers, were made by such first-rate speakers as the worker Bernard and Emile Gautier, and during which all the accused took a very firm attitude, preaching our doctrines for a fortnight — had a powerful influence in clearing away false ideas about anarchism in France, and surely contributed to some extent to the revival of socialism in other countries. As to the condemnation, it was so little justified by the proceedings that the French press — with the exception of the papers devoted to the government — openly blamed the magistrates. The contest between the accusers and ourselves was won by us, in the public opinion. Immediately a proposition of amnesty was brought before the Chamber, and received about a hundred votes in support of it. It came up regularly every year, each time securing more and more voices, until we were released.

XIII.

In the middle of March, 1883, twenty-two of us, who had been condemned to more than one year of imprisonment, were removed in great secrecy to the central prison of Clairvaux. It was formerly an abbey of St. Bernard, of which the great Revolution had made a house for the poor. Subsequently it became a house of detention and correction, which went among the prisoners and the officials themselves under the well-deserved nickname of "house of detention and corruption."

So long as we were kept at Lyons we were treated as the prisoners under preliminary arrest are treated in France; that is, we had our own clothes, we could get our own food from a restaurant, and one could hire for a few francs per month a larger cell, a *pistole*. I took advantage of this for working hard upon my articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *Nineteenth Century*. Now, the treatment we should have at Clairvaux was an open question. However, in France it is generally understood that,

for political prisoners, the deprivation of liberty and the forced inactivity are in themselves so hard that there is no need to inflict additional hardships. Consequently, we were told that we should remain under the same régime that we had had at Lyons. We should have separate quarters, retain our own clothes, be free of compulsory work, and be allowed to smoke. "Those of you," the governor said, "who wish to earn something by manual work" — the family of the prisoner is always made to suffer, even more than the convict himself — "will be enabled to do so by sewing stays or engraving small things in mother of pearl. This work is poorly paid; but you could not be employed in the prison workshops for the fabrication of iron beds, picture frames, metric measures, velvet, and so on, because that would require your lodging with the common-law prisoners." Like the other prisoners, we were allowed to buy from the prison canteen some additional food and a pint of claret every day, both being supplied at a very low price and of good quality.

Three spacious rooms were given us in the hospital building, and a smaller room was spared for Gautier and myself, so that we could pursue our literary work. We probably owed this last favor to the intervention of a considerable number of English men of science, who, as soon as I was condemned, had signed a petition asking for my release. Many contributors to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Herbert Spencer and Mr. Swinburne, were among the signers, while Victor Hugo had added to his signature a few warm words. Altogether, public opinion in France met our condemnation most unfavorably; and when my wife had mentioned at Paris that I required books, the Academy of Sciences offered its library, and Ernest Renan, in a charming letter, put his private library at her service.

We had a small garden, where we could play ninepins or *jeu de boules*,

and soon we managed to cultivate a narrow bed along the building's wall, in which, on a surface of some eighty square yards, we grew almost incredible quantities of lettuce and radishes, as well as some flowers. I need not say that at once we organized classes, and during the three years that we remained at Clairvaux I gave my comrades lessons in cosmography, geometry, or physics, also aiding them in the study of languages. Nearly every one learned at least one language, — English, German, Italian, or Spanish, — while a few learned two. We also managed to do some bookbinding, having learned how from one of those excellent *Encyclopédie Roret* booklets.

At the end of the first year, however, my health again gave way. Clairvaux is built on marshy ground, upon which malaria is endemic, and malaria, with scurvy, laid hold of me. Then my wife, who was studying at Paris, working in Würtz's laboratory and preparing to take an examination for the degree of Doctor of Science, abandoned everything, and came to the tiny hamlet of Clairvaux, which consists of less than a dozen houses grouped at the foot of an immense high wall which encircles the prison. Of course, her life in that hamlet, with the prison wall opposite, was anything but gay; yet she stayed there till I was released. During the first year she was allowed to see me only once in two months, and all interviews were held in the presence of a warder, who sat between us. But when she settled at Clairvaux, declaring her firm intention to remain there, she was soon permitted to see me every day, in one of the small houses within the prison walls where a post of warders was kept, and food was brought me from the inn where she stayed. Later, we were even allowed to take a walk in the governor's garden, closely watched all the time, and usually one of my comrades joined us in the walk.

Demands for our release were continually raised, both in the press and in the Chamber of Deputies, — the more so as about the same time that we were condemned Louise Michel was condemned, too, for robbery! Louise Michel, who always gives literally her last shawl or cloak to the woman who is in need of it, and who never could be compelled, during her imprisonment, to have better food, because she always gave her fellow prisoners what was sent to her, was condemned, together with another comrade, Pouget, to nine years' imprisonment for highway robbery! That sounded too bad even for the middle-class opportunists. She marched one day at the head of a procession of the unemployed, and, entering a baker's shop, took the bread from it and distributed it to the hungry column: this was her robbery. The release of the anarchists thus became a war cry against the government, and in the autumn of 1883 all my comrades save three were set at liberty by a decree of President Grévy. Then the outcry in behalf of Louise Michel and myself became still louder. However, Alexander III. objected to it; and one day the prime minister, M. Freycinet, answering an interpellation in the Chamber, said that "diplomatic difficulties stood in the way of Kropotkin's release." Strange words in the mouth of the prime minister of an independent country; but still stranger words have been heard since in connection with that ill-omened alliance of France with imperial Russia.

In the middle of January, 1886, both Louise Michel and Pouget, as well as the four of us who were still at Clairvaux, were set free; and after a few weeks' stay at Paris I went once more to London. There I found the socialist movement in full swing, and took a hearty part in it. Life in London was no more the dull, vegetative existence that it had been for me four years before.

P. Kropotkin.

THE POEM.

HE lifted his head,
 And the Vision that stood there smiled.
 "O Poet," she said,
 "I have come at thy bidding; no child
 Of thy fancy, dead,
 But living and breathing, as thou.
 Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned!
 But he thought, "'Tis a dream; if I move,
 It will vanish," and yearned
 With an infinite yearning, and strove
 With his doubts, till she turned —
 She, the Vision — and sorrowful went,
 Ere he knew her intent.

He leapt to his feet,
 And seized on her undulant veil,
 With its odor as sweet
 As the May time; and lo! it did trail
 In his hand, all complete!
 She had gone; and he cherished, forlorn,
 The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised.
 He showed it to men, and they cried,
 As they noted, amazed,
 The diaphanous wonder, "What pride
 Of invention!" and praised.
 But sweeter and sadder he grew,
 And replied, "If you knew!"

Henry Bannister Merwin.

PETERSHAM.

HERE, where the peace of the Creator lies,
 Far from the busy mart's incessant hum,
 Where mountains in their lonely grandeur rise,
 Waiting unmoved the ages yet to come,
 Thou dwellest under broad and tranquil skies,
 A green oasis with unfailing springs,
 The undisturbed home of restful things.

Here, with the morn, when day is blithely breaking,
And from the east a hemisphere of light
Rolls westward o'er a world refreshed, awaking
From the embrace of slumber and of night,
Sweet comes the bonny bluebird's joyous greeting,
While strutting Chanticleer, with tuneful throat,
Heralds the day in shrill, exultant note.

At sunset through thy woods I take my way,
Threading the mazy walks and avenues,
While from the crimson west some lingering ray
Falls on my path, and Memory's shrine endues
With dreamy incense of a bygone day,
And in the thronging multitude of sylvan voices
Sweet summer music tells us how the wood rejoices.

Ah! can this be the Paradise? or yet
Bright El Dorado, or Arcadia, where
Glad fairies revel when the sun hath set,
And songs of birds forever fill the air?
Where nymph or dryad, with soft eyes of jet,
Lures the late wanderer to his final rest,
And charms his life out on her faithless breast?

O thou most dear and venerated spot,
I love thee for that thou art still as when
In happy hours — unclouded then my lot —
I lay within thy fern-enshrouded glen
And felt thy loving presence. Not again
With prayers or tears may vanished hours be bought.
So be it, then, and here on thy green breast,
When life is done, grant me a spot to rest.

Ralph Browning Fiske.

THE OLD CAPTIVE.

To hear once more the thunder of the surf,
To breathe once more the salt and stinging wind,
To set my cheek once more against the wave,
To look once more across the billowy Sea!

Chained in the pen of silent heavy hills,
I dream hot nights of that sweet long ago,
When I leaped down the beach in the dim dawn,
And plunged to meet the sun — and knew the Sea!

The Old Captive.

*And they drove in the boats with a shout and a song,
And they spread wide the nets in the face o' the wind,
And the ship strained and dipped like a swooping bird,
And we rushed onward, mad for the open Sea!*

Never to feed my eyes on strange dim coasts,
Never to touch a branch washed in by the tide,
Never to gaze on dark and silent men
From some far isle in the mysterious Sea!

Never to see the white sails gleam and fade,
Nor watch black masts against the setting sun,
Never to glide within some wondrous port,
Nor breathe spice winds blown soft across the Sea!

Never to feel the great sail fill and stretch,
Nor plough white fiery trails beneath the stars,
Nor float below some tow'ring rosy berg,
Nor ride the sheer gulfs of the stormy Sea!

*And they rushed down to the beach to drag us in,
And they pulled hard at the rough and glistening rope,
And the glad keel rubbed harsh on the shelly sand,
And their arms strained us, home from the terrible Sea!*

Though in my life I lost thee, tired and dead,
Me they shall bring to thee, O long desired!
Me they shall lay at sunset on the sand,
Where the strong tide swings outward to the Sea.

Me like a cradled child the waves shall rock,
Rock 'neath the moon, and sink to those dim caves,
Those wide green glooms, those clear and pallid depths,
The silence and the strange flowers of the Sea.

*And they shall bear me down with a glorious song,
And they shall shout to the crash and boom of the surf,
And they shall thrill to the whip and sting of the spray,
While the great waves ride triumphing out to Sea!*

Where the pale light strains down through undreamed deeps
To glimmer o'er the vast unpeopled plains,
The ancient treasure piles of dead kings' fleets,
The mighty bones long bleached beneath the Sea,

There where cool corals and still seaweeds twine,
There on the solemn level ocean floor,
Till God's great arm shall terribly plough the deep,
I shall lie long and rest beneath the Sea.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

THE WINNOWER.

SOMEWHERE, nowhere, — in some vague realm or clime, —
I saw a mighty-statured Phantom stand;
His feet were on this threshing-floor of Time,
A fan was in his hand.

He smote with it, and all things streamed and whirled
Before the blast of its tempestuous beat;
The ancient institutions of the world
Became as chaff and wheat.

Fear pierced my soul, but soon a thrilling joy
Flowered from that root, and my numbed lips grew brave.
O dread Conserver that must yet destroy!
Destroyer that will save!

Strong Winnower of the things of death and life,
I know you now, I cried. Smite with your fan!
Winnow the earth of enmity and strife!
Winnow the heart of man!

A thousand sophistries perplex the ray
Of the world's dawning freedom: Seraph, smite!
Winnow the clouds that dim the newborn day!
Winnow the morning light!

There's naught so true in science and in creeds,
And naught so good in governments and states,
But something truer evermore succeeds,
And better still awaits.

With bristling hosts and battlemented walls
Kings menace kings, and nations groan therefor:
Winnow the armaments and arsenals,
The iron husks of war!

Toil without end, to fill a few white hands
Of idle lords, gaunt millions still endure:
Winnow the unsunned hoards and unshared lands,
Estranging rich and poor!

Riches bear rule till Labor turns in hate,
And tyrant Wealth confronts the despot, Work:
Winnow the world's oppressors, small and great!
Winnow the Tsar and Turk!

The Winnower.

Pale anarchists conspire, mad to possess,
 Or to pull down, what sober thrift has built :
 Winnow alike the haunts of Lawlessness,
 The gilded halls of Guilt !

Our politics are false and infidel,
 Our trusted chiefs bend to the baser cause :
 Smite with your fan ! O Winnower, winnow well
 The makers of our laws !

All barriers built by avarice, pride, and wrong,
 Dividing men,—unbuild them with the breath
 And buffet of your mighty fan, O strong
 Angel of change and death !

Winnow this anxious life of pain and care !
 But gently, winnow gently ! Hear our cries !
 To love at least be merciful ! Oh, spare
 Our tender human ties !—

But cries are vain ; nor cries nor prayers avail
 To hasten or delay the Winnower's hand ;
 Nothing so huge and firm, so fine or frail,
 But it at last is fanned,—

Empires, beliefs, the things of art and fame,
 The broad-based pyramids, the poet's page ;
 To his eternal patience 't is the same,
 A moment or an age.

Before his fan the mountains form and flee,
 Continents pass ; and in its rhythmic beat
 The flying stars and whirling nebulae
 Are but as chaff and wheat.

Does naught, of all that Time and Nature yield,
 Does naught, at last, but thought and spirit remain ?
 Nature and Time the changeful harvest field,
 Souls the immortal grain !

J. T. Trowbridge.